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THE HOUSE OF MARTHA.

XLVIII.

IN A COLD, BARE ROOM.

WHEN I reached Arden, I took one of the melancholy vehicles which stand at our station, and very much astonished the driver by ordering him to take me, not to my own home, but to the House of Martha.

"You know they're busted up, sir," remarked the man, turning to me, as his old horse hurried us along at his best pace.

"But the sisters have not left?" I eagerly asked.

"Not all," he replied, "but two or three of them went down this morning."

"Drive on quicker," I said. "I am in a hurry."

The man gave the horse a crack with his whip, which made no difference whatever in our speed, and said: "If you've got a bill agin any of them, sir, you need n't worry. The Mother is still there, and she's all right, you know."

"Bill! Nonsense!" I answered.

"I'm sorry they're busted," said the man. "They did n't do much hackin', but they give us a lot of haulin' from the station."

As I hurried up the broad path which led to the front of the House of Martha, I found the door of the main entrance open, — something I had never seen before, although I had often passed the house. I entered unceremoniously, and saw before me, in the hallway, a woman

in gray stooping over a trunk. She turned at the sound of my footsteps on the bare floor, and I beheld Sister Sarah. Her eyes flashed as she saw me, and I know that her first impulse was to order me out of the house; but this, of course, she now had no right to do, yet there were private rights which she still maintained.

"I should think," she said, "that a man who has done all the mischief you have done — who has worked and planned and plotted and contrived until he has undermined and utterly ruined a sisterhood of pious women who ask nothing of this world but to be let alone to do their own work in their own way, would be ashamed to put his nose into this house; but I suppose a man who would do what you have done does not know what shame is. Have you come here to sneer and gibe and scorn and mock and gloat over the misfortunes of the women whose home you have broken up, ruined, and devastated?"

"Madam," I replied, "can you tell me where I can find Miss Sylvia Raynor?"

She looked as if she were about to spring and bite.

"Atrocious!" she exclaimed. "I will not stay under the same roof with you." And she marched out of the door.

I made my way into the reception-room. I met no one, and the room was empty, although I heard on the floor above the sound of many footsteps, apparently those of the sisters preparing for departure.

I looked around for a bell, or some means of making my presence known. The room appeared harder, barer, emptier, than when I had seen it before. In a moment it was filled with all the light and beauty of the world. A door opened and Sylvia entered.

"I saw you come," she said, advancing with outstretched hands, "and hurried down as soon as I could." She was in her gray dress, but without shawl or head covering. Her face was filled with the most charming welcome. I hastened toward her. I did not take her hands, but opening my arms I folded her in them, and kissed her over and over again. With flushed face she pushed herself a little from me.

"Isn't this taking a great deal for granted?" she asked.

"Granted!" I exclaimed. "Think of what has been denied! Think of the weeks, the months" —

"We might a great deal better think somebody may come in here and see us," said Sylvia, pushing herself still farther from me.

"But didn't you expect me to rush to you the instant I heard you were a free woman? Did you suppose there was anything to be taken for granted between us?"

"Oh, no," she answered. "I think we understood each other pretty well, but then, don't you see, I didn't suppose it would be like this. I am expecting a trunk from New York every minute, and I thought that when it came I should be dressed like other people. Now that I am not a sister, I do not want you to see me in these dreary clothes. Then I would go to my mother's house, and I supposed you would call on me there, and things would go on more regularly. But you are so impetuous."

"My dearest love," said I, "it fills me with rapture to take you in my arms in the same dress you wore when I fell in love with you. Often and often, when

I looked at you through that grating, have I thought that it would be to me the greatest joy on earth if I could take you in my arms and tell you that I loved you."

"You thought that!" exclaimed Sylvia. "It was very wrong of you."

"Right or wrong, I did it," I replied; "and now I have her, my dear little nun, here in my arms."

She ceased to push, and looked up at me with a merry smile.

"Do you remember," she asked, "the morning the wasp came near stinging me?"

"Indeed I do," I said vehemently.

"Well, before that wasp came," she continued, "I used to be a good deal afraid of you. I thought you were very learned and dignified. But after I was so frightened, and you saw me without my bonnet, and all that, I felt we were very much more like friends, and that was the very beginning of my liking you."

"My darling," I exclaimed, "that wasp was the best friend we ever had! Do you want to see it?" and, releasing her, I took from my pocket the pasteboard box in which I had placed our friend Vespa. As she looked at the insect, her face was lighted with joyous surprise.

"And that is the same wasp," she inquired, "and you kept it?"

"Yes, and shall always keep it," I said. "Even now it has not ceased to be our friend." Then I told her how my desire to take with me this memento of her had held me back from the rolling Atlantic, and brought me to her. She raised her face to me with her beautiful eyes in a mist of tenderness, and this time her arms were extended.

"You are the dearest man!" she said.

In less than a minute after she had spoken these words, Mother Anastasia entered the room. She stood for a moment amazed, and then she hastily shut the door.

"Really," she cried, "you two are

incomprehensible beings! Don't you know that people might come in here at any moment? It is fortunate that I was the person who came in just now."

"But you knew he was here?" asked Sylvia.

"Yes, I knew that," the other replied, "but I expected you would both remember that at present this house might almost be considered a public place."

"My dear Marcia," said Sylvia, "if you knew him as well as I do, you would know that he would never remember anything about a place."

I turned to the ex-Mother Superior, who had already discarded the garb of the sisterhood, and was dressed in a dark walking suit.

"If you knew me as well as I know myself," I said, stretching toward her both my hands, "you would know that my gratitude toward you is deeper than the deepest depths of the earth."

She took one of my hands. "If you have anything to be grateful for," she responded, "it is for the lectures I have given you, and which I am afraid I ought to continue to give you. As to what was done here yesterday, I consider myself as much benefited as anybody, and I suppose Sylvia is of the same opinion regarding herself. But there is one person to whom you truly ought to be grateful, — Miss Laniston."

"I know that," I said. "I have seen her. She told me what she did, and I treated her as I would treat a boy who had brushed my coat; but I shall make amends."

"Indeed you shall," replied Sylvia, "and I will go with you when you do it."

"But you must not set yourself aside in this way," said I, addressing the older lady. "It was you who fanned my hopes of winning Sylvia when there seemed no reason why they should not fade away. It was you who promised to help me, and who did help me."

"Did you do that, Marcia?" asked Sylvia.

The beautiful woman who had been Mother Anastasia flushed a little, as she answered: —

"Yes, dear; but then you were only a sister on probation."

"And you wanted me to marry him?"

The other smiled and nodded, and in the next moment Sylvia's arms were about her neck, and Sylvia's lips were on her cheek.

I was very much affected, and there is no knowing how my feelings and gratitude might have been evinced, had not the clumping of a trunk upon the stairs and the voices of sisters at the door called me to order.

XLIX.

MY OWN WAY.

When I returned to my grandmother, she was greatly surprised to see me, and I lost no time in explaining my unexpected appearance.

"Really, really!" she exclaimed. "I was just writing you a letter, which I intended to send so that you would get it when you arrived in London; and in it I was going to tell you all about the breaking up of the House of Martha, of which I first heard half an hour after you left me. I was glad you did not know of it before you started, for I thought it would be so much better for all the changes to be made while you were away, and for Sylvia to be in her mother's house, where she could get rid of her nunnish habits and have some proper clothes made up. Of course I knew you would come back soon, but I thought your own mind would be in much better order for a little absence."

"My dear grandmother," I cried, "in mind and body I am in perfect order, and it is presence, not absence, which has made me so."

"Somehow or other," said she, smil-

ing, "the fates seem to help you to have your own way, and I am sure I am delighted that you will stay at home. But what has become of Mr. Walkirk?"

"Upon my word," I answered, "I do not know!"

Toward evening Walkirk returned, looking tired and out of spirits. I truly regretted the carelessness and neglect with which I had treated him, and explained and apologized to the best of my ability. He was a good-natured fellow, and behaved magnanimously.

"Things have turned out wonderfully well," he said; "and I assure you I shall be more pleased with the state of affairs when I am a little less fatigued. Minor annoyances ought not to be considered, but I have really had a pretty rough time of it. As the hour for sailing drew near, and you did not make your appearance, I became more and more nervous and anxious. I would not allow our baggage to be put on board, for I knew a conference with a lady was likely to be of indefinite duration; and when at last the steamer sailed, I went immediately to Miss Laniston's house to inform you of the fact, and to find out what you proposed to do; but Miss Laniston was not at home, and the servant told me that a gentleman — undoubtedly you — had left the house nearly an hour before, and his great haste made her think that he was trying to catch a steamer. 'People would not hurry like that,' she said, 'to catch a train, for there's always another one in an hour or two.'

"Then I began to fear that, in your haste, you had gone on board the wrong steamer. Two others sailed to-day, a little later than ours, and I hastened to their piers and made all sorts of inquiries, but I could find out nothing. Then I went to your club, to your lawyer's office, and several other places where I supposed you might go, but no one had seen or heard of you. A fear began to creep over me that you had had some

greatly depressing news from Miss Laniston, and that you had made away with yourself."

"Walkirk!" I exclaimed, "how dared you think that?"

"Men in the nervous condition I was," he answered, "think all sorts of things, and that is one of the things I thought. Finally I went to Miss Laniston's house again, and this time I found her, and learned what had happened. Then I returned to the pier, ordered the trunks sent back here, for I knew there was no trip to Europe now, and here I am."

It was easy to see that whatever pleasure the turn in my affairs may have given Walkirk, he was disappointed at losing his trip to Europe; but I thought it well not to reopen his wound by any allusion to this fact, and contented myself by saying the most earnest and cordial things about what he had done and suffered for me that day, and inwardly determining that I should make full amends to him for his lost journey.

In about ten days I received a message by cable from Liverpool, which was sent by my stenographer, informing me that he had gone aboard the steamer, as per agreement, and, being busy writing letters to send back by the pilot, had not discovered that Walkirk and I were not on board until it was too late. The message was a long one, and its cost, as well as that of the one by which I informed the stenographer that he might come home, and the price of the man's passage to Liverpool and back, as well as the sum I was obliged to pay him for his lost time, might all have been saved, had the fellow been thoughtful enough to make sure that we were on board before he allowed himself to be carried off. But little rubs of this kind were of slight moment to me at that time.

On the day after things had been taken for granted between Sylvia and myself, I saw her at her mother's house, and I must admit that, although it had

given me such exquisite pleasure to feel she was mine in the coarse gray gown of a "sister," it delighted me more to feel she was mine in the ordinary costume of society. She was as gay as a butterfly should be which had just cast off its gray wrappings and spread its wings to the coloring light.

I found Mrs. Raynor in a somewhat perturbed state of mind.

"I cannot accommodate myself," she said, "to these sudden and violent mutations. I like to sit on the sands and stay there as long as I please, and to feel that I know how high each breaker will be, and how far the tide will come in; but these tidal waves which make beach of sea and sea of beach sweep me away utterly. I cannot comprehend where I am. A week ago I considered you an enemy, with active designs on the peace of my daughter. I was about to write you a letter to demand that you should cease from troubling her. Then I heard you were going to Europe, and I felt that henceforth our paths would be smoother, for I believed that absence would cure you of your absurd infatuation; but suddenly down goes the House of Martha, and up comes the enemy, transformed into a suitor, who is loved by Sylvia, and against whom I can have no possible objection. Now cannot you see for yourself how this sort of thing must affect a mind accustomed to a certain uniformity of emotion?"

"Madam," I answered, "it will be the object of my life to make you so happy in our happiness that you shall remember this recent tumult of events as something more gratifying to look back upon than your most cherished memories of tranquil delight."

"You seem to have a high opinion of your abilities, and of the value of what you offer me," she said, smiling, "but I am perfectly willing that you should try what you can do; nevertheless, I wish you had gone to Europe. Everything

would have turned out just the same, and the affair would have been more seemly."

"Oh, we can easily make that all right," I replied. "Sylvia and I will go to Europe on our bridal trip."

As I finished these words, Sylvia came into the room accompanied by Miss Laniston.

"Here is a gentleman," remarked my dear girl to her companion, "who has declared his desire to thank you for something you have done for him; and he has spoken so strongly about the way in which he intends to pour out his gratitude that I want to see how he does it."

"Mr. Vanderley," said Miss Laniston, "I forbid you to utter one word of that outpouring which you would have achieved yesterday morning had it not been so urgently necessary to catch a train. When I am ready for the outpouring, I will fix a time for it, and let you know the day before, and I will take care that no one shall be present but ourselves."

"Any way," said Sylvia, "he will tell me all about it."

"If he does," continued Miss Laniston, "you will reënter a convent."

L.

MY BOOK OF TRAVEL.

When the House of Martha had been formally abolished, the members of the sisterhood made various dispositions of themselves. Some determined to enter institutions of a similar character, while others who had homes planned to retire to them, with the intention of endeavoring to do what good they could without separating themselves from the world in which they were to do it. Sister Sarah was greatly incensed at the dissolution of the House, and much more so because, had it continued, she expected to

be at the head of it. She declared her determination of throwing herself into the arms of the Mother Church, where a sisterhood meant something, and where such nonsense and treachery as this would be impossible.

I did not enjoy the autumn of that year so fully as I should have enjoyed it had I been able to arrange matters according to my own ideas of what was appropriate to the case. Sylvia lived in the city, and I lived in the country, and although I visited her whenever I could, and she and her mother dined several times with my grandmother, there were often long stretches, sometimes extending over the greater part of a day, when I did not see her at all.

Thus it was that I had sometimes to think of other things, and one morning I remarked to my understudy: "Walkirk, there is something I regret very much, and that is the non-completion of my book. I shall never finish it, I am sure, because everything that has ever happened to me is going to be made uninteresting and tedious by what is to happen. Travel as well as life itself will be quite another thing to me, and I am sure that I shall be satisfied with enjoying it, and shall not want to write about it. And so good-by to the book."

"In regard to your book," said Walkirk, "I feel it my duty to say to you that there is no occasion for you to bid good-by to it."

"You are wrong there!" I exclaimed. "I shall never write it. I do not want to write it."

"Nevertheless," Walkirk remarked, "the book will be written. I shall write it. In fact I have written a great part of it already."

"What in the name of common sense do you mean?" I cried, staring at him in astonishment.

"What I am going to say to you," replied Walkirk, "may displease you, but I earnestly hope that you may eventually agree with me that what I

have done is for the general good. You may remember that when you began to talk to me of your travels, you also handed me some of the manuscript you had prepared for the opening chapters of your book, and gave me an outline of the projected plan of the work. Now, as I have often told you, I consider the material for a book of travels contained in your experiences as recited to me extremely fresh, novel, and entertaining, and it would undoubtedly make what publishers call a 'hit' if properly presented; but at the same time I am compelled to say that I soon became convinced that there was no probability that you would properly present your admirable subject matter to the reading world."

"Upon my word," said I, "this is cool!"

"It is hard to speak to you in this manner," he answered, "and the only way in which I can do it is to be perfectly straightforward and honest about it. I am at heart a literary man, and, so far as I have the power, have cultivated the art of putting things effectively; and I assure you, sir, that it gave me actual pain when I found how you were going to present some of the incidents of your journey, such as, for instance, your diving experiences in the Maelstrom, or at least in the place where it was supposed to be, and where, judging from your discoveries, it may, under certain conditions and to a certain extent, really exist."

"There were a good many other points which I believed could be made of startling interest and value, not only to ordinary readers, but to scientific people, if they were properly brought out. I saw no reason to suppose that you would so bring them out, and I felt not only that I could do it, but that it would greatly please me to do it."

"My feeling on the subject was so strong that, as you may remember, I declined to act as your secretary. I am

perhaps over-sensitive, but I could not have written your book as you would have dictated it to me, and as you did indeed dictate it to your various secretaries."

"Go on," I said. "I am perfectly charmed with my power of repressing resentment."

"Therefore it was," he continued, "that I set to work to write the book myself, founding it entirely upon your daily recitals. My plan was to write as long as you were in the humor to talk, and, if you should lose your interest in me as a listener I would then declare what I had done, show you my work, and implore you to give me enough matter to finish it."

"I have now stated my case, and I place it entirely in your hands. I will show you what I have written, and if you choose to read it, and do not like it, you can throw it into the fire. The subject matter is yours, and I have no rights over it. But if you think that the work which you have decided to discontinue can be successfully carried on by me, I shall be delighted to go ahead and finish it."

"Walkirk," I answered, "you have the effrontery of a stone sphinx; but let me see your manuscript."

He handed it to me, and during the rest of the morning, and for a great part of the night, after I had returned in a late train from the city, I read it. The next day I gave it back to him.

"Walkirk," said I, "as my understudy go ahead and finish this book. You never came nearer the truth than when you said that the material was vastly interesting."

Walkirk was charmed, and took up the work with enthusiasm. Whenever I had a chance I talked to him, and whenever he had a chance he wrote. However, at that time I handed over so much of my business to my understudy that he was not able to devote himself to his literary work as assiduously as he and

I desired. In fact, the book is not yet finished, but when it appears I think it will be a success.

LI.

A LOOSE END.

I was now a very happy man, but I was not an entirely satisfied one. Looking back upon what had happened, I could see that there were certain loose ends which ought to be gathered up before they were broken off and lost, or tangled up with something to which they did not belong.

It has always been my disposition to gather up the loose ends, to draw together the floating strands of circumstance, tendency, intention, and all that sort of thing, so that I may see what they are and where they come from. I like to know how they stand in relation to me, and how they may affect me.

One of the present loose ends was brought to my mind by a conversation with Sylvia. I had been speaking of her cousin Marcia Raynor, and expressing my pleasure that she was about to enter a new life, to which she seemed so well adapted.

"Marcia is a fine woman," she said, "and I love her ever so much; but you know she has caused me a great deal of pain; she has actually made me cry when I have been in bed at night."

I assured her that I had never imagined such a thing possible.

"Of course," Sylvia continued, "I do not refer to the way she acted just before the House of Martha was broken up. Then she opposed everything I wanted to do, and would listen to no reason; but I wouldn't listen to her reasons either, and I was entirely too angry with her to think of crying on her account. It was before that time that she made my very heart sick, and all on your account."

"She was severe upon me, I suppose?"

"Not a bit of it," said Sylvia; "if she had been severe, I should not have minded it so much, but it was quite the other way. Now just put yourself in my place and try to think how you would have felt about it. There was I, fixed and settled for life in the House of Martha; and there were you, perfectly convinced — at least I was afraid you were convinced — that there was nothing for you to do but to give me up; and there was Marcia, just about to step out into the world a free woman, and at the same time taking a most wonderful interest in you, and trying to make you understand that you ought to let me alone, and all that sort of thing."

"In which she did not succeed at all," I remarked.

"So it appears," continued Sylvia, "but I couldn't be sure about that at the time, you know; and if she had succeeded there was no earthly reason why you should not have become as much interested in her as she was in you, and then — But it's too dreadful to talk about; it used to make my blood fairly boil."

"You mean to say," I asked, "that you were jealous of your cousin Marcia?"

"Yes," she answered, "there is no use in calling my feelings by any other name. I was jealous, — savagely so, sometimes."

Now this was a very high compliment, and I did not fail to express my satisfaction at having been the subject of such emotions. But one of the results of Sylvia's communication was to remind me of the existence of a loose end. I had never understood Mother Anastasia's feelings toward me. It had been very interesting to make conjectures about those feelings, and now that I could safely do more than conjecture, I wished to find out, if possible, if there

had been any reasons for the construction I had placed upon the actions of the beautiful Mother Superior. Of course this was of no real importance now, but one cannot be brought into relations with such a woman as Marcia Raynor without desiring to know exactly what those relations are.

I had far too much prudence, however, to talk on this subject with Sylvia; if I talked with any one, I must do it very cautiously. One morning I called upon Miss Laniston. That lady was well informed on a great many points, and, moreover, was exceedingly free-spoken. I did not expect any direct information from her, but she might say something from which I could make inferences.

She thought I had come to thank her for what she had done for me; but I assured her that this ceremony must be postponed for the present, for Sylvia had instructed me to write my gratitude in a letter, which she thought would be a much better method than for me to pour it out in a private interview.

"Your Sylvia appears to be a jealous little body," she remarked.

"Oh no," said I; "although it is natural enough for persons in our state of mind to have tendencies in that direction. By the way, one of these tendencies on her part was rather odd. Are you aware that at one time she was almost jealous of her cousin Marcia, then a gray-bonneted sister? As you know so much of our affairs, I do not think I am going too far in telling you that."

Miss Laniston considered the subject.

"It is the commonest thing," she said presently, "to make mistakes about matters of this sort. Now, for instance, I once put a few questions to you which seemed to indicate that there might be some reason for Sylvia's uneasiness. Did n't you think they pointed that way?"

"Yes, I did," I replied.

"And have you ever thought of them since?" she asked.

"Occasionally. The matter is of no vital interest now; but at the time you spoke of it, I could not help wondering if I had said or done anything, during my rather intimate acquaintance with Mother Anastasia, which would give you good cause to put the questions to which you just now alluded."

"Well," said Miss Laniston, "you appeared to me, at the time, to be in a decidedly unbalanced state of mind; but I think I acted most unwarrantably in speaking of Marcia as I did. In fact, I often act unwarrantably. It is one of my habits. And to prove it to you, I am going to act unwarrantably again. Having brought the elder Miss Raynor before you in a way that might have led you to have certain undefined ideas about her, I am going to bring her before you again, in order that those ideas may be exactly defined. It is all wrong, I know; but I do like to set things straight, whether I do it in the right way or wrong way."

"That is exactly my disposition," I replied; "I always want to set things straight."

She left the room, and soon returned with a letter.

"When I decide positively to do a thing," she said, sitting down and opening the letter, "I think it just as well to drop apologies and excuses. You and I have decided that matters ought to be set straight, and so let us do it. Marcia has just written me a long letter, in which she says a good deal about you and Sylvia, and I am going to read you a part of it, which I think will straighten out some things that I may have made crooked in my efforts to do good to all parties concerned, — a dangerous business, I may say.

"It is delightful to think," thus Marcia writes, "that Sylvia's life is at last settled for her, and that, too, in the right way. Of course, neither you nor

I would be satisfied with a match like that, yet Sylvia is not only satisfied with Mr. Vanderley, but I have no doubt that she will be perfectly happy with him. More than that, I believe she will supply his shortcomings and strengthen his weaknesses; and as he has a naturally good disposition and an ample fortune, I am sure Sylvia is to be sincerely congratulated. When we first spoke of this matter, a good while ago, I thought that if the Sylvia-Vanderley affair could ever be arranged it would be a good thing, and I have not changed my opinion."

"The rest of the letter," said Miss Laniston, folding it as she spoke, "chiefly concerns the new college, and I do not suppose it would interest you."

I agreed with her, and took my leave. The loose end had been gathered up.

LII.

I FINISH THE SICILIAN LOVE STORY.

It might be supposed that my little experience in gathering up loose ends would deter me from further efforts in this direction, but it did not.

I had left Miss Laniston without asking some questions I intended to put to her. I wished very much to know — I thought it was my right to know — something definite about the Mr. Brownson who had formerly been connected, so to speak, with the Misses Raynor. I hated this subject as I hated the vilest medicine, but I felt that I must get the matter straightened in my mind; yet I could not say anything to Sylvia about it, and after what Miss Laniston had read to me I could not ask her anything, even if I had been sufficiently composed to formulate questions. That lady was a very plain-spoken person; too much so, perhaps.

Walkirk was very different; in fact, I think he erred on the other side. I am

sure that he would have liked to conceal from me anything that would give me pain. During his life he had met a great many people; he might know something about Brownson. Any way, I would throw out some feelers in that direction.

"Yes," I remarked to him, in a conversation about the late Mother Superior, "what she is going to do is a very fine thing, a noble enterprise, and she is just the sort of person to go into it; but after all I would rather see her married to the right sort of man. A woman like that owes it to society to be married."

"I fancy," said Walkirk, "that she has permanently left the marrying class. When she broke with Brownson, I think she broke with marriage."

"What were the points of that affair?" I asked. "Did you ever happen to hear anything about him?"

"I knew him very well," answered Walkirk. "Those were his prints I was cataloguing just before I entered your service. He had then been dead a year or more, and I was working for the estate."

I arose and went to the window. I wiped my forehead, which had become moist. If this man had known Brownson, why should he not know all? Was he familiar with both engagements? It made me sick to think of it. There was no sense or reason in such emotion, for it was not likely that Sylvia's engagement had been a secret one; but I had a proud soul, and could not bear to think that people about me, especially Walkirk, should be aware of Sylvia's attachment, slight as it may have been, to another than myself. I heartily wished that I had not spoken of the subject. Still, as I had spoken of it, I might as well learn all I could.

"What sort of a man was this Brownson?" I asked. "What reason was there that Miss Marcia Raynor should care for him?"

"He was a fine man," said Walkirk. "He was educated, good looking, rich. He was young enough, but had been a bachelor too long, perhaps, and had very independent ways. It was on account of his independence of thought, especially on religious matters, that he and Miss Marcia Raynor had the difficulties which ended in the breaking of their engagement. I am quite sure that she was a good deal cut up. As I remarked before, I do not think that she will consider marriage again."

I took in a full breath of relief. Walkirk had told the little story of Brownson, and had said nothing of any subsequent engagement. Perhaps he knew of none. This thought was truly encouraging.

"Perhaps you are right," I said. "She may know better than any of us what will suit her. Any way, I ought to be satisfied. And that reminds me, Walkirk, that I have never expressed to you, as strongly as I wished, my appreciation of the interest you have taken in my varied relations with Miss Sylvia Raynor, and of the valuable advice and assistance you have given me from time to time. For instance, I believe that your reluctance to have me go away from Tangent Island was due to your discovery that the island belonged to Sylvia's mother, and that therefore there was some probability that she might come there."

Walkirk smiled. "You have hit the truth," he answered.

"I have sometimes wondered," I continued, "why a man should take so much interest in the love affairs of another. When one engages an understudy, he does not generally expect that sort of thing."

"Well," replied Walkirk, "when a man engages as an understudy, or in a similar capacity, he often performs services without regard to his duty and salary, simply because they interest and please him. Now it struck me that it would be a curious bit of romantic real-

ism, if two beautiful women, who on account of one man had become nuns in a convent, or what was practically the same thing, should both be taken out of that convent and brought back to their true life in the world by another man."

"Two women?" I gasped.

Walkirk smiled, and his voice assumed a comforting tone.

"Of course that sort of thing has its rough points for the second man, but in this case I do not think they amount to much. Brownson's affair with the younger lady would have come to an end so soon as she had discovered the rocks in his character, but her mother broke it off before it came to that. Still, I do not think she would have gone into the sisterhood if it had not been for the man's death very soon after the breaking of the engagement. This affected her very much, but there was no reason why it should, for he was killed in a railway accident, and I have no doubt that he would have married some one else if he had lived long enough."

I had nothing to say to all this. I walked slowly into my study and shut the door. Surely I had had enough of picking up loose ends. If there were any more of them, I would let them flap, dangle, float in the air, do what they please; I would not touch them.

That evening I spent with Sylvia. In the course of our conversation she suddenly remarked:—

"Do you know, we have so much to do, and so much to talk about, and so much to think about and plan, that I have had no chance to ask you some questions that I have been thinking about. In the first place, I want you to tell me all about Mr. Walkirk. How long has he been with you? Are you always going to keep him? What does he do? What was his business before he came

to you? Was he always an understudy for people? It has struck me that this must be such an odd occupation for a man to have. And then there is another thing; a mere supposition of mine, but still something that I have had a sort of curiosity about: suppose that the House of Martha had not been broken up, and it were all fixed and settled that I should stay there always, and suppose cousin Marcia had left us, and had gone into her college work, just as she is doing now, do you think that you would have had any desire to study medicine? And then there is another thing that is not a question, but something which I think I ought to tell you,—something which you have a right to know before we are married."

"Sylvia," said I, interrupting her, "let me offer you a little piece of wisdom from my own experience: The gnawings of ungratified curiosity are often very irritating, but we should remember that the gnawings of gratified curiosity are frequently mangling."

"Indeed!" she exclaimed, "is that the way you look at it? Well, I can assure you that what I have to tell is of no importance at all; but if you have anything to say that is mangling, I want to hear it this very minute."

"My dear Sylvia," said I, "we have had so much to do, and so much to talk about, and so much to think about and plan, that I have had no chance to finish the story of Tomaso and Lucilla."

"That is true!" she cried, with sparkling eyes, "and above all things I want to hear the end of that story."

I sat by her side on the sofa and finished the story of the Sicilian lovers.

"In some ways," she said, "it is very much like our story, isn't it?"

"Except," I answered, "the best part of ours is just beginning."

Frank R. Stockton.

EMILY DICKINSON'S LETTERS.

FEW events in American literary history have been more curious than the sudden rise of Emily Dickinson into a posthumous fame only more accentuated by the utterly recluse character of her life and by her aversion to even a literary publicity. The lines which form a prelude to the published volume of her poems are the only ones that have yet come to light indicating even a temporary desire to come in contact with the great world of readers; she seems to have had no reference, in all the rest, to anything but her own thought and a few friends. But for her only sister, it is very doubtful if her poems would ever have been printed at all; and when published, they were launched quietly and without any expectation of a wide audience; yet the outcome of it is that six editions of the volume have been sold within six months, a suddenness of success almost without a parallel in American literature.

One result of this glare of publicity has been a constant and earnest demand by her readers for further information in regard to her; and I have decided with much reluctance to give some extracts from her early correspondence with one whom she always persisted in regarding — with very little ground for it — as a literary counselor and confidant.

It seems to be the opinion of those who have examined her accessible correspondence most widely, that no other letters bring us quite so intimately near to the peculiar quality and aroma of her nature; and it has been urged upon me very strongly that her readers have the right to know something more of this gifted and most interesting woman.

On April 16, 1862, I took from the post office in Worcester, Mass., where I was then living, the following letter: —

MR. HIGGINSON, — Are you too deeply occupied to say if my verse is alive?

The mind is so near itself it cannot see distinctly, and I have none to ask.

Should you think it breathed, and had you the leisure to tell me, I should feel quick gratitude.

If I make the mistake, that you dared to tell me would give me sincerer honor toward you.

I inclose my name, asking you, if you please, sir, to tell me what is true?

That you will not betray me it is needless to ask, since honor is its own pawn.

The letter was postmarked "Amherst," and it was in a handwriting so peculiar that it seemed as if the writer might have taken her first lessons by studying the famous fossil bird-tracks in the museum of that college town. Yet it was not in the slightest degree illiterate, but cultivated, quaint, and wholly unique. Of punctuation there was little; she used chiefly dashes, and it has been thought better, in printing these letters, as with her poems, to give them the benefit in this respect of the ordinary usages; and so with her habit as to capitalization, as the printers call it, in which she followed the Old English and present German method of thus distinguishing every noun substantive. But the most curious thing about the letter was the total absence of a signature. It proved, however, that she had written her name on a card, and put it under the shelter of a smaller envelope inclosed in the larger; and even this name was written — as if the shy writer wished to recede as far as possible from view — in pencil, not in ink. The name was Emily Dickinson. Inclosed with the letter were four poems, two of which have been already printed, — "Safe in their alabaster cham-

bers" and "I'll tell you how the sun rose," together with the two that here follow. The first comprises in its eight lines a truth so searching that it seems a condensed summary of the whole experience of a long life:—

We play at paste
Till qualified for pearl;
Then drop the paste
And deem ourself a fool.

The shapes, though, were similar
And our new hands
Learned gem-tactics,
Practicing sands.

Then came one which I have always classed among the most exquisite of her productions, with a singular felicity of phrase and an aerial lift that bears the ear upward with the bee it traces:—

The nearest dream recedes unrealized.
The heaven we chase,
Like the June bee
Before the schoolboy,
Invites the race,
Stoops to an easy clover,
Dips — evades — teases — deploys —
Then to the royal clouds
Lifts his light pinnace,
Heedless of the boy
Staring, bewildered, at the mocking sky.

Homesick for steadfast honey, —
Ah! the bee flies not
Which brews that rare variety.

The impression of a wholly new and original poetic genius was as distinct on my mind at the first reading of these four poems as it is now, after thirty years of further knowledge; and with it came the problem never yet solved, what place ought to be assigned in literature to what is so remarkable, yet so elusive of criticism. The bee himself did not evade the schoolboy more than she evaded me; and even at this day I still stand somewhat bewildered, like the boy.

Circumstances, however, soon brought me in contact with an uncle of Emily Dickinson, a gentleman not now living; a prominent citizen of Worcester, a man of integrity and character, who shared her abruptness and impulsiveness but

certainly not her poetic temperament, from which he was indeed singularly remote. He could tell but little of her, she being evidently an enigma to him, as to me. It is hard to tell what answer was made by me, under these circumstances, to this letter. It is probable that the adviser sought to gain time a little and find out with what strange creature he was dealing. I remember to have ventured on some criticism which she afterwards called "surgery," and on some questions, part of which she evaded, as will be seen, with a naïve skill such as the most experienced and worldly coquette might envy. Her second letter (received April 26, 1862), was as follows:—

MR. HIGGINSON, — Your kindness claimed earlier gratitude, but I was ill, and write to-day from my pillow.

Thank you for the surgery; it was not so painful as I supposed. I bring you others, as you ask, though they might not differ. While my thought is undressed, I can make the distinction; but when I put them in the gown, they look alike and numb.

You asked how old I was? I made no verse, but one or two, until this winter, sir.

I had a terror since September, I could tell to none; and so I sing, as the boy does of the burying ground, because I am afraid.

You inquire my books. For poets, I have Keats, and Mr. and Mrs. Brown-ing. For prose, Mr. Ruskin, Sir Thomas Browne, and the Revelations. I went to school, but in your manner of the phrase had no education. When a little girl, I had a friend who taught me Immortality; but venturing too near, himself, he never returned. Soon after my tutor died, and for several years my lexicon was my only companion. Then I found one more, but he was not contented I be his scholar, so he left the land.

You ask of my companions. Hills, sir, and the sundown, and a dog large as myself, that my father bought me. They are better than beings because they know, but do not tell; and the noise in the pool at noon excels my piano.

I have a brother and sister; my mother does not care for thought, and father, too busy with his briefs to notice what we do. He buys me many books, but begs me not to read them, because he fears they joggle the mind. They are religious, except me, and address an eclipse, every morning, whom they call their "Father."

But I fear my story fatigues you. I would like to learn. Could you tell me how to grow, or is it un conveyed, like melody or witchcraft?

You speak of Mr. Whitman. I never read his book, but was told that it was disgraceful.

I read Miss Prescott's Circumstance, but it followed me in the dark, so I avoided her.

Two editors of journals came to my father's house this winter, and asked me for my mind, and when I asked them "why" they said I was penurious, and they would use it for the world.

I could not weigh myself, myself. My size felt small to me. I read your chapters in the Atlantic, and experienced honor for you. I was sure you would not reject a confiding question.

Is this, sir, what you asked me to tell you? Your friend,

E. DICKINSON.

It will be seen that she had now drawn a step nearer, signing her name, and as my "friend." It will also be noticed that I had sounded her about certain American authors, then much read; and that she knew how to put her own criticisms in a very trenchant way. With this letter came some more verses, still in the same birdlike script, as for instance the following: —

Your riches taught me poverty,
Myself a millionaire
In little wealths, as girls could boast,
Till, broad as Buenos Ayre,
You drifted your dominions
A different Peru,
And I esteemed all poverty
For life's estate, with you.

Of mines, I little know, myself,
But just the names of gems,
The colors of the commonest,
And scarce of diadems
So much that, did I meet the queen
Her glory I should know;
But this must be a different wealth,
To miss it, beggars so.

I'm sure 't is India, all day,
To those who look on you
Without a stint, without a blame,
Might I but be the Jew!
I'm sure it is Goleonda
Beyond my power to deem,
To have a smile for mine, each day,
How better than a gem!

At least, it solaces to know
That there exists a gold
Although I prove it just in time
Its distance to behold;
Its far, far treasure to surmise
And estimate the pearl
That slipped my simple fingers through
While just a girl at school!

Here was already manifest that defiance of form, never through carelessness, and never precisely from whim, which so marked her. The slightest change in the order of words — thus, "While yet at school, a girl" — would have given her a rhyme for this last line; but no; she was intent upon her thought, and it would not have satisfied her to make the change. The other poem further showed, what had already been visible, a rare and delicate sympathy with the life of nature: —

A bird came down the walk;
He did not know I saw;
He bit an angle-worm in halves
And ate the fellow raw.

And then he drank a dew
From a convenient grass,
And then hopped sidewise to a wall,
To let a beetle pass.

He glanced with rapid eyes
That hurried all around ;
They looked like frightened beads, I
thought ;
He stirred his velvet head

Like one in danger, cautious.
I offered him a crumb,
And he unrolled his feathers
And rowed him softer home

Than oars divide the ocean,
Too silver for a seam —
Or butterflies, off banks of noon,
Leap, plashless as they swim.

It is possible that in a second letter I gave more of distinct praise or encouragement, for her third is in a different mood. This was received June 8, 1862. 'There is something startling in its opening image ; and in the yet stranger phrase that follows, where she apparently uses "mob" in the sense of chaos or bewilderment : —

DEAR FRIEND, — Your letter gave no drunkenness, because I tasted rum before. Domingo comes but once ; yet I have had few pleasures so deep as your opinion, and if I tried to thank you, my tears would block my tongue.

My dying tutor told me that he would like to live till I had been a poet, but Death was much of mob as I could master, then. And when, far afterward, a sudden light on orchards, or a new fashion in the wind troubled my attention, I felt a palsy, here, the verses just relieve.

Your second letter surprised me, and for a moment, swung. I had not supposed it. Your first gave no dishonor, because the true are not ashamed I thanked you for your justice, but could not drop the bells whose jingling cooled my tramp. Perhaps the balm seemed better, because you bled me first. I smile when you suggest that I delay "to publish," that being foreign to my thought as firmament to fin.

If fame belonged to me, I could not escape her ; if she did not, the longest

day would pass me on the chase, and the approbation of my dog would forsake me then. My barefoot rank is better.

You think my gait "spasmodic." I am in danger, sir. You think me "uncontrolled." I have no tribunal.

Would you have time to be the "friend" you should think I need? I have a little shape : it would not crowd your desk, nor make much racket as the mouse that dents your galleries.

If I might bring you what I do — not so frequent to trouble you — and ask you if I told it clear, 't would be control to me. The sailor cannot see the North, but knows the needle can. The "hand you stretch me in the dark" I put mine in, and turn away. I have no Saxon now : —

As if I asked a common alms,
And in my wondering hand
A stranger pressed a kingdom,
And I, bewildered, stand ;
As if I asked the Orient
Had it for me a morn,
And it should lift its purple dikes
And shatter me with dawn !

But, will you be my preceptor, Mr. Higginson ?

With this came the poem already published in her volume and entitled Renunciation ; and also that beginning "Of all the sounds dispatched abroad," thus fixing approximately the date of those two. I must soon have written to ask her for her picture, that I might form some impression of my enigmatical correspondent. To this came the following reply, in July, 1862 : —

Could you believe me without? I had no portrait, now, but am small, like the wren ; and my hair is bold, like the chestnut bur ; and my eyes, like the sherry in the glass, that the guest leaves. Would this do just as well ?

It often alarms father. He says death might occur, and he has moulds of all

the rest, but has no mould of me ; but I noticed the quick wore off those things, in a few days, and forestall the dishonor. You will think no caprice of me.

You said "Dark." I know the butterfly, and the lizard, and the orchis. Are not those *your* countrymen ?

I am happy to be your scholar, and will deserve the kindness I cannot repay.

If you truly consent, I recite now. Will you tell me my fault, frankly as to yourself, for I had rather wince than die. Men do not call the surgeon to commend the bone, but to set it, sir, and fracture within is more critical. And for this, preceptor, I shall bring you obedience, the blossom from my garden, and every gratitude I know.

Perhaps you smile at me. I could not stop for that. My business is circumference. An ignorance, not of customs, but if caught with the dawn, or the sunset see me, myself the only kangaroo among the beauty, sir, if you please, it afflicts me, and I thought that instruction would take it away.

Because you have much business, beside the growth of me, you will appoint, yourself, how often I shall come, without your inconvenience.

And if at any time you regret you received me, or I prove a different fabric to that you supposed, you must banish me.

When I state myself, as the representative of the verse, it does not mean me, but a supposed person.

You are true about the "perfection." To-day makes Yesterday mean.

You spoke of Pippa Passes. I never heard anybody speak of Pippa Passes before. You see my posture is benighted.

To thank you baffles me. Are you perfectly powerful? Had I a pleasure you had not, I could delight to bring it.

YOUR SCHOLAR.

This was accompanied by this strong poem, with its breathless conclusion. The title is of my own giving : —

THE SAINTS' REST.

Of tribulation, these are they,
Denoted by the white ;
The spangled gowns, a lesser rank
Of victors designate.

All these did conquer ; but the ones
Who overcame most times,
Wear nothing commoner than snow,
No ornaments but palms.

"Surrender" is a sort unknown
On this superior soil ;
"Defeat" an outgrown anguish,
Remembered as the mile

Our panting ancle barely passed
When night devoured the road ;
But we stood whispering in the house,
And all we said, was "Saved!"

[Note by the writer of the verses.] I spelled ankle wrong.

It would seem that at first I tried a little, — a very little — to lead her in the direction of rules and traditions ; but I fear it was only perfunctory, and that she interested me more in her — so to speak — unregenerate condition. Still, she recognizes the endeavor. In this case, as will be seen, I called her attention to the fact that while she took pains to correct the spelling of a word, she was utterly careless of greater irregularities. It will be seen by her answer that with her usual naïve adroitness she turns my point : —

DEAR FRIEND, — Are these more orderly? I thank you for the truth.

I had no monarch in my life, and cannot rule myself ; and when I try to organize, my little force explodes and leaves me bare and charred.

I think you called me "wayward." Will you help me improve ?

I suppose the pride that stops the breath, in the core of woods, is not of ourself.

You say I confess the little mistake, and omit the large. Because I can see orthography ; but the ignorance out of sight is my preceptor's charge.

Of "shunning men and women,"

they talk of hallowed things, aloud, and embarrass my dog. He and I don't object to them, if they'll exist their side. I think Carl would please you. He is dumb, and brave. I think you would like the chestnut tree I met in my walk. It hit my notice suddenly, and I thought the skies were in blossom.

Then there's a noiseless noise in the orchard that I let persons hear.

You told me in one letter you could not come to see me "now," and I made no answer; not because I had none, but did not think myself the price that you should come so far.

I do not ask so large a pleasure, lest you might deny me.

You say, "Beyond your knowledge." You would not jest with me, because I believe you; but, preceptor, you cannot mean it?

All men say "What" to me, but I thought it a fashion.

When much in the woods, as a little girl, I was told that the snake would bite me, that I might pick a poisonous flower, or goblins kidnap me; but I went along and met no one but angels, who were far shyer of me than I could be of them, so I have n't that confidence in fraud which many exercise.

I shall observe your precept, though I don't understand it, always.

I marked a line in one verse, because I met it after I made it, and never consciously touch a paint mixed by another person.

I do not let go it, because it is mine. Have you the portrait of Mrs. Brown-ing?

Persons sent me three. If you had none, will you have mine?

YOUR SCHOLAR.

A month or two after this I entered the volunteer army of the civil war, and must have written to her during the winter of 1862-3 from South Carolina or Florida, for the following reached me in camp:—

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AMHERST.

DEAR FRIEND,— I did not deem that planetary forces annulled, but suffered an exchange of territory, or world.

I should have liked to see you before you became improbable. War feels to me an oblique place. Should there be other summers, would you perhaps come?

I found you were gone, by accident, as I find systems are, or seasons of the year, and obtain no cause, but suppose it a treason of progress that dissolves as it goes. Carlo still remained, and I told him

Best gains must have the losses' test,
To constitute them gains.

My shaggy ally assented.

Perhaps death gave me awe for friends, striking sharp and early, for I held them since in a brittle love, of more alarm than peace. I trust you may pass the limit of war; and though not reared to prayer, when service is had in church for our arms, I include yourself. . . . I was thinking to-day, as I noticed, that the "Supernatural" was only the Natural disclosed.

Not "Revelation" 'tis that waits,
But our unfurnished eyes.

But I fear I detain you. Should you, before this reaches you, experience immortality, who will inform me of the exchange? Could you, with honor, avoid death, I entreat you, sir. It would be-reave

YOUR GNOME.

I trust the "Procession of Flowers" was not a premonition.

I cannot explain this extraordinary signature, substituted for the now customary "Your Scholar," unless she imagined her friend to be in some incredible and remote condition, imparting its strangeness to her. Mr. Howells reminds me that Swedenborg somewhere has an image akin to her "oblique place," where he symbolizes evil as simply an oblique angle. With this letter came verses, most refreshing in that

clime of jasmines and mocking-birds,
on the familiar robin : —

THE ROBIN.

The robin is the one
That interrupts the morn
With hurried, few, express reports
When March is scarcely on.

The robin is the one
That overflows the noon
With her cherubic quantity,
An April but begun.

The robin is the one
That, speechless from her nest,
Submits that home and certainty
And sanctity are best.

In the summer of 1863 I was wounded, and in hospital for a time, during which came this letter in pencil, written from what was practically a hospital for her, though only for weak eyes : —

DEAR FRIEND, — Are you in danger? I did not know that you were hurt. Will you tell me more? Mr. Hawthorne died.

I was ill since September, and since April in Boston for a physician's care. He does not let me go, yet I work in my prison, and make guests for myself.

Carlo did not come, because that he would die in jail; and the mountains I could not hold now, so I brought but the Gods.

I wish to see you more than before I failed. Will you tell me your health? I am surprised and anxious since receiving your note.

The only news I know
Is bulletins all day
From Immortality.

Can you render my pencil? The physician has taken away my pen.

I inclose the address from a letter, lest my figures fail.

Knowledge of your recovery would excel my own. E. DICKINSON.

Later this arrived : —

DEAR FRIEND, — I think of you so wholly that I cannot resist to write again, to ask if you are safe? Danger is not at first, for then we are unconscious, but in the after, slower days.

Do not try to be saved, but let redemption find you, as it certainly will. Love is its own rescue; for we, at our supremest, are but its trembling emblems. YOUR SCHOLAR.

These were my earliest letters from Emily Dickinson, in their order. From this time and up to her death (May 15, 1886) we corresponded at varying intervals, she always persistently keeping up this attitude of "Scholar," and assuming on my part a preceptorship which it is almost needless to say did not exist. Always glad to hear her "recite," as she called it, I soon abandoned all attempt to guide in the slightest degree this extraordinary nature, and simply accepted her confidences, giving as much as I could of what might interest her in return.

Sometimes there would be a long pause, on my part, after which would come a plaintive letter, always terse, like this : —

"Did I displease you? But won't you tell me how?"

Or perhaps the announcement of some event, vast to her small sphere, as this :

AMHERST.

Carlo died. E. DICKINSON.
Would you instruct me now?

Or sometimes there would arrive an exquisite little detached strain, every word a picture, like this : —

THE HUMMING-BIRD.

A route of evanescence
With a revolving wheel;
A resonance of emerald;
A rush of cochineal.
And every blossom on the bush
Adjusts its tumbled head ; —
The mail from Tunis, probably,
An easy morning's ride.

Nothing in literature, I am sure, so condenses into a few words that gorgeous atom of life and fire of which she here attempts the description. It is, however, needless to conceal that many of her brilliant fragments were less satisfying. She almost always grasped whatever she sought, but with some fracture of grammar and dictionary on the way. Often, too, she was obscure and sometimes inscrutable; and though obscurity is sometimes, in Coleridge's phrase, a compliment to the reader, yet it is never safe to press this compliment too hard.

Sometimes, on the other hand, her verses found too much favor for her comfort, and she was urged to publish. In such cases I was sometimes put forward as a defense; and the following letter was the fruit of some such occasion:—

DEAR FRIEND,— Thank you for the advice. I shall implicitly follow it.

The one who asked me for the lines I had never seen.

He spoke of "a charity." I refused, but did not inquire. He again earnestly urged, on the ground that in that way I might "aid unfortunate children." The name of "child" was a snare to me, and I hesitated, choosing my most rudimentary, and without criterion.

I inquired of you. You can scarcely estimate the opinion to one utterly guideless. Again thank you.

YOUR SCHOLAR.

Again came this, on a similar theme:

DEAR FRIEND,— Are you willing to tell me what is right? Mrs. Jackson, of Colorado ["H. H.," her early school-mate], was with me a few moments this week, and wished me to write for this. [A circular of the "No Name Series" was inclosed.] I told her I was unwilling, and she asked me why? I said I was incapable, and she seemed not to believe me and asked me not to decide for

a few days. Meantime, she would write me. She was so sweetly noble, I would regret to estrange her, and if you would be willing to give me a note saying you disapproved it, and thought me unfit, she would believe you. I am sorry to flee so often to my safest friend, but hope he permits me.

In all this time — nearly eight years — we had never met, but she had sent invitations like the following:—

AMHERST.

DEAR FRIEND,— Whom my dog understood could not elude others.

I should be so glad to see you, but think it an apparitional pleasure, not to be fulfilled. I am uncertain of Boston.

I had promised to visit my physician for a few days in May, but father objects because he is in the habit of me.

Is it more far to Amherst?

You will find a minute host, but a spacious welcome. . . .

If I still entreat you to teach me, are you much displeased? I will be patient, constant, never reject your knife, and should my slowness goad you, you knew before myself that

Except the smaller size
No lives are round.
These hurry to a sphere
And show and end.
The larger slower grow
And later hang;
The summers of Hesperides
Are long.

Afterwards, came this:—

AMHERST.

DEAR FRIEND,— A letter always feels to me like immortality because it is the mind alone without corporeal friend. Indebted in our talk to attitude and accent, there seems a spectral power in thought that walks alone. I would like to thank you for your great kindness, but never try to lift the words which I cannot hold.

Should you come to Amherst, I might then succeed, though gratitude is the

timid wealth of those who have nothing. I am sure that you speak the truth, because the noble do, but your letters always surprise me.

My life has been too simple and stern to embarrass any. "Seen of Angels," scarcely my responsibility.

It is difficult not to be fictitious in so fair a place, but tests' severe repairs are permitted all.

When a little girl I remember hearing that remarkable passage and preferring the "Power," not knowing at the time that "Kingdom" and "Glory" were included.

You noticed my dwelling alone. To an emigrant, country is idle except it be his own. You speak kindly of seeing me; could it please your convenience to come so far as Amherst, I should be very glad, but I do not cross my father's ground to any house or town.

Of our greatest acts we are ignorant. You were not aware that you saved my life. To thank you in person has been since then one of my few requests. . . . You will excuse each that I say, because no one taught me.

At last, after many postponements, on August 16, 1870, I found myself face to face with my hitherto unseen correspondent. It was at her father's house, one of those large, square, brick mansions so familiar in our older New England towns, surrounded by trees and blossoming shrubs without, and within exquisitely neat, cool, spacious, and fragrant with flowers. After a little delay, I heard an extremely faint and pattering footstep like that of a child, in the hall, and in glided, almost noiselessly, a plain, shy little person, the face without a single good feature, but with eyes, as she herself said, "like the sherry the guest leaves in the glass," and with smooth bands of reddish chestnut hair. She had a quaint and nun-like look, as if she might be a German canoness of some religious order, whose prescribed

garb was white piqué, with a blue net worsted shawl. She came toward me with two day-lilies, which she put in a childlike way into my hand, saying softly, under her breath, "These are my introduction," and adding, also, under her breath, in childlike fashion, "Forgive me if I am frightened; I never see strangers, and hardly know what I say." But soon she began to talk, and thenceforward continued almost constantly; pausing sometimes to beg that I would talk instead, but readily recommencing when I evaded. There was not a trace of affectation in all this; she seemed to speak absolutely for her own relief, and wholly without watching its effect on her hearer. Led on by me, she told much about her early life, in which her father was always the chief figure, — evidently a man of the old type, *la vieille roche* of Puritanism — a man who, as she said, read on Sunday "lonely and rigorous books;" and who had from childhood inspired her with such awe, that she never learned to tell time by the clock till she was fifteen, simply because he had tried to explain it to her when she was a little child, and she had been afraid to tell him that she did not understand, and also afraid to ask any one else lest he should hear of it. Yet she had never heard him speak a harsh word, and it needed only a glance at his photograph to see how truly the Puritan tradition was preserved in him. He did not wish his children, when little, to read anything but the Bible; and when, one day, her brother brought her home Longfellow's Kavanagh, he put it secretly under the pianoforte cover, made signs to her, and they both afterwards read it. It may have been before this, however, that a student of her father's was amazed to find that she and her brother had never heard of Lydia Maria Child, then much read, and he brought Letters from New York, and hid it in the great bush of old-fashioned tree-box beside the front door. After the first book she thought

in ecstasy, "This, then, is a book, and there are more of them." But she did not find so many as she expected, for she afterwards said to me, "When I lost the use of my eyes, it was a comfort to think that there were so few real books that I could easily find one to read me all of them." Afterwards, when she regained her eyes, she read Shakespeare, and thought to herself, "Why is any other book needed?"

She went on talking constantly and saying, in the midst of narrative, things quaint and aphoristic. "Is it oblivion or absorption when things pass from our minds?" "Truth is such a rare thing, it is delightful to tell it." "I find ecstasy in living; the mere sense of living is joy enough." When I asked her if she never felt any want of employment, not going off the grounds and rarely seeing a visitor, she answered, "I never thought of conceiving that I could ever have the slightest approach to such a want in all future time;" and then added, after a pause, "I feel that I have not expressed myself strongly enough," although it seemed to me that she had. She told me of her household occupations, that she made all their bread, because her father liked only hers; then saying shyly, "And people must have puddings," this very timidly and suggestively, as if they were meteors or comets. Interspersed with these confidences came phrases so emphasized as to seem the very wantonness of over-statement, as if she pleased herself with putting into words what the most extravagant might possibly think without saying, as thus: "How do most people live without any thoughts? There are many people in the world, — you must have noticed them in the street, — how do they live? How do they get strength to put on their clothes in the morning?" Or this crowning extravaganza: "If I read a book and it makes my whole body so cold no fire can ever warm me, I know that is poetry. If I feel physically as if

the top of my head were taken off, I know that is poetry. These are the only ways I know it. Is there any other way?"

I have tried to describe her just as she was, with the aid of notes taken at the time; but this interview left our relation very much what it was before; — on my side an interest that was strong and even affectionate, but not based on any thorough comprehension; and on her side a hope, always rather baffled, that I should afford some aid in solving her abstruse problem of life.

The impression undoubtedly made on me was that of an excess of tension, and of an abnormal life. Perhaps in time I could have got beyond that somewhat overstrained relation which not my will, but her needs, had forced upon us. Certainly I should have been most glad to bring it down to the level of simple truth and every-day comradeship; but it was not altogether easy. She was much too enigmatical a being for me to solve in an hour's interview, and an instinct told me that the slightest attempt at direct cross-examination would make her withdraw into her shell; I could only sit still and watch, as one does in the woods; I must name my bird without a gun, as recommended by Emerson. Under this necessity I had no opportunity to see that human and humorous side of her which is strongly emphasized by her nearer friends, and which shows itself in her quaint and unique description of a rural burglary, contained in the volume of her poems. Hence, even her letters to me show her mainly on her *exaltée* side; and should a volume of her correspondence ever be printed, it is very desirable that it should contain some of her letters to friends of closer and more familiar intimacy.

After my visit came this letter: —

Enough is so vast a sweetness, I suppose it never occurs, only pathetic counterfeits.

Fabulous to me as the men of the Revelations who "shall not hunger any more." Even the possible has its insoluble particle.

After you went, I took Macbeth and turned to "Birnam Wood." Came twice "To Dunsinane." I thought and went about my work. . . .

The vein cannot thank the artery, but her solemn indebtedness to him, even the stolidest admit, and so of me who try, whose effort leaves no sound.

You ask great questions accidentally. To answer them would be events. I trust that you are safe.

I ask you to forgive me for all the ignorance I had. I find no nomination sweet as your low opinion.

Speak, if but to blame your obedient child.

You told me of Mrs. Lowell's poems. Would you tell me where I could find them, or are they not for sight? An article of yours, too, perhaps the only one you wrote that I never knew. It was about a "Latch." Are you willing to tell me? [Perhaps "A Sketch."]

If I ask too much, you could please refuse. Shortness to live has made me bold.

Abroad is close to-night and I have but to lift my hands to touch the "Heights of Abraham." DICKINSON.

When I said, at parting, that I would come again some time, she replied, "Say, in a long time; that will be nearer. Some time is no time." We met only once again, and I have no express record of the visit. We corresponded for years, at long intervals, her side of the intercourse being, I fear, better sustained; and she sometimes wrote also to my wife, inclosing flowers or fragrant leaves with a verse or two. Once she sent her one of George Eliot's books, I think *Middlemarch*, and wrote, "I am bringing you a little granite book for you to lean upon." At other times she would send single poems, such as these:—

THE BLUE JAY.

No brigadier throughout the year
So civic as the jay.
A neighbor and a warrior too,
With shrill felicity
Pursuing winds that censure us
A February Day,
The brother of the universe
Was never blown away.
The snow and he are intimate;
I've often seen them play
When heaven looked upon us all
With such severity
I felt apology were due
To an insulted sky
Whose pompous frown was nutriment
To their temerity.
The pillow of this daring head
Is pungent evergreens;
His larder—terse and militant—
Unknown, refreshing things;
His character—a tonic;
His future—a dispute;
Unfair an immortality
That leaves this neighbor out.

THE WHITE HEAT.

Dare you see a soul at the white heat?
Then crouch within the door;
Red is the fire's common tint,
But when the vivid ore

Has sated flame's conditions,
Its quivering substance plays
Without a color, but the light
Of unanointed blaze.

Least village boasts its blacksmith,
Whose anvil's even din
Stands symbol for the finer forge
That soundless tugs within,

Refining these impatient ores
With hammer and with blaze,
Until the designated light
Repudiates the forge.

Then came the death of her father, that strong Puritan father who had communicated to her so much of the vigor of his own nature, and who bought her many books, but begged her not to read them. Mr. Edward Dickinson, after service in the national House of Representatives and other public positions, had become a member of the lower house of

the Massachusetts legislature. The session was unusually prolonged, and he was making a speech upon some railway question at noon, one very hot day (July 16, 1874), when he became suddenly faint and sat down. The house adjourned, and a friend walked with him to his lodgings at the Tremont House; where he began to pack his bag for home, after sending for a physician, but died within three hours. Soon afterwards, I received the following letter:—

The last afternoon that my father lived, though with no premonition, I preferred to be with him, and invented an absence for mother, Vinnie [her sister] being asleep. He seemed peculiarly pleased, as I oftenest stayed with myself; and remarked, as the afternoon withdrew, he "would like it to not end."

His pleasure almost embarrassed me, and my brother coming, I suggested they walk. Next morning I woke him for the train, and saw him no more.

His heart was pure and terrible, and I think no other like it exists.

I am glad there is immortality, but would have tested it myself, before entrusting him. Mr. Bowles was with us. With that exception, I saw none. I have wished for you, since my father died, and had you an hour unengrossed, it would be almost priceless. Thank you for each kindness. . . .

Later she wrote:—

When I think of my father's lonely life and lonelier death, there is this redress—

Take all away;
The only thing worth larceny
Is left—the immortality.

My earliest friend wrote me the week before he died, "If I live, I will go to Amherst; if I die, I certainly will."

Is your house deeper off?

YOUR SCHOLAR.

A year afterwards came this:—

DEAR FRIEND,—Mother was paralyzed Tuesday, a year from the evening father died. I thought perhaps you would care. YOUR SCHOLAR.

With this came the following verse, having a curious seventeenth-century flavor:—

A death-blow is a life-blow to some,
Who, till they died, did not alive become;
Who, had they lived, had died, but when
They died, vitality begun.

And later came this kindred memorial of one of the oldest and most faithful friends of the family, Mr. Samuel Bowles of the Springfield Republican:—

DEAR FRIEND,—I felt it shelter to speak to you.

My brother and sister are with Mr. Bowles, who is buried this afternoon.

The last song that I heard—that was, since the birds—was "He leadeth me, he leadeth me; yea, though I walk"—then the voices stooped, the arch was so low.

After this added bereavement the inward life of the diminished household became only more concentrated, and the world was held farther and farther away. Yet to this period belongs the following letter, written about 1880, which has more of what is commonly called the objective or external quality than any she ever wrote me; and shows how close might have been her observation and her sympathy, had her rare qualities taken a somewhat different channel:—

DEAR FRIEND,—I was touchingly reminded of [a child who had died] this morning by an Indian woman with gay baskets and a dazzling baby, at the kitchen door. Her little boy "once died," she said, death to her dispelling

him. I asked her what the baby liked, and she said "to step." The prairie before the door was gay with flowers of hay, and I led her in. She argued with the birds, she leaned on clover walls and they fell, and dropped her. With jargon sweeter than a bell, she grappled buttercups, and they sank together, the buttercups the heaviest. What sweetest use of days! 'T was noting some such scene made Vaughan humbly say, "My days that are at best but dim and hoary." I think it was Vaughan. . . .

And these few fragmentary memorials — closing, like every human biography, with funerals, yet with such as were to Emily Dickinson only the stately introduction to a higher life — may well end

with her description of the death of the very summer she so loved.

As imperceptibly as grief
The summer lapsed away,
Too imperceptible at last
To feel like perfidy.

A quietness distilled,
As twilight long begun,
Or Nature spending with herself
Sequestered afternoon.

The dusk drew earlier in,
The morning foreign shone,
A courteous yet harrowing grace
As guest that would be gone.

And thus without a wing
Or service of a keel
Our summer made her light escape
Into the Beautiful.

Thomas Wentworth Higginson.

THE HAWKBIT.

How sweetly on the autumn scene,
When haws are red amid the green,
The hawkbit shines with face of cheer,
The favorite of the faltering year!

When days grow short and nights grow cold,
How fairly gleams its eye of gold
On pastured field and grassy hill,
Along the roadside and the rill!

It seems the spirit of a flower,
This offspring of the autumn hour,
Wandering back to earth to bring
Some kindly afterthought of spring.

A dandelion's ghost might so
Amid Elysian meadows blow,
Become more fragile and more fine
Breathing the atmosphere divine.

Charles G. D. Roberts.

GRAN'THER HILL'S PATRIDGE.

THE September sun shone with summer-like fervor in the little valley of Danvis; not an afternoon of August had been hotter, or breathed a droughtier breath upon wilting forests and sered fields. Here and there among the dusky green of the woods, a tree nurtured by more sterile rootage than its neighbors was burning out its untimely ripeness in a blaze of red or yellow, from which the puffs of warm wind scattered sparks of color so intense that it seemed as if they might kindle the dry earth.

All nature was languid in the unseasonable heat and drought. The unrefreshing breeze blew in lazy puffs without even energy of direction, but listlessly trying this quarter and that, now bearing, now dropping, the light burden of a tree's complaining, the rustle of the rolled corn leaves, the faint whimper of tired brooks, the petulant clamor of the crows, and the high, far-away scream of a hawk that, level with the hazy mountain peaks, wheeled in slow circles, a hot brown speck against the bronze sky.

The same wearied air pervaded the precincts of Joseph Hill's home and the house itself. The hens lay panting with drooped wings under the scant shade of the currant bushes, whose shriveled remnant of fruit gave no promise of refreshing coolness; their half-grown progeny stalked aimlessly about the yard in indolent quest of nothing, while they grated out the discordant yelp which is neither peep nor cluck, and expresses nothing if it be not continual discontent; and the ducks waddled home, thirsty and unhappy, from the dried-up puddle.

The hollyhock stalks stood naked and forlorn among the drooping leaves, with only here and there a blossom too stunted to tempt a bumble-bee showing among the browning buttons of seed vessels. The morning-glory leaves hung limp

upon their twisted vines, that had evidently blown their last purple trumpet to call the bees, clutching their supporting cords only with a dying grasp. All the house-side posies were withered, "chiny asters," "sweet-williams," and "sturtiums;" nothing held up its head but the sturdy houseleeks — hens and chickens their mistress called them, and nursed them in their box in doors and out the year round, for their oddity and their repote for curing corns.

Even Gran'ther Hill, whom age might wither though it could not sap his vitality, showed little of his accustomed vigor, as he sat in the doorway with his bristly chin upon his staff, staring vaguely on the haze-bounded landscape, or at something beyond the filmy veil unseen by other and younger eyes, the past or the future. Battlefields of revolutionary days, lonely scouts in the great wilderness, secret missions in the service of the old Green Mountain Boys — or was he looking forward to the paths of the unknown, which he must presently tread?

Whatever occupied his thoughts, it apparently was not what was said or done by those near him. In the same room was his son, who sat with his chair tilted against the wall; and a well-fed, self-satisfied man, who, slovenly clad, though his blue coat had not been long worn and its brass buttons were bright, sat across the table from Joseph, with a small hair trunk open before him, packed brimful of paper parcels and tin boxes. Joseph Hill's eldest daughter, a tired, overgrown girl of twelve in an outgrown frock, moved wearily about the household labors that had fallen on her, and her younger brother sat disconsolately in one corner, nursing an aching tooth that kept him home from school. Their mother, who lay in the bedroom beyond, had been ill for weeks with an intermit-

tent fever, but was now "on the gain," thanks to the treatment of the keen-eyed, blue-coated man with the hair trunk full of roots and herbs and their tinctures.

He was a disciple of Dr. Samuel Thompson, a self-taught mediciner, who, many years before, had brought upon himself the wrath, bitterer than his own concoctions, of the regular physicians of New England by his unauthorized practice and his denunciations of their methods. In time they enlarged and improved their pharmacopœia by availing themselves of his discoveries, but gave him no credit, and few know to what "noted empiric" they are indebted for them. Joseph was conservative, and would rather have employed the old regular physician of Danvis than this innovator, or perhaps both, and his father was bitter "agin Injin an' ol' woman ways o' darkterin' ;" but this unlicensed practitioner had cured Maria's mother of "newrology," and him she was set upon having, and Joseph consented, according to his usual custom when "M'ri" insisted.

"Mis' Hill," said the doctor, looking over his spectacles and his trunk at Joseph, "is sights better. The reg'lar course we've gi'n her, lobeles 'metics, steamin' an' sofuth, has have off the agur spells an' the fever. All she wants naow is strenth'nin', suthin' tu give her an appetite t' eat, an' suthin' nourishin' t' eat. We're goin' tu leave her these here spice bitters, tu take a small spoo'f'l steeped up in a teacup o' hot water three times a day ; an' you must git some popple bark, an' steep up a big han'f'l on 't in a gallern o' water, an' hev her drink a ha' pint on 't most any time when she's dry, or a dozen times a day ; an' it would be a good thing for her tu take a leetle pennyr'yal tea, say a teacupful three, four times a day, kinder 'tween times, an' then eat nourishin' victuals."

Gran'ther Hill turned his head and glowered savagely at him, but uttered only a contemptuous snort.

"I do' know," said Joseph, slowly easing the fore-legs of his chair to the floor and as slowly scratching his head, "but what M'ri kin hold some victuals arter she's took all them steepin's, but it don't seem 's 'ough she could much, that is tu say, not a turrible sight. Ye see, darkter, she hain't a turrible big womern, that is, not so big as some. But mebbby she kin. I d' know."

"Ye'll draowned her wi' yer cussed slops !" Gran'ther Hill growled, turning in his chair and thumping the floor with rapid blows of his cane. "'F you'd ha' gi'n her some callymill an' bled her 'n the fust on 't, she'd ha' ben all right naow ! You've roasted her an' biled her, an' naow yer goin' tu draowned her wi' yer pailfuls o' spice bitters an' popple soup, an' the Lord knows what tarnal slops !"

"Callymill is pizon, an' tew much bleedin' is what kills hawgs," said the doctor with calm emphasis.

"Pizon is good when it's took proper," Gran'ther Hill retorted, "an' folks hain't hawgs, not all on 'em hain't. I wish 't Darkter Stun 'ould come along an' gi' me a dost o' callymill an' bleed me ; I know it 'ould make me feel better this tarnal roastin' weather. It's a feller's blood 'at heats him. I c'n feel mine a chuggin' up agin the top o' my skull every beat o' my pult, an' I wish I was red of a quart on 't !"

"You don't look, Kepting Hill," the doctor said, after a brief survey of the old man's gaunt figure, "as if you hed a grea' deal o' blood tu spare."

"I know 't I've shed lots on 't for my country," said Gran'ther Hill, "but I've got 'nough left tu fill up tew, three pepper darkters wi' better 'n they've got !"

"No daoubt on 't, kepting, no daoubt on 't," the good-natured mediciner answered, "but you don't wanter waste it. Tew much good blood no man can't hev, an' aour remedies make bad blood good. You take some pepssissway an' put it in some ol' Medford, an' take a swaller

three times a day, a good big swaller, keeping, an' see what it'll du for yer blood."

"That saounds sensibler 'n the water swash you was talkin' on, an' I begin tu think you know suthin' arter all. Joseph, nex' time you go over tu Hamner's, you git me a quart, 'n' I'll gether me some pepssissway, an' I'll put in three, four sprigs, an' try it."

"Reason is aour guide," said the doctor, "an' aour remedies is what Natur p'int's aout tu us. We don't make no secret o' what she tells us. Naow, these 'ere spice bitters is compaounded of several nat'ral plants, but the main ingre-jencies is fever-bush an' bayberry. We hain't no secrets; all we're after is the trewth."

"Go t' thunder!" growled Gran'ther Hill. "You're arter yer livin', jes' as all on us is. Nothin' on this livin' airth riles me wus'n hearin' darkters an' preachers gabbin' 'baout the' raslin' raound jes' for the sake o' duin' other folks good, when they an' ev'ybody knows it's theirselves they're workin' for. Who they tryin' tu fool, — God amighty, or folks, or the' ownselves?"

"Sartinly, we've got tu live whilest we're raslin' for the trewth, keeping. You drawed pay when you was fightin' fer your kentry, an' you fit a leetle better, properly, 'n you would for nothin' but glory. Starvin' fodder that is, for livin' on in this world. An' that reminds me 't Mis' Hill wants suthin' nourishin' t' eat. The' hain't nothin' better 'n patridge meat, which it is victuals an' medicine to oncte, for a patridge is continerly a-feedin' on a hulsome diet, fever-bush berries, wintergreen, pepssissway, black-berries, popple-buds, and birch-buds, an' I do' know what all, of Nature's pharmy-copy, which is dissimerlated through the meat. You never knowed a man tu git sick eatin' patridge, did ye, Keeping Hill, or you, Mr. Hill?" and while waiting for a reply the doctor dived into the depths of his tall Leghorn hat for a red

bandanna handkerchief, with which he vigorously mopped his face and blew a trumpet-blast of his nose.

"Not me," said Gran'ther Hill. "I've lived on 'em for weeks when I was scaout-in' 'long wi' Peleg Sunderland, an' the wolves had drove all the deer off."

"Not tu aour haouse, we don't," said Joseph; "ner scasely git a taste on 'em sen' father gin' up huntin'. Wal, that is tu say, exceptin' when Sam Lovel brings us a mess, or oncte when bub killed one with his bow-arrer, or mebbby ketched it in a snare, I d' know but he did."

"I did kill him wi' my bow-arrer," protested the boy, forgetting his toothache in his desire to assert his sportsmanship; "an' ol' he one he was, bigger 'n a rhuster, a thumpin' of a spreuce lawg I c'n show ye, an' I sneaked up julluk gran'ther tells o' Injins duin', an' I knawked him stiffer 'n a stake, 'n I lit on him fore he" — Here a thump of the grandfather's cane reminded the boy of the often-repeated maxim that such as he were to be seen, not heard, and muttering that he could "show 'em the lawg," he subsided into silence and the nursing of his aching jaw.

"I s'pose you c'n shoot Mis' Hill a patridge, can't ye, Mr. Hill? They say the woods is so full on 'em 'at they're a steekin' aout o' the aidges."

"No, darkter," said Joseph, going over to the stove hearth for his pipe and beginning a quest for his tobacco, "I hain't no knack for huntin' patridge. They allers see me afore I du them, an' by the time I git my gun up the' hain't nuthin' left but a glimp an' a noise, an' afore I c'n git my mind made up tu shoot at them onsartainties, as Sam does, an' father uster, both on 'em is gone. I thought I left my terbarker on the manteltree shelf. Oh, there it is on the winder stool."

"Wal," said the doctor, bending a benign glance upon the boy, "bub c'n git his mar a patridge with his bow-

arrer, I know, an' if he will, I'll pull his tooth so 't won't ache again."

"I won't tech tu try fer no sech pay; but 'f they'd le'me take gran'ther's ol' gun I'd git one. The's a hull litter on 'em stays up in the aidge o' the pars-tur."

"You shoot a patridge wi' my gun?" growled his grandfather, glowering upon him. "Ye could n't hol' it tu arm's len'th a secont, you hain't staout 'nough tu pull the tricker 'f you c'd reach it, an' if ye could 't 'ould kick ye int' the middle o' next week! It's a man's gun, that is," pointing up to the long-barreled flint-lock that hung above the mantel, gray with all the dust which had fallen on it since the spring campaign against the crows, "an' it's killed moose an' wolves an' bear an' Injins an' Tories an' Hessians an' Britishers, an' it c'd tell who hel' it when it killed 'em. He hain't dead yit; an' 'f ye want a patridge, he c'n git ye one, which his name is Josier Hill. What ye say 'baout patridge's sensibler 'n what ye say 'baout darkterin', an' Marier's goin' tu hev one. I'd be willin' fer you tu pick aout my victuals, but I'd ruther hev an' ol'-fashioned reg'lar larnt physican darkter du my darkterin'."

"Reg'lar licensed pizoners, they be, ign'antly killin' folks under kiver of the die-plomies," Dr. Wead protested in a discreetly low voice; then in a louder tone, "seem's 'ough you was ruther along in years tu go huntin', keepin'. Better start aout some o' the young fellers, that 'ere Lovel, fer instance. They say he's a marster hand at huntin'."

"If ever I got sick o' anythin'," said the old man, bending his bushy brows in a savage frown and thumping the floor with his staff, "it's everlastin'ly hearin' tell o' that 'ere Sam Lovel's huntin'! Ye 'd think, tu hear 'em talk, 'at me an' Peleg Sunderland wa'n't never nowheres 'long side o' him, — him 't was brung up on patridge an' foxes tu be sot up 'longside o' men 't was raised when the

was painters an' Injins in the woods thicker 'n red squirrels be naow! I s'pose he ken shoot tol'able well wi' his cannern fer nowadays, but I git almighty sick o' hearin' tell on 't. Joseph here 's allers braggin' secont han' o' what Sam Lovel's done, an' Joseph do' know one eend of a gun f'm t' other. Took arter his mother, 'n' she wa' no hunter. Bub, here, ac's more like, an' 'f he 'd ben borned fifty year ago, when the' was suthin' tu hunt, he 'd ha' ben a hunter." Even such faint praise banished for a moment the torture of the aching tooth, as the boy cast longing looks up at the ancient gun, whose brass mountings were brighter and more precious to his eyes than burnished gold.

"I'm a-goin' tu git Marier a patridge," the old man went on. "Good minter go right off. 'F I don't, I will in the mornin'; I've heard a gun every oncte in a while all the art'noon. There 't goes agin," as a flat report came faint and echoless through the sultry air from the lower slope of the mountain side. "He hain't killin' nothin', I know by the way his gun saounds, but he 'll scare everything aout'n the woods er over the maountain. Guess I'd better go right off an' git ahead on him."

"Better wait till the cool o' the mornin', father. They 'll all git settled back in the' haunts by then," Joseph suggested; and then in a loud whisper to the doctor, "He 'll fergit all 'baout it by then!"

"Wal, mebbly, I 'll see," said his father, settling back uneasily in his arm-chair, and again fixing his senile stare on the outer world.

"Naow then," said Dr. Wead in a more cheerful tone than the proposal warranted, "naow, then bub, 'f you seddaown in the door an' brace yer back agin one post an' yer feet agin t' other, I 'll red ye o' that 'ere pesky tooth in a jiffy."

"I do' wanter hev it pulled!" the

boy whimpered. "It don't ache a mite naow!"

"It's unly foolin' on ye, bub," said the doctor. "That's a trick the pesky things is allers up tu. I won't hurt ye more 'n a minute, an' then you'll be tu play an' practicin' wi' yer bow-arrer fer to shoot yer mar a patridge."

"Why, yes, Josie," urged his father, "jest seddaown an' hev her aout julluk a man, an' I'll git ye — le' me see, why, I'll git ye a jew-sharp nex' time I go t' the store."

"Can't play no jew-sharp when I hain't got no teeth, more 'n gran'ther can," the boy half sobbed.

"Could n't ye give him suthin' tu kinder ease it up fer a spell?" Joseph asked, after puzzling his brains for a more tempting offer. "'F his mother was raound he c'd stan' it better."

The doctor shook his head. "Nothin' but cold iron 'll stop it."

"It 'll hurt like Sam Hill!" howled poor little Josiah.

"Look a-here, bub," said his grandfather turning his chair again to face the room. "It hain't a-goin' tu be said 'at a boy 'at wants tu go huntin' wi' a gun, an' which he's named arter his gran'ther that fit tu Hubbar'ton an' Bennin'ton, to say nuthin' o' takin' Ticonderogue, is a-goin' tu raise a rumpus 'baout hevin' a mis'able leetle tooth pulled aout. If ye don't come right stret here an' seddaown in the door an' open yer maouth an' shet yer head, I 'll take ye up tu the leegislatur this fall, right afore them tew brass cannern t' we took f'm the Hessians tu Bennin'ton, an' hev yer name changed, the hull on't; Josier shall be Nosier, an' Hill shall be Holler, 'cause ye'll be so low daown, an' 'cause ye 'll holler for havin' a tooth pulled. An' if ye seddaown like a man an' say nothin', I 'll let ye shoot my gun tu a mark, 'f it kicks ye further 'n ye shoot! There!"

The boy looked a moment into the relaxed sternness of his grandfather's face,

and then, his own pale but resolute, walked over and took the prescribed position on the threshold.

"Git aout yer cant-hook, darkter, whilst his grit's up," said Gran'ther Hill, while Joseph retreated to the bedside of his wife, whither, with an appalled look dispossessing the wearied expression of her face, his daughter accompanied him.

The doctor, taking the terrible turnkey from his trunk, bestrode the boy, whose head he grasped between his knees, and in one brief but awful moment wrenched out the tooth and a suppressed groan.

"You 'll make a hunter an' a sojer," said the doctor. "You stood it like a major, an' I'm goin' tu wrop up that tooth in a piece o' paper for ye t' show folks."

The old man gave his grandson a gentle punch in the ribs with his cane to express his approval. "Ded n't hurt ye much naow, did it, bub?"

"The hole aches wus 'n the darned tooth did," said Josiah the younger. "When ye gointer let me shoot yer gun, gran'ther?"

"T'morrer, when I git back f'm huntin'," his grandsire promptly responded. "Say, bub, is that Mis' Purin't'n comin' up the rhud? Yes? Well, then, I'm goin' huntin' right naow 'f she's comin' here, 'n I 'll bate she be." Arising with all the speed that his stiff joints could compass, he took down his gun, drew the iron ramrod and dropped it into the barrel, then measured the protruding end with his fingers, returned the rod to its pipes, threw the long barrel into the hollow of his arm, and critically examined flint and priming, before his son had come forth from the bedroom.

"Why, father, ye'd better not go this arternoon, you 'll git yer blood all het up!" Joseph expostulated.

"Your darkter says I hain't got no blood," his father answered, reaching up for the big powder-horn, the buckskin

shot-pouch, and a wisp of tow for wadding, while he whispered loudly, "That 'ere Purin't'n womern's a-comin', 'n' I'd rather git het an' sunstruck 'n tu hear her gab. Wonder Purin't'n never took tu huntin'."

"She won't stay long, not so turrible long, I don't scasely b'lieve she will, an' you c'n go an' lay daown in yer room," urged Joseph; and the doctor also made some attempt to dissuade the old man from going abroad, though it was noticeable that he was hurriedly packing the little hair trunk and hastily preparing for his own departure.

"Don't you go a-huntin' no patridge for me," plead Maria's feeble voice from the bedroom. "A chicken 'll du jest as well."

"I tell ye you're a-goin' tu hev a patridge, an' I'm goin' tu git it!" the veteran protested.

"Wal," said Joseph, making search for his hat in all places but under his chair, where it was, "ef you will go ag'in' all reason, I'll go 'long with ye, erless I'll hev bub go; er mebbe we'll both on us go, tu kerry your game, ye know, an' yer gun, an' sech, an' mek it kinder comf'table fer ye."

"When I go huntin' I don't go't the head of a army, wi' a life an' drum a-playin'," cried Gran'ther Hill at the top of his cracked and whistling voice, "nor no lummuxes, an' no bubs a-taggin' tu my heels, a-scarin' all the game outen sight an' hearin' wi' the' crackin', an' snappin', an' sloshin', an' gabbin'! D'ye think I'm a five-year-ol' boy 't can't go nowheres by hisself? You stay 't hum an' tend t' your own business, an' I'll tend tu mine!"

Lowering the muzzle of his gun to clear the lintel of the door, he went out as Mrs. Purington entered. Dropping heavily into the nearest chair and puffing out a brief salutation, she cast back her green gingham sun-bonnet, and began fanning her hot face with her checked apron held by its nether corners.

"It is tew orfle hot tu stir aou' door, but I thought I mus' come an' chirk up Mis' Hill a leetle mite, an' I tol' him I would come if it melted me. I declare tu goodness I b'lieve it hes! Whew! Who ever see sech weather for the time o' year? Hain't your caows s'runk the' milk orfle? An' aour cistern's mos' dry, an' the spring hain't never ben so low sen' he c'n remember. I'd know what's goin' tu be become on us all 'f we don't git shaowers. It's 'nough tu make well folks sick an' tu kill sick folks, an' I p'sume tu say it will kill Mis' Hill. Haow is she anyway?" leaning forward to peer into the bedroom, her fat hands, still holding the apron corners, resting on her short lap. "Gittin wus an' wus, I s'pose?" then, with a sudden fear, "'T hain't nothin' ketchin' I hope, — none o' these ketchin' fevers?"

"No," Joseph assured her. "Intu-mittens, or some sech name, the darkter calls it. Suthin' like fev' 'n' aig; kinder wus 'n that, an' then ag'in, not so bad," he explained.

Her fears of infection set at rest, Mrs. Purington drew her chair to the bedroom door and set herself to comforting the sick woman.

"Wal, Marier, you du look peaked'er 'n what I expected, an' it's a massy't I come when I did, or I might not ha' seen you alive. Mis' Tarbell, his brother's wife's sister, was took jest the same way 'long in hayin', an' it hove her intu quick consumps'hern, an' she died 'fore the graound froze up, which was some consolashern, 'cause't wa'n't no sech work diggin' the grave as't 'ould ha' ben later. I du hope you feel prepared for the wust, Marier, I du."

"Ruby," said Mrs. Hill, as her eye caught the scared face of her daughter, "I wish't you'd gwaout an' see 'f you can't find that speckled hen's nest. No, Mis' Purin't'n, I hain't prepared for no wust. I've hed that, an' I'm better. All I want naow is some stren'th tu be up an' a-doin'. Poor Ruby!" as her

eyes anxiously followed the girl's wearied footsteps. "It's ben tough on her, an' she's putty nigh tuckered aout."

The scared and tired girl got little comfort, except in escaping from the alarming and wearisome gabble of the visitor, in her listless, rambling search for the nest of the Dominique among the withered currant bushes and the rampant weeds, that in spite of the drought still flourished in the fence-corners, to the delight of the yellow birds, who, too busy to sing, if singing-days were not over, gathered the seeds of pig-weed and red-root. Nor was there more comfort in moping by her mother's posy-bed, whose neglected plants looked as tired as herself.

"That's allers the way wi' folks 'at's got consumpshern," continued Mrs. Purington, "a-thinkin' they're better when they're growin' wus — allers. An' that pepper an' steam darkter, — I met him as I was a-comin' int' the do'yard, — a mis'able cretur tu look at. They say he jest biles folkses' skins off, an' turns 'em inside aout wi' his lobeles 'metics. Ef I wa'n't so beat aout wi' the heat, I'd turn tu an' help Ruby fix up things, for it does look dreffle run daown't the heel in the kitchen, — hain't ben int' the square room; but it does seem as if't was all I c'd du jest tu set here an' comfort ye all I ken. I will fix yer piller," and she set to beating the pillow close to the convalescent's ears, and twitching it to and fro under her head. "I'd ha' sent up sis tu help Ruby, but she's daown tu Huldy's, an' they're fixin' up fer uncle 'Lisher Peggs an' aunt Jerushy, which they're expectin' on 'em back from the West nex' canal-boat 'at comes. A turrible senseless piece o' business all raound; but they will hev it the' own way, — Huldy an' Sam." And so she went on with her torturing gabble, which the sick woman was thankful only tired, but did not frighten her.

Meanwhile Gran'ther Hill was hobbling across the fields toward the woods,

followed by the longing eyes of his grandson. Dr. Wead, watching the bent figure from the height of his sulky-seat, rocking on its leathern thorough-braces, remarked to himself, "A stronery tough ol' critter for a man 'at's ben pizened wi' callymill fer the Lord knows haow many year, an' as contrairy as he is ol' an' tough."

He was a pathetic old figure to look upon as, supporting his stiffened legs with his staff, and trailing his long gun with the unforgetten handiness acquired in years so far past that they were like a dream, he picked his slow way across the shrunken brook and into the skirt of the forest. The woods were very still, scarcely stirred by the light puffs of the breeze; the birds, their summer songs forgotten, so silent, and the feeble current of the brook babbling so faintly, that the continuous murmur of the bees among the woodside asters was the sound most audible, save when a locust shrilled its prolonged, monotonous cry that presently sank with an exhausted fall to the droning undertone of the bees.

The aged hunter made his way through the bordering thickets and over the dry matting of old leaves with a stealthier tread than many a younger man might have, and scanned carefully with slow, dulled gaze, the shaded depths of low-branched young evergreens, sapling poplars and birches, and thorny tangles of blackberry briers.

Suddenly fell on his ears the noise of scurrying feet among the dry leaves, and the warning "wish, quit, kr-r-r quit! quit!" of a grouse. Dropping his staff and bringing his cocked piece to a ready, he searched the thicket with eager eyes and presently discovered an alert dusky form skulking among the shadows. The long gun was aimed with almost the celerity if not with the precision of its ancient use in the boasted days when its owner scouted and hunted with doughty Peleg Sunderland. The trigger was pulled, the flint flashed out a shower of

sparks, and the old gun bellowed and kicked in a way worthy of its renown, and mowed a narrow swath through the stems of saplings and briers. The booming report, so different from the flat discharges which at irregular intervals during the afternoon had cracked through the sultry air, came to young Josiah's ears and almost shook him from his seat on the rail fence with the thrill of delight it sent through him.

Rushing into the house, he loudly proclaimed, "Gran'ther's fired. Yes, sir! I heard him!" and in the next breath, "I'm goin' t' see what he's got!"

"Don't you dast tu!" his father said with unwonted decision. "'F he hain't killed nothin', an' 't ain't no ways likely 't he hes, though the's no tellin' but what he hes, he'll be madder 'n tew settin' hens. Don't ye dast tu go, bub!"

"Jest's like's not his gun hes busted, er gone off 't wrong eend, er suthin', an' killed him," said Mrs. Purington. "Guns is drefle dan'g'ous things. It's 'nough tu dry up a feller's blood wi' col' chills tu hear father Purin't'n when he was alive, an' uncle 'Lisher, tell o' the folks 'at got killed by 'em tu Plattsburgh fight, which they was both there. Don't ye go nigh, Bub Hill. 'T'ould scare ye t' death tu see your gran'ther a-lyin' in his gore."

"Hed n't you better go an' see, Joseph?" said Maria anxiously.

"Sho!" said her husband. "Father could n't shoot hisself wi' the ol' gun erless he got someb'dy tu help him. It's longer 'n a brook, an' it never busts, leastways it never did's I knows on. Ketch me a-goin' nigh him 'f he's missed. He'll make things gee, a-blamin' it onter all creation but hisself."

Thus admonished, the boy went back to his perch on the top rail, to content himself with impatient watching for his grandsire's return.

It was well he did not seek him, for he would have found him then in his most peppery mood. Quicker than the

echo of the discharge had come a rapid beat of wings and a brief scurry among the dead leaves. The old man stooped low and peered beneath the slowly lifting smoke, almost confident that he would see his victim fluttering out its last breath in or near the ragged path of the charge. But there was nothing to be seen astir but a sapling slowly bending to its fall from its half-severed stem, a sere leaf wavering to earth, and the eddying haze of rising smoke. Ah! the bird was stone dead, and lying there somewhere, waiting to be picked up without casting one reproving glance upon his slayer from his glazing eyes. Gran'ther Hill was glad of that, for like all old hunters he had grown tender-hearted toward his prey.

First he reloaded his gun, measuring powder and shot in his palm with scrupulous care in spite of his haste to go forward, and then stooping low, groped his way into the thicket. Scanning the ground foot by foot, often misled this way and that by some semblance of what he was in quest of, objects that upon poking with his staff proved but gray and russet stumps or clots of old leaves, he crept on far beyond the range of his gun, growing less hopeful with each more wearied step. Then he retraced his course, zigzagging across it, peering into hollow logs and probing brush heaps with his staff, then took his bearings anew from the place where he had shot, and went over the ground again and again, rewarded only by finding one mottled tail-feather, which he thrust in his hat to disprove a total miss, and grew more rebellious against fate with every unsuccessful attempt to find his bird, which, in fact, sat unscathed amid the branches of a fir, recovering from the terror of the sudden storm of lead that had so lately hurtled past it.

"What tarnal dodunk loaded that 'ere gun, I wonder?" he growled, glaring savagely into space. "Did n't put no wad top o' the paowder, I'll bate, er the

shot was tu big er tu small er suthin'! Er 't was some of that cussed paowder o' Chapin's; 't won't burn no quicker 'n green popple sawdust, an' the patridge seen the flash an' dodged! But I hit him, I know I did! I never missed a settin' shot in my life, an' he lays right here clus tu deader 'n hay, only I can't see him! Blast my darned eyes, a-failin' on me jes' naow, arter eighty-six, goin' on eighty-seben year! I wish 't I hed my spees; I wish 't I let Joseph's boy come 'long wi' me, he's sharper eyed 'n a lynk; he 'd ha' faound him. I'll fetch him here an' hev him look, an' ef he don't find him I'll skin him. 'F I thought 't was you 't made me miss him," shaking his gun till the ramrod rattled in its pipes and wooden casing, "ye ol' wore aout goo'-for-nothin' iron hole, I 'd wallupse ye raound a tree, darn ye! But I did n't miss him, he's lyin' dead clus tu 'mongst some o' these cussed rhuts an' bresh. Darn yer cussed hidin' tricks!" addressing the trees and shaking his staff at them, "can't ye let an ol' man 'at fit fer ye when you wa'n't knee-high tu a tud-stool hev one leetle, nasty, mis'able patridge fer his sick darter? Darn ye, I wish 't ye 'ould all burn up an' roast yer cussed patridges inside on ye!"

For answer came a rustle of feet suddenly grown careless where they trod, and then appeared through the parted branches the tall form and good-natured face of Sam Lovel. The old man stared half-angrily, half-ashamed, at the apparition.

"Why, Gran'ther Hill, you a-huntin' this hot day?" Sam asked.

"Yis, I be," the old man answered testily. "I do' know but I got jes' 's good right tu go a-huntin' hot days as other folks."

"Sartainly, gran'ther, sartainly; but I did n't s'pose the' was nob'dy else but me sech a fool as tu go huntin' sech weather. Ye know some on 'em calls ev'eybody fools 'at goes huntin' any time. Wal, what luck be ye hevin'?"

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"The cussedest luck I ever see. I come tu git a patridge fer Joseph's wife 'at 's sick, an' I shot one fust thing, an' I can't find the darned thing, an' it hain't tew rods off f'm where we be."

"Wing broke, an' hid?"

"No, sir, killed deader 'n hay, jest one kerflummux an' still; an' I can't find it nowheres, nothin' but this tail feather."

This Sam examined, but did not suggest the patent fact that it was not cut out by a shot, nor the possibility of a miss. "Wal, naow, mebbly I c'n help ye find him; four eyes is better 'n tew sometimes. I s'pose you hain't shot a patridge afore for a good spell, an' you would n't ha' ben tryin' naow only tu get one for M'ri. Wal, le 's see, you sarch in there, an' I'll try up this way. He 's flummuxed inter some bresh heap er holler, I bate ye. An' they look julluk the dead leaves 'f they don't lay belly up, anyway."

Searching intently in one direction while the old man potted in another, Sam presently shouted gleefully, "Here he is, gran'ther! Deader 'n a mallet, lyin' in a bresh heap 't you've trod onter! You most took his head off an' knocked him gally west. It was jest the stren'th o' the shot 'at hove him here!" and Sam reappeared, holding a rather rumpled partridge, whose head dangled from the ruffed neck by a film of skin.

The old man, more pleased than a child with a coveted toy, took the bird and smoothed its rumpled feathers, so absorbed that he did not notice the softened thud, mixed with the careless scuff of Sam's foot, of something that fell between them.

"Wal, I'll be darned!" Sam ejaculated in suppressed surprise, "ef here ain't another 'at we're most treadin' onter!" and stooping, he picked up another partridge, that with its life had almost lost its head.

"Tew tu one shot, by the gret horn spoon! Wal, gran'ther, you beat the

hull caboodle!" and he patted the veteran's shoulder tenderly. "I never done that but onete, an' I've bragged on 't ever sence."

Gran'ther Hill's blank stare of astonishment relaxed into a toothless grin of supreme delight, and his bleared eyes were dim with unaccustomed moisture.

"I knowed the' was one a-lyin' here somewheres, but I never 'spected the' was tew," he said, his voice trembling with the swelling and throbbing pride of his heart. "Young eyes is sharper 'n ol' ones, an' I'm a thaousan' times obleeged tu ye fer findin' my patridges. I'd jest abaout gi'n up, an' was goin' hum tu git Joseph's boy tu help me find the one 't I knowed I killed; he's got eyes julluk a lynk, an' 'ould ha' made a hunter 'f he'd ben borned soon 'nough, when the' wus suthin' wuth huntin'. These 'ere 'll jest set Marier right up, an' fore they're gone, I'll git her another. They thought I could n't git nary one, but 't ain't nothin' tu kill a patridge when ye know haow;" and all the while he was slowly turning the birds before his admiring eyes.

"Naow 'f I c'n find me some lutherwood, I'll tie them patridge laigs together an' sling 'em crost my gun an' g' hum. You don't see some handy, du ye?"

Yes, Sam saw a sprawling moosewood or wicopy close at hand, and presently fitted the old man out with a thong of its tough bark, wherewith the birds were tied together, ready for slinging on the gun barrel.

"T ain't every day 't ye see a man goin' huntin' wi' a gun in one hand an' a cane in t' other," Gran'ther Hill chuckled; "but the ol' gun an' me hain't forgot aour ol' tricks 'f we du go wi' a cane. It's kinder cur'ous 't I hit 'em both in the neck an' nowheres else 'cept knockin' aout one tail feather, an' there it is, a-missin';" but he did not notice that the feather in his hat did not correspond in length or markings with those

in the tail of the bird that he was inspecting.

"The ol' gun kerries turrible clus," Sam exclaimed, "an' jes' one stray shot hit the tail — glanced on a twig like 's not."

"An' hain't you killed nary one?" the old man asked, only now noticing that Sam carried no game in sight. "I swan I'd ort tu divide wi' ye," making a feeble motion toward untying one of his birds.

"Wal, yes, I got tew, three in here," patting the pocket of his striped woolen frock.

"Wal," the old man said, slipping the birds on to his gun and shouldering it, "I s'pose I mus' be a-moggin'. Do' know haow I'm goin' tu make up ter ye for findin' my patridge, erless I go 'long wi' ye some day an' show ye haow tu hunt patridge."

"That 'll jest du it," said Sam heartily. "Some cool day, t' rights, 'fore they git wild wi' the fallin' leaves, we 'll go. I want tu see ye kill tew 't a shot."

And so they parted, each going his way, the young man skirting the woods, the old man homeward, picking his way across Stony Brook with a lighter step and a lighter heart than he had come with. He minded nothing of the hot, droughty weather; no day could have seemed finer than this in its decline, its warm air laden with the odor of the firs, and the "cheop" of the crickets beginning to thrill through it, while the purple of the asters grew darker in the blurred, lengthening shadows. As he crossed the pasture he began to whistle, toothlessly, "We're marching onward toward Quebec," and his rheumatic footsteps fell to the time of the old martial air.

Then he saw his grandson running to meet him.

"Oh, gran'ther!" cried the boy, breathlessly, as he caught a glimpse of the old man's swinging burden, "ye got one, did n't ye?" and then as he walked

puffing and eager-eyed alongside, "Tew on 'em! Oh, my sakes, tew! I never hearn ye shoot but onete. You never killed 'em both tu one shot, gran'ther?"

"Sho, bub, that hain't nothin' for a man 'at onderstan's it," said his grandfather lightly.

"Oh, gran'ther! you c'n jest beat 'em all, you can. Say, gran'ther, le' me kerry 'em, won't ye? Gran'ther, say?" the boy pleaded.

"Jullook a-here, bub," said the old man, sinking his voice to a husky undertone, "you le' me kerry 'em, an' I'll let ye shoot the gun tu a mark right naow! Hey?"

"Oh, my sakes! Will ye, naow, t'-night?"

"Yes, sir, I will. You go an' set that 'ere busted cap agin the fence, ten rod off, an' come back here an' rest crost this 'ere stump an' let 'er hev!"

Away the boy ran, never minding a stubbed toe or a heelful of thistles that waylaid his course, and setting the broken fence-cap against a rail came panting back.

"Git ye breath fust," Gran'ther Hill said, as the boy reached eagerly for the gun, which the old man took slowly from his shoulder, depressing the muzzle till the partridges slipped to the ground. "Ye could n't hit a barn-door ten rod off whilst ye 're a-puffin' that way. Naow," as the boy's breathing became regular through hard restraint, and he gave the gun into his hands, "p'int below the mark, an' raise her up slow, an' when ye git aimed atween the tewholes, onhitch!"

Kneeling and resting the long barrel across the stump, the boy slowly elevated the muzzle till it hid the lower auger hole, and then pulled with might and main, shutting both eyes in expectation of the flash and recoil, but neither came.

"I can't pull her off," he whined in half-tearful disappointment.

"Ye can't pull her off when she hain't

on'y half cocked, ye gump!" said the old man impatiently, and reaching out he pulled the heavy hammer to full cock. "There naow, when ye pull the tricker, I guess ye 'll hear from her!"

Again the boy essayed, pulled manfully at just the right moment, and there was a shower of sparks, a blinding flash of ignited priming, a deafening roar, and with it a kick that tumbled the young marksman on to his haunches.

"You hit it!" the old man cried, "I seen the splinters fly! Naow run over 'n' fetch the cap here."

The boy made all haste to get upon his feet, and ran wildly over to the fence, rubbing, as he ran, his shoulder that ached with a more universal pang than his tooth had done. But it was a delightful pain, and borne with a triumphant smile when he saw the weather-worn surface of the wood brightened with fresh splinters and punctured with a half dozen dark holes, and as many half-embedded shot staring at him as if in astonishment at his skill.

"Ye done well, bub, so ye did!" said his grandfather, when the target was brought to him and inspected. "She scattered more 'n she did when I shot the patridge, but I s'pose I got in a leetle tew much pawdwer; but you done almighty well."

So they went home, the one as proud as the other, the old man with his birds, the boy with his target, he running ahead to proclaim the wonderful achievements of the twain. It was a pleasure added to the old man's triumph, another reward of his afternoon's outing, to see the departing form of Mrs. Purington waddling homeward along the highway.

The two were welcomed with all the honors they could desire, even Mrs. Hill came forth from her bed-room to view the trophies, and the youngsters home from school were dumb with admiration of the feats of their grandfather and brother. Gran'ther Hill recounted all

the details of his afternoon's adventure, and ended by saying, —

"I don't b'lieve I'd ha' faound one of 'em 'f 't had n't ben for that 'ere long-laiged Sam Lovel;" and Joseph, picking

the birds, unmarked but by the bullet holes in their necks, remarked with a twinkle in his eyes that no one saw, —

"I don't scacey b'lieve ye would, father; don't seem's 'ough ye would."

Rowland E. Robinson.

THE ASCETIC IDEAL.

TOWARD the close of the year 381 there came to Rome in company with Paulinus, then Bishop of Antioch, and Epiphanius, Bishop of Salamis, a Dalmatian monk, whose advent at that time in the golden city was a far more significant and memorable circumstance than that of either of his episcopal superiors. Paulinus, indeed, was in some sort upon his trial. There were rival claimants to the see of Antioch, — that turbulent and fanatical city where the disciples were first called Christians, whose dust the Emperor Julian had shaken so scornfully from his impatient feet less than twenty years before. Both the orthodox and the Arian parties had elected their man, and the council, or rather synod, of 382, which our travelers were hastening to attend, had been convened for the special purpose of adjudicating their claims. Epiphanius went as the powerful friend and ally of Paulinus; Eusebius Hieronymus, — known to all the world as St. Jerome, — by invitation of the reigning Pope, as a cleric, young indeed, but already renowned both for the sanctity of his life and his profound learning in those questions of doctrine and exegesis which must needs come up for discussion before the assembly.

The Pope was Damasus, one of the few Roman bishops of the fourth century whose personality remains luminously distinct, — the able, the martial, the learned and stately Damasus, who himself had had literally to fight for

the headship of the church with an unscrupulous rival, whose very name seems to convey a reminiscence of the grave splendor of living which he affected, and whereby it is certain that he greatly imposed upon the still pagan patriciate of Rome. Damasus was now seventy-seven years old, within three years of the end of his conspicuous and stormy career, but there was no sign of failure in his faculties; and the correspondence which he had previously held with Jerome, who was about forty years his junior, must at least have sufficed to assure him that he would find a loyal mouthpiece in the devout scholar; the fact being that, between the lines of the latter, we may read plainly foreshadowed not merely the doctrine of papal infallibility, but others which are popularly held to be among the latest accretions or corruptions of the early Catholic belief.

Pope Damasus at all events made the young doctor his private secretary for the occasion of the council; and when Ambrose, the great Bishop of Milan, at whose instance it had been convened, was taken severely ill soon after his arrival in Rome, the presidency of the assembly, which would naturally have been his, devolved upon Jerome. He acquitted himself admirably in this office, and remained in Rome for the three succeeding years, highly distinguished by the Head of the Church, employed by him in revising the text of the Gospels and the Psalter, and

occupying for the first and only time in his life a brilliant position in the eyes of the world. Jerome was in the years — between thirty-five and forty — when mundane honors have usually their greatest attraction even for the detached and disinterested soul, but this was a man fortified in advance against their spell.

He had seen the whole civilized world of his day and the glory of it, — from Trèves, the far seat of the Western Empire, to Constantinople, the gorgeous home of the Eastern, and from his heart he spurned it all. Freely, unaffectedly, without reservation, he, in common with so many of the more fervid Christians of his epoch, had long since closed his heart to the allurements of sense, and invested the whole treasure of his affection and his hope in the mystical city of God. It was as the well-nigh irresistible champion of the ascetic against the domestic life that he made his deepest mark in Rome, and secured his chief effect upon the history of the church; and it is from this point of view that it is proposed — at a time when ideas akin to those of St. Jerome are once more beginning, as they periodically do, strongly to work upon generous minds of a certain order — to reconsider his interesting story.

It will be necessary first to pass in brief review the events of Jerome's earlier years up to the time when his vocation was fully established, and he found in the doomed and decaying but still gorgeous capital of the ancient world, and in the peculiar social conditions of the hour, a fruitful field for its exercise. He was born about the year 343 at Stridon, a little town near the borders of Pannonia, not far from the great city of Aquileia. All the beautiful country between the Illyrian Alps and the head of the Adriatic was like a garden then, — "cited to the top, crowded with culture." But it was precisely here, alas! that, in 377, the in-

vading Goths first slaked their thirst for plunder, leaving behind them such a waste of ruin that when the necessity afterwards came upon Jerome literally to "sell all that he had and give to the poor," he found only, as he says, a few "half-burned villas" to dispose of in his native district. His parents, though not people of rank, were able to send him to Rome for his education, and to provide him with the means of purchasing there what was, for the time, an extensive and valuable classical library. His fondness for the great pagan writers amounted to a passion. Later he fought against it as a deadly sin, but how rarely well he knew them appears not only in the character of his own Latin style, but from the fact that although at one period of his life he abstained for fifteen years from opening either a Cicero or a Virgil, his writings of this time, as always, teem with the aptest quotations from both authors, dropping, as it would seem, unconsciously from his rapid pen. As an old, old man, when his memory of the intervening days was growing dim, Jerome used to renew in dreams his college contests for the oratorical prize, and his habit of haunting the law courts in hopes of catching something of the true forensic manner. Earlier he had been used to review his student life in a deeply penitential spirit, accusing himself of youthful excesses which his unsparing conscience may possibly have exaggerated, and recalling with a repugnance we can hardly understand, unless he means to hint at improprieties which he does not name, a fashion that prevailed among the youth of going the round, on Sundays, of the tombs of the apostles and martyrs.

"And I often," he says, with a perceptible shudder, "entered into those crypts which have been hollowed in the depths of the earth, where the walls of the entrance on either hand are lined with bodies of dead men, and all is so

dark as almost to fulfill the word of the Psalmist, 'They shall go down quick into hell.' . . . Only at rare intervals is the fearsome gloom in part dispelled by the admission of a little light from above; and when you turn to retrace your steps, and all is blind and black around, you are reminded of Virgil's expression:—

'Horror ubique animos, simul ipsa silentia terrent.'"

It may be interesting also to note, in passing, that the brief reign of Julian was comprised within the student years of Jerome. But though he somewhere calls the apostate emperor, in his rhetorical way, "a traitor to his own soul," he is less vehement upon the subject than might have been expected. "After Julian had turned to the worship of idols," he says in his *Chronicle* or *Compendium* of the history of his own time, "there was a species of mild persecution rather inviting than impelling men to sacrifice" (to the heathen gods), "and to this many of our own people voluntarily acceded."

It is well known that the passionate crusade of Julian was never popular in that most exclusive section of the old pagan society of Rome, with whose wives and daughters, at least, Jerome afterwards came into such close relations, and whom he was destined to influence so mightily. The very zeal of the innovator for the outworn faith was an offense to their well-bred indifference.

His course of instruction in the Roman schools ended, Jerome probably returned to Aquileia, but very soon departed again on a journey to Gaul. With him went his friend and foster-brother Bonosus, a youth of fortune and promise, whose ancestral estates adjoined the little property of Jerome's father. The original purpose of this journey is uncertain, but its most important result was undoubtedly to inoculate Jerome with much of that enthusiasm for the monastic life which had already taken full possession of the soul of his fellow-traveler.

On their return to Dalmatia in 372, Bonosus withdrew definitively from the world to a retreat which, half in horror, as it would seem, and half in envy, but with language already strongly mystical, Jerome thus describes:—

"Thy friend and mine, Bonosus,¹ is already mounting the predestined ladder of Jacob's dream. He is bearing his cross; he takes no thought for the morrow; he casts no look behind. . . . Think of it! A youth trained with us in the liberal arts, in affluent circumstances, preëminent among his companions, he has cast off mother and sisters and a fondly loved brother, and planted himself like a new colonist of paradise upon a perilous island in the roaring sea,—an island of bare stones and rugged cliffs, awful in its isolation. Not a tiller of the soil dwells there, not even the little monk Onesimus, whom you knew, and whom Bonosus loved so tenderly, accompanied him into that waste. Alone—yet not alone, for Christ is with him—he beholds the glory of God as even the apostles never saw it, save in the desert. . . . Do but think how hard his battle is, and you will be able to gauge his victory; the mad sea raging all around the isle, bellowing back from the winding chasms of its mountain wall, not a grass-blade anywhere, nor slightest shadow of foliage, the steep cliffs inclose him as in a dreadful prison, yet is he intrepid and secure. . . . Why may he not see in his isle some vision like that of John?"

The Ruffinus to whom this moved and moving letter was addressed came later to exercise a somewhat sinister influence upon Jerome's fate; but they were friends for a long time after this. The letter was written from Antioch, whither Jerome had betaken himself, accompanied by a small band of friends, all restless in spirit like himself, longing, but still delaying, to take the last step which should cut them off from the world of

¹ The letter is addressed to another Dalmatian monk named Ruffinus.

men, and bind them to the contemplative life. One of their number, Heliodorus, decided to return to Aquileia; and to him Jerome addressed a letter of remonstrance for his defection, and praise of the hermit life, which came afterwards to be used as a kind of manual of asceticism. He himself, with two companions, Innocentius and Hylas, proceeded to Chalcis, a "lesser Thebaid" on the eastern boundary of Syria, where the monastic life was fully organized after the pattern of the Egyptian desert, and the monks divided, according to the degrees of austerity which they affected, into the three grades, or classes, of cenobites, recluses, and anchorites.

The life of the cenobites was, comparatively speaking, a humane and healthful one. They dwelt in large monasteries, had churches regularly served, ate in common, cultivated the soil, and engaged in several branches of useful industry. They also exercised a generous hospitality, and in one of their houses Jerome and his friends were first received as guests, and here the two latter, succumbing no doubt to the first effect of the burning climate upon frames exhausted by fasting and fatigue, died of fever. Jerome himself, ill in body and prostrated in spirit by the shock of his bereavement, — "I have lost one of my eyes!" he exclaimed when Innocentius died, — felt that he had received a call to a more complete self-consecration, and made trial for a time of the life of the recluse. Not under a very severe form, assuredly, for he had always his books with him, and these very books were the occasion of some of his most painful conflicts, and of sundry of the strange and indelible dreams or visions which belong to this crisis of his career.

Let us hear him describe one of these experiences in his own forceful words. The passage occurs in a letter addressed many years later to one of his lady penitents in Rome: —

"When I left my home and family

for the kingdom of heaven's sake . . . I could not make up my mind to part with the books which I had collected at Rome with so much labor and zeal. And so, miserable being that I was! I fasted and then I read Tully; or, after nights of tears and vigil, when my very soul had been rent by the recollection of past sins, I would take up my Plautus," — some manuscripts say Plato, — "and then, when I came to myself and began to read the prophets, the rudeness of their style disgusted me; and because, in my blindness, I saw not the light, I thought it was the sun's fault and not that of my eyes. So was I the sport of the old serpent, and thus it came to pass that in the middle of Lent my exhausted frame was attacked by a fever which preyed upon the very marrow of my bones, and left me no rest, until I was so wasted that my limbs — incredible as it sounds — barely held together. Preparations were even made for my burial. My body became quite cold, and only the faintest flutter of life yet lingered in my languid heart. Then was I suddenly rapt away in spirit, and haled before the tribunal of the Judge, where, overcome by the great light and the dazzling splendor of the attendant bands, I fell down and dared not look up. Questioned concerning my state, I announced that I was a Christian; but He who presided there said, 'Thou liest. Thou art a Ciceronian, but no Christian, "for where thy treasure is, there shall thy heart be also."'" Then was I stricken dumb, and between the lashes which I received, for He ordered me to be scourged, I was still more tortured by the fires of conscience as I thought upon that verse, 'In the grave who shall give Thee thanks.' Whereupon I began to cry aloud, and moaning to say, 'Have mercy upon me, O Lord, have mercy upon me!' — ejaculating between the strokes of the lash. Then those who stood about fell prostrate at the feet of the Judge, beseeching that, being so

young, I might have pardon and a place for repentance, and receive further torture only in case I should again read the books of the Gentiles. But I, who in my extremity would have pledged myself yet more deeply, began to swear by His name, saying, 'If ever again I hold and read my worldly books, I shall have denied Thee.' Upon this, my oath, I was let go, and I came back to life."

We know that Jerome came in after years to regard this vision as in part, at least, the hallucination of fever; that he did not consider it literally binding, and even instructed in pagan learning some of the devoted followers, women as well as men, who accompanied him on his return to the Holy Land. For the time being, however, the renunciation of his favorite intellectual pursuits was complete and sincere, and the Christian world may rejoice that it was so, since he now first began to employ his active mind in those Hebrew studies, to which his commentaries upon the Old Testament owe their principal value.

He remained in the desert of Chalcis nearly five years, or until the spring of 379, when he returned by way of Antioch to Constantinople, and passed a year there in studying the writings of the Greek fathers, under the guidance of St. Gregory Nazianzen. At Antioch he was consecrated priest by Paulinus, confessedly against his own will, nor did he ever, during a life of nearly a century, overcome his reluctance to performing the most solemn and mysterious of the priestly functions. Finally, in the ensuing year, he went with Paulinus to Rome, as we have seen, and was at once raised by the Head of the Church to an influential position.

The Church of Rome at that time, like that of the European continent at the present time, was mainly a church of priests and women; but many of the women — again after the fashion of the devotees of every age — were of great personal distinction, and rejoiced in the

highest of social traditions. Many things go to show that, under the pagan emperors, there had been a state of things in Roman society somewhat like that which existed in French society in the days of Napoleon III. There was a Faubourg St. Germain in imperial Rome, comprising the descendants of republican heroes and mythical demigods which held haughtily aloof, for the most part, from the vulgar and shameless excesses of the palace. Another standard of manners prevailed among them than that which invited the biting satire of Tacitus or the cynical frankness of Suetonius. A certain, at least theoretic, loyalty lingered in this patrician circle to the fine early Roman ideals of domestic faith, chaste marriage, and personal purity. Its members probably told themselves and one another that they were the true Romans, and that the *parvenu* emperor of the day, whoever he might be, was — like their majesties of Savoy to the noble *Neri* of modern Rome — "not in society." We shall by and by see Jerome himself pleading with an aristocratic widow named Furia the long tradition of the Camilli — "*generis tui grande privilegium*" — as an argument against her second marriage: —

"There has hardly been a case of remarriage in that family," are his words, "since the days of Lucius Furius Camillus; so that," he sternly adds, "your perseverance in widowhood would not be so much praiseworthy as your defection would be shameful, from a principle which has been observed by the pagan ladies of your line through so many generations."

After Constantine had embraced Christianity and founded his new capital in the East, there ensued about fifty years of complete religious toleration, during which the new faith made important conquests in the more refined circles of Roman society. These conquests were largely feminine still, and when, under Gratian and Theodosius, indications be-

gan to appear that Christianity was likely to abuse its new political preponderance by persecuting in its turn, a party was formed in the Senate to resist these aggressions, which could boast such names as those of Prætextatus the stainless præfect, and Symmachus, who made so gallant a fight for the Altar of Victory. They waged a hopeless battle, as we know, and not a few of them must have had to contend against the convictions of the home-circle, as well as the growing might of imperial and priestly predominance. Yet the Christian profession of the great ladies of Rome was in many cases a purely formal one, accompanied by an extraordinary freedom of manners and an almost fabulous degree of luxury and self-indulgence in their daily life, until Jerome came to arouse them from their complacent languors and fire their impressible souls with a new ardor for the extremest forms of self-abasement and mortification. A crowd of noble names occurs at once to the memory. We will select a few as typical, and apply to the letters of Jerome for more precise information concerning those who bore them.

First, and in many ways unquestionably the sanest and noblest of all, there was Marcella, in whose great house upon the Aventine Jerome was received as a guest at the time of the council.¹ She was already a widow, and, after the death of her husband, had refused the suit of a very distinguished old senator named Cerealis, consul in the year 358, who was so enamored of her beauty that he proposed securing to her the reversion of all his immense wealth. Her excellent mother, Albina, was naturally un-

willing to let such an occasion slip, and supported rather warmly the suit of Cerealis. "But," replied Marcella, "even if I wished to marry, and not, as I do, to embrace a life of perpetual chastity, it is a husband I should desire, and not an inheritance." Her senile adorer urged that, after all, he might live a good while, whereas a young man might be cut off untimely. "To which," says Jerome, "she made this light and elegant reply(!): 'A young man may die soon, but an old man cannot survive long.'" And he adds that the experience of Cerealis proved discouraging to her other suitors, and that she soon ceased to be importuned.

She withdrew into a very dignified retirement, affecting no extreme austerity, but occupying herself chiefly with the study of the sacred Scriptures, and with charity on an extensive scale. She seldom went into the world, "least of all to the houses of great ladies, where she might see what she must needs condemn; . . . she was the first to confound the *gentility*" (*gentilitas* was the regular term in the fourth century for the pagan society of Rome) "by the example in her dress and conversation of a true Christian widowhood. . . . For there are those who touch up their faces with rouge and ceruse, who go clad in garments of glistening silk, who flash with jewels and wear gold necklaces, who hang in their perforated ears the priceless pearls of the Red Sea, and are redolent of perfumes, and, in short, who mourn their husbands as those who exult in having escaped from thralldom, while still they are on the lookout for others. . . . But the dress of *our* widow was

¹ There seems to have been the same sort of competition for the privilege of entertaining distinguished delegates as we might see in the case of the great savants who attend a scientific congress to-day. But let not the reader please his fancy by any vain imaginings of general receptions for the members of the synod, or decorous banquets graced by the presence of the queens of Roman society. The guests of the

great ladies were lodged and served apart in dignified seclusion. It was a point of propriety among the stricter pietists that the sexes should not eat together, and Jerome could record with grave gratitude of Paula, after her race was run, that "she never sat at table with a man after her husband's death." We shall see, further on, what he thought of the promiscuousness of the *Agapæ*.

chosen not for the display of her person, but for its defense against the cold. . . . Her mother was always with her, and though the needs of a great establishment compelled her sometimes to receive monks and clerics, she never saw them alone."

These particulars are from a sort of obituary in the form of a letter, addressed long afterward to the nun Principia, when Jerome had lately heard of Marcella's death in Rome amid the horrors of Alaric's siege. He goes on to dilate on her extraordinary mental powers and accomplishments; telling how graciously she overcame his own shamefaced reluctance to instruct her, how docile was the attitude of her mind, and yet how independent, "for she never accepted what I said at once, and without inquiry. . . . If I were to tell all that I found in her of goodness, of talent, of piety and purity, I should fear to go beyond belief; . . . but this one thing I will say, that all which I had amassed and made my own by long study and daily meditation, she absorbed, she acquired, she possessed, so that after I went away, whenever any discussion arose concerning the testimony of the Scriptures, it was customary to appeal to her. And she, having a great deal of tact, and being perfectly versed in what philosophers call *τό πρότερον*, — that is to say, the *becoming*, — used to answer, not as it were in her own words, but in mine, or those of some other person, thus professing herself a learner, even while she taught."

Full and generous though this tribute be, there is a certain formality about it, as of one who consciously renders what he knows to be due. The same thing may be said of a short letter addressed to Marcella herself during Jerome's residence in Rome, concerning the exceptional sanctity of a young sister of hers named Asella, who had been devoted to the religious life by her parents before she was born. There is something al-

most terrible in his dry catalogue of the austerities practiced by this child from her twelfth year; although it was in speaking of her that he employed one of his most beautiful and frequently quoted images; averring that the soul of the unborn infant appeared to her father in a dream, "like a crystal vase, clearer than any mirror."

But in neither of these careful eulogies do we detect that high-wrought fervor, that rapt admiration and quiver of intense personal feeling, which mark all he has to tell us of the ladies of another noble race, over whom his ascendancy became complete, and whose conversion to asceticism, under his influence, agitated and outraged their entire caste.

The father of Paula traced his descent to Agamemnon; her mother to the Gracchi and the Scipios. Her husband, Toxotius, lately deceased, had carried his pedigree back through Julius Cæsar to Æneas and the goddess of Love. Left a widow at thirty-three with four daughters, Blæsilla, Paulina, Julia Eustochium, and Ruffina, beside a little boy who bore his father's name, Paula always dated her true religious awakening from the time of her great bereavement. She had been a Christian before, but such a worldly Christian as we have already seen portrayed by Jerome's mordant pen: she had reveled in those appliances of Eastern luxury which her great wealth easily commanded, passing her days upon silken couches, and going abroad, even to divine service at St. Peter's, in a litter borne by obsequious eunuchs. But though thus pampered, and seemingly confirmed in habits of physical indolence, she had an active and brilliant intelligence, and her fastidious refinement and high-strung sensibilities were in themselves a protection against vulgar vice. Prone to exaltation of mind, and capable only of extremes in action, when she put on her widow's weeds she had altered her entire manner of life. She had thrown her whole soul into

works of practical charity, and soon began, to the conceivable disquiet of her relatives, to disburse, not merely her own wealth, but the patrimony of her children, replying to all remonstrance upon this head, "I shall leave them a larger fortune than I take away; I shall leave them the mercy of Christ." Jerome recalls with compunction that he himself at one time tried to impose a check upon Paula's reckless prodigality; but he was met by the intrepid answer that she had made a vow not to leave a penny to her heirs, but herself to die a mendicant and fill a pauper's grave. "My very shroud," were her words, "shall be the gift of another." "Her faith was more ardent than mine," pursues her biographer wistfully. "She was wholly united to her Saviour, and, in the poverty of her spirit, did but follow her Lord who was himself a pauper;" and he adds later on with the matchless *naïveté* of a true child of the kingdom, "so she obtained what she desired, and even left her daughter burdened with a large debt."

This one of her children who survived Paula was the third daughter, Eustochium, a girl of grave and collected character, whose religious vocation was early pronounced, and who, without being subject to her mother's transports of religious emotion, persevered unswervingly, through a long life, in her chosen line of self-sacrifice. Extraordinary attempts were made by her worldly and wealthy relatives to turn her from her purpose, one of which was quaintly described by Jerome long afterwards in a letter to Paula's daughter-in-law, Læta, who had written him for advice about the education of her own little girl, intended for a nun. After strictly prohibiting the boring of the small maiden's ears, or the artificial reddening of her hair, and recommending that her pearls be sold for the purchase of the one priceless pearl, he says:—

"A lady of rank named Prætextata"

(she was probably related to the great pagan præfect) "did once, under orders from her husband Hymettius, who was uncle, on the father's side, to the nun Eustochium, compel that young lady to change her usual costume; dressing and braiding her neglected hair after the fashion then prevailing in the world. For she desired intensely to vanquish the maiden's purpose, and to defeat the wishes of her mother. But, look you, there came to her in her dreams that very night an angel with a terrible face, who, after denouncing her for having dared to deck with sacrilegious hands the head of a virgin of God, threatened her, if she persisted, with the simultaneous loss of her own husband and all her children. . . . All of which came to pass," adds the unflinching narrator, "and I have recalled the incident not by way of insulting the unfortunate in their sorrow, but in order to warn you with how great awe and caution you ought to keep watch over that which has been devoted to God."

But Eustochium, whose ancestral name of Julia had been quietly dropped, as too full of pagan associations to be borne by a handmaid of the Lord, proved impervious to temptation on the side of personal vanity; and the famous twenty-second epistle of Jerome—*To the daughter of Paula, on the keeping of her vows*—was quite as much a manifesto and a defiance addressed to the more worldly minded party in the Roman Church as a compendium of private instruction. It has always ranked with the letter to Heliodorus, already mentioned, and the whole theory and practice of the celibate life is covered and illustrated by the two compositions. In the earlier letter, which was written from the desert, Jerome had dwelt rather upon general principles; calmly condemning marriage itself, and all constraint of domestic ties, as mere temporary provisions of the old law, always destined to be superseded in the fullness

of time by the freedom of the gospel of Christ. He was forced to admit, when pressed in argument, that there might be such a thing as a blameless marriage; nay, that the institution had still its lingering utility "for the generation of saints." But his views, and those of the entire school whom he so eloquently represented, were nothing less than revolutionary. To them, it seems not to have admitted of the shadow of a doubt that the higher Christian life is precluded by family bonds and obligations.

¹ A good deal has been said and written of late about the position of woman in the early Christian centuries. The discussion appears to have been started by Principal Donaldson, of the University of St. Andrews, in the *Contemporary Review* for 1889. In an able, temperate, and scholarly article this writer undertook to show — and in our opinion did show pretty conclusively — that *in so far as regards her freedom of thought and action, and her influence direct or indirect upon the life of the state*, the so-called "sphere" of woman, — ampler, in some respects, in the days of Julius Cæsar than at any other period either before or since, — was distinctly contracted, and her position depressed by the advent of Christianity. A very different opinion has always prevailed in modern Christendom, and Mr. Donaldson's view was naturally a startling one to such as have never studied, at its original sources, the history of the latest pagan and the first Christian ages. It provoked, at all events, the voluble indignation of a very lively writer in the erst sedate *North American Review*, who contested Principal Donaldson's position in three long articles, characterized by much warmth of feeling and almost more wealth of fancy; and by a light and easy familiarity with the chief actors "upon the memorable scene," which found expression in such indulgent phrases as "dear old pagans," "my sweetest gossip Pliny," "my gentle, murdered Cicero," and "sprightly, scholar-bred, gentle Atticus." This lady takes the ground that, owing to the almost boundless freedom of divorce then prevailing, the domestic position of the Roman matron in the last days of the republic and the first of the empire was an exceptionally degraded one; and she illustrates her position by a copious collection of anecdotes, culled chiefly from the gloomy pages of Tacitus the pessimist and Suetonius the foul-mouthed cynic. One always hopes however, as one does after reading our modern pessimists,

They felt constrained to take their Master for a pattern here, as well as in his repudiation of private property; and the thorough radicalism of their revolt from the whole constituted order of society is only to be paralleled in the latest pages of Tolstoi, or of certain of those modern mystics, who see, in some ancient and mysterious perversion of the true relation of the sexes, the very essence of the "aboriginal calamity."¹

It is easy to see how fanatical and pernicious the doctrines of the Pope's

that things in general were not quite so bad as these writers would make out. The anecdotes are doubtless very shocking, and the state of society which they reveal very vicious; yet they are unquestionably instructive as illustrating some, at least, of the probable results of that widely advertised remedy for "Woman's Wrongs," — a loosening of the marriage tie. But the North American writer, if she will pardon us for saying so, seems to us, in the dreadful zest of her *chronique scandaleuse*, not merely to have missed Principal Donaldson's point, but almost to have forgotten her own. The original question concerned the intellectual and political rather than the moral and social status of women at the beginning of our era. And the strange fact remains, that, while the unspeakable vices of the Roman decadence were a powerful social solvent, Christianity by introducing from the East into the West the fashion of organized asceticism, proved for the time being, at least, a more powerful solvent still. Well does Amédée Thierry say at the close of his brilliant *Récits de l'Histoire Romaine au Cinquième Siècle*, "The old world perished as much through its virtues as its vices."

There has never been, upon the whole, a finer conception of domestic order and purity than that evolved and cherished by the half-civilized Roman of early republican days; nor yet a theoretic definition of marriage more simple and noble than may be found in that code of old Roman law on which the world has really improved so little. That ideal was doomed to dreadful defacement by the license of a later time. It was reserved for the yellow-haired barbarians of the savage North, whose *matrimonia severa* are gravely noted and commended by Tacitus himself, to restore to the world that religion of the hearth and the home which has been one of the strongest safeguards of our race in later times.

latest protégé must have appeared to the colder and more conventional Christians of Rome; and to that idle section of the well-to-do metropolitan clergy, — so like the perfumed abbés of the *grand siècle* in France, — on the freedom of whose manners, “the pest of their love-feasts” and the like, Jerome reflects with scathing satire in this very letter to Eustochium. Rufinus reproached his former friend with having furnished a handle to all who hated the faith, by the picture he dared draw of the manners of Christian Rome.

The antagonism between Jerome and the fashionable Christians was yet further embittered by the circumstances attending the death of Paula’s married daughter, Blæsilla, — a decidedly more sympathetic and endearing, if less admirable, figure than that of the austere and resolute Eustochium. Blæsilla had been wedded at eighteen by one of the Camilli, a brother to the husband of Furia before mentioned; and, like Marcella, she had been widowed in seven months. At first she tried to smother her grief in social dissipation; then she fell ill of a fever, which greatly prostrated her strength; and it was at this point that Jerome interfered to save her from a second marriage and a relapse into worldly ways. He writes a very pious and thankful letter on the subject of his conversion of Blæsilla to Marcella, who was perhaps absent from Rome at one of the many suburban villas which she had converted into houses of refuge and homes for convalescents.

“Our widow, who used to pass whole days inquiring of her mirror what last touch might be added to her toilet, now confidently says: ‘We all, beholding as in a glass the glory of the Lord, are changed into the like image, from glory to glory.’ Once her handmaids wove glittering gems among the tresses they crowned her fair head withal; now it is enough for her if that head be veiled. The downiest bed seemed hard to her in

those days, and she could scarce lie quiet, how high soe’er they piled her couch. Now she arises betimes to pray. The music of her voice in the Alleluia is heard before all the rest. She kneels upon the bare ground.”

The almost inevitable result followed. Blæsilla’s imperfectly restored health soon gave way again; she sank in rapid decline, and died before she was twenty. She departed in a mood of rapturous faith, without a request for the life so quickly consumed, nor a shadow on the brightness of her spirit, save that which hovered in her pathetic last words: “Pray the Lord Jesus to forgive me for not having accomplished all that I desired.”

In the obituary or memorial of her which he addressed to Paula, Jerome wrote of this young convert with what was for him extraordinary emotion. He praises the polished beauty of her address. “To hear her speaking Greek, you would have thought that she knew no Latin; yet she expressed herself in the Roman tongue without the faintest suspicion of a foreign idiom,” and also the general aptitude for language, whereby she learned in a few months enough Hebrew to enable her to chant the Psalms with her mother in the original tongue. Then he touches tenderly upon the last scene of all, and adds: —

“Have no fear, my Blæsilla! Your garments are made white forevermore. . . . Well said I once that conversion is never late. . . . The burden of the flesh is cast aside, the soul hath flown like a bird to its Maker, the wanderer hath entered upon her ancient inheritance.”

Yet he chides Paula with considerable severity for having given the heathen occasion to cavil by the wild and open abandonment of her grief; and he cannot forbear expressing his disapproval of the pomp with which Blæsilla was buried, — more especially of the golden pall which covered her bier. He seemed to hear the sweet voice of his spiritual

daughter protesting from heaven against such unseemly display.

The stately funeral of Blæsilla was indeed attended by an immense concourse of people, and was the occasion of something very like a popular tumult. The unbelieving made no doubt that she had been killed by her austerities, and many even among the Christians held her pitiless director responsible for the young widow's death. An outcry was raised against the whole race of monks, and their subversive and suicidal teaching. Jerome's own life was perhaps for a moment in danger; and when, about six weeks later, in December, 384, his great patron, Pope Damasus, also passed away, his enemies in the church threw off all disguise, and the whispers against his good name, which had hitherto circulated in private, swelled into a storm of calumny concerning the nature of his relations with the ladies of Paula's and other noble households.

He repelled these aspersions with the scorn they deserved; but one may be permitted to wish that he had not also stooped to retort upon his detractors a species of personal abuse hardly less coarse than their own. Marcella, at least, his wise and dignified first hostess in Rome, regretted his course here, and had the courage to tell him so; and a certain coolness appears to have ensued between them in consequence of her frankness.

But Rome could no longer be a congenial place of residence for Jerome, whose temperament and habits of thought had always allied him with the meditative East. He said his last good-by to the mistress of the world in the ensuing August, not without a solemn presentiment of the disasters that were so soon to befall her; and the fire of unholy gossip was no doubt rekindled for a season when it became generally known that Paula and Eustochium were to follow in a few weeks, and rejoin him at Antioch, making thence, under his

guidance, a long-projected pilgrimage to the Holy Places in Palestine, previous to fixing their permanent abode in some Oriental country. The mother and daughter used every argument to induce Marcella to join them, but without success. Jerome's last letter of farewell was written from shipboard to the cloistered Asella, and he actually omitted her sister's eminent name from the long list of elect ladies whom he distinguished by some special parting message.

Paula's two remaining daughters and her only son had, of course, to be left behind; and the mother had to sustain herself, as best she might, under the pang of a parting which she at least knew to be final, by the abundant promises held out to those who leave houses and lands and kindred for the Kingdom of Heaven's sake. Jerome, as usual, can see only one side to what seems to the natural mind a distressing dilemma. He subsequently drew a somewhat sensational picture — imaginary, of course, since we know that he was not present — of the parting on the beach at Ostia, the little ones with outstretched arms calling piteously after the receding ship, — but only to exult in the sublimity of his lady's triumph over the weakness of her maternal heart.

The three friends met at Antioch, as proposed; but it was early winter, and the weather already very severe, before preparations were completed for the extensive caravan which the still ample wealth of the Roman matron enabled her to organize for the journey. They were to take what was called the shore-route to Syria, but even this involved a good deal of rough mountain travel; and Paula's appearance was at that time so fragile that a serious effort was made by her episcopal host at Antioch to dissuade her from starting before spring. But her zeal and that of Eustochium would brook no delay, and her health seemed positively to improve under the fatigues and hardships of the route.

They halted at every place renowned in Scripture story : at Sarepta, where Elijah had given the widow back her son, and where, one would think, though of course we hear nothing about it, that Paula's heart must have bled afresh at the thought of the son whom God had not summoned, but whom his mother had forsaken ; at Tyre, whence St. Paul had sailed for the fatal city from which they had so lately fled. Their way lay thence over the spurs of Carmel, the mysterious and ever sacred mountain, to Cæsarea, at that time both a consular residence and a noted seat of Christian learning, where they visited the house of Cornelius, transformed into a church, and whence they made an excursion to the already ruined city of Antipatris, built by the Herod of the gospel to the memory of his father. And so on, by the "fields of Mageddo ; . . . *conscious of the death of Josias,*" as Jerome says with one of those classic turns of expression so familiar to his pen, to Joppa, whence their reminiscences must have been singularly mingled of sacred and profane. For they passed from the house of Simon the tanner, "now an elegant chapel," to the scene of Andromeda's deliverance by Perseus, and were even shown the bony carcass of the dragon, and the marks of chains upon the sea-worn cliff. The roses were not yet in bloom when they crossed the plain of Sharon under the soft skies of early spring, passing Arimathea, and staying long enough at Lydda for Jerome to have a few costly lessons in Hebrew from an eminent rabbi there. Thence, by way of Ajalon, where the sun and moon stood still at Joshua's command, they moved on to the goal of all their hopes, to earth's most sacred city, known to the heathen world, since Hadrian rebuilt it after the great destruction, as *Ælia Capitolina*.

The Gentile name thus arbitrarily imposed was repudiated alike by Jews and Christians, the latter being perhaps more numerous and powerful in Jerusalem at

this moment than at any other period either before or since. Cyril had just breathed his last there, and the church was factious and turbulent ; but all parties united in extending an impressive welcome to the great Roman lady and her distinguished suite.

The noble ecclesiastical buildings of Constantine were at this time quite intact. They consisted of a chapel, small but very richly adorned, which was believed to mark the site of the Holy Sepulchre, and was connected by a large open court called the Court of the Garden, or of Golgotha, with the more imposing Church of the Holy Cross. Underneath the latter was the crypt, where the Empress Helena had been guided to her stupendous discovery ; and it was here that Paula first fell prostrate in one of those cataleptic trances which were repeated at Bethlehem, and at Olivet, and at the point where she obtained her first glimpse of the Jordan, and which were ever afterward a marked feature of her ecstatic piety.

The two edifices of Constantine, both of which, strange to say, fronted westward, were within the limits of *Ælia Capitolina*. Mount Zion and the vestiges of the great temple, as well as of Julian's abortive attempt at its restoration, were outside the city wall ; and Jerome, in whom we constantly observe that feeling for landscape, so rare in his day, which enables the historian of events to vivify their natural surroundings by one poetic touch, is more than usually eloquent in describing the desolation of the spot.

" 'The Lord hath loved the gates of Zion,' — not these crumbling and fire-scarred portals which we now see, but the gates against which hell shall not prevail, — whereby so vast a multitude have already gone in to Christ." One house alone remained standing in all the artificially leveled space on the summit of the Holy Hill, but this might well have been miraculously preserved, for

tradition identified it as the scene of the Last Supper.

Upon the Mount of Olives, which Paula was now strong enough to climb on foot, they visited the small but splendid church of the Ascension, erected by the Empress Helena. It was open at the top like the Pantheon in Rome, and successive architects were said to have tried in vain to fill the vacant space with masonry. A prominent feature in the deeply interesting view surveyed by our pilgrims from the porch of this exquisite church was a group of conventual buildings upon a neighboring hill. These had been erected by another rich and pious Roman dame, one Melania, who had set an example to Paula five years before, by forsaking her only surviving child, and coming under the direction of Jerome's early comrade, the monk Rufinus, to live the contemplative life upon the sacred soil of Jerusalem. Paula knew, as she looked, that such would be the tenor of her own future days, and those of the maiden beside her; and a presentiment had already visited her that Bethlehem, where her Lord had been cradled, would be the place of her rest. But before fixing herself in her final earthly abode, she had set her heart upon going over the rest of Palestine, and upon visiting, in Egypt, both the splendid city of Alexander, — long a centre of philosophy, and now a renowned Christian centre, — and Nitria, that *oppidum Domini* on the borders of the desert, whence five thousand cenobites, presently to be scattered by an Arian persecution, were living their peaceful, absorbed, yet not unjoyous life of toil and praise and prayer.

All these purposes were accomplished; and nothing could be more interesting, did space permit, than to follow, step by step, the progress of Paula's caravan. Our authority for the course and incidents of this memorable journey is always Jerome's own, who reviewed it minutely twenty years afterward, with

the aid, perhaps, of notes taken by the way, at a time when every memory must have been quickened and softened by Paula's recent death. We too may see, under his guidance, if we will, the dark defile, with its guard of Roman soldiers, where the victim of brigands was rescued by the good Samaritan; the sycamore which Zaccheus climbed to see his Lord pass by; the boughs, laden with ex-votos, of the oak (it had been a terebinth in Josephus's time!) under which Abraham entertained the angel; the miracle-working tomb of John the Baptist in Samaria; the solemn splendors of sunrise on the Dead Sea, and the beautiful panorama of Palestine from the heights of Tabor. Sweetest of all, perhaps, for the melting suggestion it conveys of

"port after stormy seas,
Peace after war, death after life,"

is the visionary first glimpse afforded us of Nitria, with its fruitful fields and gardens, its waving palms and pealing bells, and the long lines of hooded figures passing quietly into the one vast church at the stated hours of prayer.

So great was the fascination of this place for Paula that it seemed to her, at first, as if she could never leave it. But before the week had expired, beyond which not even guests as highly honored as themselves might be entertained in idleness at Nitria, her affections had reverted to Bethlehem, and it was definitely decided to return thither.

The great fatigues of the journey through which the devout enthusiasm of the once invalid lady had carried her so triumphantly were now, however, beginning to tell upon her slender frame, and it was thought better that she and her female suite should go back to Palestine by sea. For there had come with the mother and daughter, all the way from Rome, a few devoted attendants, many of them young unmarried girls of their own class, who had embraced their views with ardor, and were destined to

form the nucleus of the Bethlehem convent.

They were all poorly lodged in the little Syrian town, and suffered infinite hardship during the three years which had still to elapse before Paula's extensive building operations were completed, and there had arisen upon the hallowed site of the Saviour's birth, beside a nunnery and a monastery, each with its own chapel, — for it was only on Sundays and high festivals that the brothers and sisters even worshiped in common, — several extensive houses of entertainment for the Western pilgrims now flocking in annually greater numbers to the Holy Land. The expenses of the vast establishment continued to be met by the revenue from these *hospitia* long after Paula's great private resources, eked out for a moment by Jerome's humble patrimony, were as thoroughly exhausted as the enthusiastic heiress had ever desired.

Their life henceforth was that life of the cloister and the chapel, which is essentially the same in all times and countries. It is a mode of existence of which the stern monotony is intensely forbidding to the imagination of many; yet it will usually be found, upon candid inquiry, to afford — quite apart from all transcendental joys and heavenly compensations in the present or future — a rather high average of individual health, serenity, and content.

In the case of Paula and Eustochium there was, at least, no mental stagnation. They kept up and became remarkably proficient in those Hebrew studies which they had commenced in Rome beside their lost Blaësilla. They seem indeed to have enjoyed a steady reflex from the extraordinary literary activity which soon began to prevail in the neighboring monastery. There many scribes were constantly employed; the celebrated Rabbi

Bar-Anina came and gave lessons by night, for fear of being mobbed by the Jewish populace if he attempted it by day; and Jerome himself, in addition to those immense labors of translation and annotation whose lasting monument is the Vulgate, opened a free school for the education of the youth of Bethlehem both in sacred and profane letters.

He had attained the high table-land of his middle life, his time of most fruitful and memorable production. The sacred artists of a later day loved best to picture him as he was at this period: Dürer, in a cell like the wainscoted chamber of some old Nuremberg dwelling, bending above his manuscript, the legendary lion¹ at his feet, the light falling upon his reverend hair through tiny, leaded window-panes; Ghirlandajo, on the wall of Ognissanti in the sunnier seclusion of an Italian convent. These images, and many more, lead the imagination of the believer gladly on to that last earthly Communion which confronts and almost outshines the Transfiguration in the Vatican chamber; and to the buoyant figure with strong arm flung across the lion's mane, pressing "upward toward the point of bliss," amid the company of the redeemed, upon Tintoretto's great canvas in the hall of the Gran Consiglio at Venice.

Abundant assaults from without had to be met and withstood by Jerome during the fifteen succeeding years, — unworthy jealousy and bitter detraction of the new-comers on the part of Ruffinus and Melania; an obstinately hostile disposition, and even grave accusations of heresy from John the Bishop of Jerusalem. But this kind of opposition rather increased than impaired the fame and efficacy of the great ascetic's work during the last years of the fourth century. New penitents, with noble names, began to figure in the long list of his correspondents of a cruel wound, and who ever after followed and guarded his footsteps.

¹ We find no allusion in Jerome's own writings to the grateful beast with whom his name is associated in mediæval story, whom he healed

dents, — Principia, Fabiola, Theodora, Sabina; while from far-away Gaul come the letters of ladies with less familiar patronymics, — Hebidia, Algasia, Artemia, — requesting instruction about the regulation of their lives, which Jerome, amid all his manifold cares and occupations, finds time to give them minutely.

Recruits of more or less distinction to Paula's community arrived so fast from Rome that her houses overflowed and multiplied; and as the first generation of little ones, orphaned by the maternal exodus, grew up to manhood and womanhood, and their earthly fates were determined, the result, so far as we are informed of it, did certainly seem to justify, in many cases, the hardy faith which had abandoned them thus literally to the protection of their heavenly Father.

Both the daughters whom Paula had left behind died early, it is true, but the elder, Paulina, had first been married to Pammachius, a senator and a Christian, whom the loss of his young wife impressed so deeply that he distributed vast sums to the poor on the occasion of her funeral, and ever afterward wore, even when sitting in the Senate, the dress of a *religieux*. Toxotius, the boy, was early married to Læta, of whom we have already heard. She was the child of a pagan pontiff and a Christian mother, and that first-born daughter of hers, consecrated to virginity at her birth, whose education we have seen Jerome directing so carefully from Palestine, was no other than the little Paula who fulfilled her destiny in the convent at Bethlehem, and who tended the father in his suffering last days, after both her sainted grandmother and her aunt Eustochium had passed away.

The story of the granddaughter and namesake of Melania is more sensational, and illustrates very curiously indeed another side of the unique social conditions of this time of dissolution, but it is far too long and too complicated to be told in this place.

In the year 403, when the gathering horror of barbarian invasion was beginning to darken the whole civilized world, the health of Paula seemed visibly declining, and it soon became evident that her malady was mortal. The rule of separation which the two devoted friends had observed so faithfully, though living side by side, was relaxed at last, and Jerome was often at the bedside of the sufferer. She declined to modify in the least her habits of rigid self-denial, and the obstinacy — playful in form, indeed, and veiled by the innate and inalienable grace of the woman of society — with which she refused even the indulgences and alleviations commanded by her physicians seems finally to have dismayed her uncompromising director himself.

"Why should I speak of her tender assiduities toward the sick," he says, "and tell how marvelously she ministered to them, and surrounded them with every comfort, since when she too was stricken she refused to receive the like, and unjustly — as I must think — turned her mercy to others into cruelty toward herself? . . . In July, owing to the intense heat, she had terrible access of fever, which, by the goodness of God, she overcame. Her doctors then recommended her to take a little wine in order to build up her strength, for they thought it would induce dropsy if she persisted in drinking water. Then I myself went privately to Bishop Epiphanius, and besought him to advise, nay command, her to try the wine. But she, who was so clever and quick in her perceptions, at once detected the stratagem and let it be seen by a slight smile that she knew it was my doing. What would you have? When that blessed prelate, after earnestly expostulating with her, came out of her room, I asked him what success he had had, and his answer was, 'I prevailed so far that she very nearly persuaded an old man like me to take no more wine!'"

"I mention it," Jerome adds, "not

because I approve the rash assumption of burdens beyond one's strength, but from the desire to illustrate, by this very tenacity of hers, the temper of her spirit, the ardent passion of that faithful one whose song was ever, 'My soul thirsteth after Thee.' . . . It is difficult to preserve moderation in all things."

Paula died on the 26th of January, 404, in the fifty-seventh year of her age, and the twenty-first of her residence in Bethlehem. Though the end had been so many months foreseen, Jerome was at first utterly prostrated by his loss. His very life-work became distasteful to him, and it was to rouse him from the torpid melancholy into which he seemed likely to fall that Eustochium urged upon him the preparation of that memoir of her mother from which the above and other extracts have been taken. He subsequently resumed and completed his work upon the Vulgate, and many of his commentaries upon the Old Testament books were written after this. In his preface to the book of Daniel there is an allusion to Paula, "who now sees the face of God," which reminds one of the rapt last phrases of the *Vita Nuova*.

Eustochium succeeded her mother in the headship of the nunnery, and the burden thus assumed was a heavy one indeed, for the darkest days of the Bethlehem colony were at hand. Irruptions of Isaurian mountaineers and of Bedouins from across the Syrian border created a famine, in the district, and most of the convent buildings were, at one time or another, sacked and partially destroyed. The new abbess had no private resources, or rather, as we have already been told, less than none, and the work of restoration was a slow and difficult one. Despite her calm courage and great practical resources, Eustochium had painful need in these days of all the moral and spiritual support that Jerome could afford her. Such as he had he gave without stint, but there is

a sober tone about his latest counsels which would certainly have seemed lukewarm and *suspect* in another, to the headlong reformer of a generation before.

"It is not alone," he wrote her about this time, "the shedding of blood in confession that avails. The spotless service of a devout mind may also be a daily martyrdom. The one crown is woven of roses and violets, the other of lilies." Eustochium died in 419. Jerome lived until the 30th of September, 420.

It is difficult to preserve moderation in all things. There are not wanting indications that the common law was exemplified in the case of this great father of the early church, and that the dying saint felt, as the youthful agitator could not do, the everlasting beauty of moderation. It has fallen in with our purpose to illustrate one aspect only, and that perhaps the most extravagant and questionable, of a master mind which exercised a powerful influence over the Christian life, if not the Christian doctrine, of many subsequent ages; one to whose learned and untiring labors upon the sacred books of our religion every student of the Bible is still greatly indebted. Let us make room for one more quotation from the private correspondence of St. Jerome, for a passage which may not merely serve, even in the dull medium of translation, to afford some faint idea of the frequent magic of his eloquence, but which shows its author in another and a broader light than many of the preceding extracts; for here at last we find him breaking the bonds of that intense and morbid individualism which is the snare of all monastic piety, and showing himself capable of sinking the pain of private woes and perils in a sense of the dumb passion of the whole human race.

In the year 394 an amiable and brilliant young Roman nobleman named Nepotianus embraced the religious life under Jerome's influence, and gave pro-

mise to the latter of setting a bright example of sanctity to others of his class; but he died in a few years, and it is thus, in a letter of condolence addressed to his uncle Heliodorus who was then Bishop of Altium, that Jerome pictures the state of the world from which, in a good hour for himself, the beloved youth had been called away:—

“My soul shrinks from surveying the ruins of this time of ours. Between Constantinople and the Julian Alps not a day has passed for more than twenty years without the shedding of Roman blood. Scythia, Thrace, Macedonia, Dardania, Dacia, Thessaly, Achaia, Dalmatia, and all Pannonia, are devastated, ravaged, betrayed, by Quadi and Macromani, by the Goth, the Sarmatian, the Alan, the Vandal, and the Hun. Think of the matrons, think of the godly maids, whose fair and innocent bodies have fed the lust of these savage beasts! Bishops have been seized, presbyters and all manner of holy ministers have been slaughtered, churches destroyed, and horses stabled at the very altars of Christ. The whole Roman world is plunging to its fall. . . .

‘Non, mihi si linguæ centum sint, oraue centum,

Ferrea vox, . . .

Omnia penarum percurrerem nomina possim.’

I am not writing history. I have but dropped a passing tear over the woes of this generation. Another must tell the tale in full, and let Thucydides and Salust be dumb! . . .

“Happy Nepotianus, far removed from sights and sounds like these! And yet, we who must either suffer thus ourselves or see our brethren suffer have the heart to live, nor do we count those blest, but rather subject for our tears, who suffer not! For we are conscious of old offenses to be expiated before our God. The barbarians prevail through our crimes, the Roman army is vanquished by our vices. . . . A strange mode of offering consolation, is it not?

to bewail the deaths of a world, while we dissuade from sorrow for one! It is said that Xerxes, that mighty king who leveled the mountains and bridged the sea, once wept on beholding from a commanding height the infinite hosts of his innumerable army, at the thought that, in a hundred years from that time, not one of all those men and women would survive. Would that we too might ascend to a point whence we could see, as in a mirror, the whole world outspread below! Then would ruin be discerned on every hand, nation clashing with nation, kingdom against kingdom: some tortured, some slain, some swallowed in the deep, some dragged into slavery; here wedding and there woe; here birth and there death; here wealth and there beggary; and not the mere army of Xerxes, but the whole mass of living men,—how soon to be no more! Speech itself is baffled by the immensity of this thought, and all I have said is as nothing. . . . Let us then descend from heaven, and come back for a moment to ourselves and our own destinies. You have experienced in your proper person, is it not so? the successive stages of infancy, boyhood, youth, manhood, and age. Daily we die, daily we are consumed, and still we believe that we are immortal. All that I myself dictate, write, read, or emend takes somewhat from my life. Every stroke of the pen is a fatal stroke. We write and write again; our letters cross the sea in rushing ships, while every wave as it passes helps to undermine our being here. One boon alone we firmly hold, our union in the love of Christ. ‘Love beareth all things, believeth all things, hopeth all things, endureth all things. Love never faileth. Through this, which lives forever in our hearts, our dear Nepotianus, though absent, is present with us yet, and widely as you and I are sundered he can clasp a hand of each. He whom now we know not after the flesh we hold in loyal remembrance, nor need

we ever deny ourselves speech concerning him with whom we may speak no more."

It is to have studied Cicero to some purpose, after all, to be able to write such Latin as we find in the original of the foregoing passages. All is not here of exquisite polish, of stately rhythm and carefully prepared effect, which we find in Jerome's great literary model, nevertheless there is a something here which is not there. That excellent critic and admirable modern Latinist, Erasmus, once wrote concerning the style of Jerome: "How much of antiquity there is in him, of historic lore and the grace of Grecian letters! What phrases, what fine turns of speech, such as not merely leave all Christian writers far behind, but are fit to be compared with Cicero's own! Nay, I myself, when it comes to such a comparison, do seem, unless my love of the great saint misleads me, to discover I know not what lack in the prince of orators himself." To us it appears that the quality which Erasmus misses in Cicero is the essential and dis-

tinctive quality of *all* early Christian eloquence. It is the same that gives their enthralling charm to the rugged pages of St. Augustine, — a strain unheard in the world before the dawning of the new day. Its effect upon the ear is like that of a plaintive melody upborne upon some vast organ-swell; or the thrilling monotony of a voice which, if it alter, must break in tears. It seems ever to suggest by the mere artless collocation of its syllables, indeed one knows not how, the idea of soft wave-motion, steadily propagated across a level deep of unsounded feeling toward the clearness of some far horizon beyond the wrecks of time. It is a massive living flood, no longer bound and led through artificial channels, however nobly constructed, until it breaks at the determined moment, like the Anio at Tivoli, in the scenic splendor of calculated cascades:

"But such a tide as moving seems asleep,
Too full for sound and foam,
When that which drew from out the bound-
less deep
Turns again home."

Harriet Waters Preston.

Louise Dodge.

DEEP-SEA SPRINGS.

THOU readest how in lands of tropic heat,
When lake and river fail and thirst is sore,
The parched dweller by the burning shore
Dives, while the sultry tides above him meet,
And fills a leathern sack from waters sweet
That, voiceless and unseen forevermore,
Unblending with the brackish current pour
From some remote spring-gladdened mountain-seat.

Thou readest too my heart? In fate allied
To that poor diver of the salt-sea waste,
Finding all else but leaves a bitter taste,
Recourse it hath not, in the whole world wide,
O Love! save where, deep, silent, and untraced,
The freshening waters flow beneath the world's faint tide.

Edith M. Thomas.

IN LONDON WITH DOCTOR SWIFT.

ONE of the most frequent charges brought against Swift is that of heartless cynicism. Writer after writer has dwelt upon this detestable quality with persistent emphasis. Even Thackeray, usually so charitable in his judgments, has tarnished with this charge, in *The Lectures on the English Humorists* and in *Henry Esmond*, the tribute which he pays to the man whom Addison justly called "the greatest genius of his age." Yet there exists well-authenticated documentary evidence which is amply sufficient to refute this charge. That evidence is the minute diary which Swift kept during his residence in London in 1710-1713, and is popularly known as the *Journal to Stella*.¹

The occasion which brought Swift to London was in itself trivial enough. On the 6th of February, 1704,² Queen Anne had remitted, for the benefit of smaller benefices, a branch of the royal revenue technically known as the first fruits and tenths. The former of these was the first year's entire profits of a church living, or other spiritual preferment; the latter, the tenth part of the annual profit of such preferment. They were a relic of the feudal ages, having been imposed originally by Innocent IV., and up to 1535 had gone to the Papal See. When by the easy method of a statute Henry VIII. made himself Head of the Church, the first fruits and tenths had reverted to the crown. But Queen Anne's bounty — such was the popular name given to

the Act of Remission — had only extended to the clergy of the English establishment, and Swift sought to secure a similar remission to the church in Ireland. In the last months of 1704 he had written, from the vicarage of Laracor, an earnest letter on the subject to Archbishop King, then in London. From time to time he made in vain personal application to various members of the Whig Junto, and on September 1, 1710, he landed at Chester on his way to London, to urge once more upon the ministry the claims of the Irish Church to share in Queen Anne's bounty. He had left in their lodgings, opposite St. Mary's Church in Dublin, Esther Johnson and her half companion, half confidante, Mistress Dingley. From the date of his landing to the time of return — June 6, 1713 — he kept a daily journal, which he forwarded at irregular intervals, averaging a fortnight apart, to Esther Johnson in the form of a letter. It is known that Esther Johnson faithfully and punctually answered these letters, but her replies are lost. The letters which Swift wrote were found among his papers after his death, and it is these letters which constitute the *Journal to Stella*.

The *Journal* is almost priceless as a contribution to the literature of the political history of the times, but it possesses a still greater value as a revelation of Swift's personal character. At the close of that famous supper party given by

¹ The last twenty-five letters of the *Journal*, covering the period of February 9, ¹⁷¹²₁₇₁₁ — June 6, 1713, were first published by Hawkesworth in 1766; the forty preceding letters, commencing with the entry made at Chester on September 2, 1710, and completing the series, by Johnston of Ludgate Hill in 1768. Both Hawkesworth and Mr. Deane Swift, the editor of the first forty letters, made unauthorized alterations in the text of the "little language," that is, the words

written to convey the effect of Esther's childish mispronunciations. The originals of the letters edited by Deane Swift are no longer extant; those edited by Hawkesworth are in the British Museum. Copious extracts from these latter are given in their original form by Mr. Forster in his *Life of Swift*.

² That is, according to the old style of reckoning, the civil year commencing on March 25th instead of January 1st.

Agathon to celebrate the triumph of his first tetralogy, the brilliant Alcibiades likens Socrates to "the masks of Silenus, which may be seen sitting in statuary's shops, having pipes and flutes in their mouths; and they are made to open in the middle, and there are images of gods inside them." The simile may not be inaptly applied to the dean of St. Patrick's. The Swift of literature is not a figure to love. In the works of no other English writer of equal merit is there to be found so little of "the milk of human kindness." The humor of *The Tale of a Tub*, the withering irony of the controversial pamphlets, the tragic misanthropy of *Gulliver's Travels*, command intellectual admiration, but evoke no feeling of personal affection. The *Journal to Stella* is the key which opens the impassive mask of the satirist, behind which is disclosed the heart of the man who was sensitive to the delicate charm of a romantic passion, who was capable of disinterested acts of kindness, who was swayed by all those varied emotions which make the whole world kin.

Swift's acquaintance with Esther Johnson dated from the time of his first residence with Sir William Temple at Moor Park. She was then a child of seven, and daughter of the widowed Mistress Bridget Johnson, who occupied the position of companion to Lady Giffard, Temple's sister. Swift became her volunteer teacher, and fondness for the child ripened into love for the woman. Bridget Johnson re-married, and Esther Johnson, on the death of Temple, who had left her a small legacy, removed with Mistress Rebecca Dingley to Dublin, which

became her permanent home. What considerations influenced Swift to resolutely forego the dream which he once entertained of living out his life by Stella's side must ever remain a matter of conjecture. That he loved her dearly and sincerely must be evident to every impartial reader of the *Journal*.

The first entry in the *Journal*,¹ made at Chester, September 2, 1710, indicates Swift's impatience to hear from Stella, for he begs her to remember that, while all other letters are to be sent in the care of Steele, hers are to be sent to St. James Coffee House so he may receive them sooner. His disappointment is great when, after arriving in London, he was handed a letter and "hoped to see little MD's hand, and it was only to invite me to a venison party." When he had come into full favor with the ministry, when famous beauties craved an introduction and great lords were urgent in their invitations to dinner, her letters are still the chief event in his life. "As hope saved, nothing gives Pdfr any sort of dream of happiness but a letter now and then from his own dearest MD. I love the expectation of it, and when it does not come I comfort myself that I have it yet to be happy with." Her absence is forgotten for a time in reading her letters. "When I find you are happy or merry, then it makes me so here; and I can hardly imagine you absent when I am reading your letters or writing to you. No, faith, you are just here upon this little paper, and therefore I see and talk with you every evening constantly." No business will interfere with the pleasure he finds

¹ In the *Journal*, Swift and Esther Johnson (she was not called Stella until long afterwards) are never mentioned by name, but by a series of ciphers which were Swift's invention, and which Mr. Forster translates as follows: "He is himself throughout Pdfr, sometimes Podefar and F R, or other fragments of what may be assumed to be Poor Dear Foolish Rogue. She is Ppt, presumably Poppet or Poor Pretty Thing; but MD, My Dear, is also

for the most part her designation, though it occasionally comprises Mrs. Dingley, who has the further designation of M E, Madam Elderly; D or D D, Dingley or Dear Dingley, standing only and always for her exclusively." *The Life of Jonathan Swift*, vol. i. In the extracts from the *Journal* given in the present article, MD stands invariably for Esther Johnson alone.

in writing, for "it is just as if methinks you were here, and I prating to you and telling you where I have been." Each letter, though only a mere scrap, is tenderly treasured. Bernage, a lieutenant in the Irish army, had through Stella interested Swift in his efforts to secure promotion, and afterwards became a terrible bore by his persistent correspondence. "I would have burnt his last," exclaims Swift with petulance, "had I not seen Ppt's hand at the bottom." He is troubled lest one of her letters had been lost in a packet, which rumor said had been taken, and another he put away "so safe that he could hardly find it." He protests his love for her in ardent terms of passionate attachment. He loves her, and will, infinitely above all earthly things, better than his life "a thousand millions of times, and he will swear it ten millions of times." He prays God to "bless his dearest MD, and all will be well." She is his dearest life, his dearest, charming, poor, pretty thing. He drinks her health to himself "a hundred thousand times," and each letter closes with a tender valediction, not infrequently a fervent prayer for her safety and preservation. His love invests with a certain sacredness whatever she is fond of. Parsivol, his steward at Laracor, had written that he could sell the horse, little Johnson. "Sell it!" Swift exclaims. "Pray let him know he shall sell his soul as soon. What? sell anything that Ppt loves and may sometimes ride?"

He is always hers "late and early," and, waking or sleeping, she is ever in his thoughts, for he is constantly dreaming of her. "I was dreaming the most melancholy things in the world of Ppt, and was grieving and crying all night," he writes one morning, and the reality of his dream forces the fervent prayer from his lips, "God of his infinite mercy keep and protect you." He is even sufficiently sentimental to re-read her letters before retiring, and then he will go

to sleep and "dream of my own dear, roguish, impudent Ppt." He is full of anxiety for her health and especially for her eyes, which had troubled her considerably. She is to dictate to Dingley so as not to strain her "little dear eyes." If she will write, she is to shut her eyes and write just a line and no more, and Dingley may stand by and tell her when she goes too high or too low. He gives her a practical example by writing a line with his own eyes shut. "Faith, I think it is better than when they are open," is the comment he makes for her encouragement. His solicitude for her eyes spoils half the pleasure he finds in the dear, familiar handwriting. "Why do you write, dear sirrah MD," he says in gentle rebuke, "when you find your eyes so weak that you cannot see? What comfort is there in reading what you write when one knows that?"

He has scarcely reached London before he longs to be back. He hopes "in God that Pdfr and Ppt will be together in a twelvemonth," when "I hope to eat my Michaelmas goose at my little goose's lodgings." He avows that he has not had one happy day since parting, and, writing of the misfortune of Mrs. Long, a famous beauty and standing toast at the Kit-Kat Club, who had been forced by adverse circumstances to exchange the gayeties of London for the monotony of secluded lodgings in the country, he expresses his pity in the forcible simile that "it is just such an alteration in life as if Pdfr should be banished from Ppt and condemned to converse with Mrs. Raymond," the bustling wife of the Vicar of Trim. He is genuinely pleased to learn that she has kept his birthday, and only wishes that he had been with her, for her presence can bring him happiness whatever be the weather or wherever the place. "I have lived a scurvy, dull, splenetic day for want of Ppt," he writes at the close of a rainy day which had kept him an involuntary prisoner in his lodgings. "I

often thought how happy I could have been had it rained eight thousand times more if Ppt had been with a body." He would be glad to be in the same kingdom with her, even though she be at Wexford, and begs her "to be easy till Fortune takè her course, and to believe that MD's felicity is the great end I am at in all my pursuits." He becomes weary of the flatteries of ministers, the vexatious delays of courts, and wishes over and over again that they were together, in fact, that they had never parted. In his congratulations upon her birthday he includes a fervent prayer that this may be their last separation: "God Almighty bless Ppt, and send her a great many birthdays, all happy and healthy and wealthy, and with me ever together and never asunder again unless by chance." He speculates with tender imaginings upon her pastimes and pleasures, her blunders at ombre at the house of the kindly Archdeacon Walls, her wild gallops from Dublin to Laracor, for she was an excellent and fearless horsewoman, and her walks and card-playing at Wexford, whither she had gone with Dingley to drink the waters. He seeks to beguile the irksome hours of separation by reminiscences of the past. The doctors had given up Sir Andrew Fountaine, but Swift declares he will live, because "I found the seeds of life in him as I found them in poor dearest MD when she was ill many years ago," he adds in support of his opinion, recalling an illness in the early life of Stella. St. John's persistent disregard of wise advice in matters of diet calls to mind like fits of obstinacy in Stella. While, after telling how Prior swore that a pun made by Swift was the worst he (Prior) had ever heard, he adds, with great glee, "I thought so too, but at the same time I thought it was most like Ppt's that ever I heard." Harley once asked Swift,

¹ No, faith, yours is charming language. The "F W" stands for foolish wench, one of

in the Court of Requests, how long he had learned the trick of writing to himself. Swift explains the question to Stella by telling how Harley "had seen your letter through the glass case at the coffee-house, and would swear it was my hand. . . . I think I was little MD's writing-master;" and he more than once playfully resumes his former office of pedagogue by corrections of her spelling and criticism of her handwriting. There are frequent reminiscences of those early days at Moor Park. Some are bitter in their contempt for the Temple family, especially for the imperious Lady Giffard, but others are tender in their association with Stella, whose childish love and sympathy once gladdened the life of an awkward and untried student. He finds pleasure in talking to himself in the "little language," his playful mimicry of the childish prattle of Stella. "All the while I was undressing myself," he writes after an evening spent with Mrs. Manley, the author of the *New Atalantis*, "there I was speaking monkey things in air just as if MD had been by, and did not recollect myself till I got into bed." Referring to his favorite project, the formation of an academy for the improvement of the English language, he playfully declares, "Faith, we shall never improve it so much as F W has done, sall we? No, faith, oor is char gangridge."¹

Her good opinion is very dear to him, and he is anxious that she should not think he had deliberately broken faith with her by his protracted sojourn in London. He knows that "Ppt repines inwardly at Pdfr's absence," and he assures her over and over again that it is business, not inclination, which detains him. Why should he not long to be with her, since he frankly confesses that among all the women of London famous for beauty, fashion, and wit he sees "nothing among any of them that equals

Swift's many terms of endearment for Stella, as Lear speaks of Cordelia as "my poor fool."

MD by a bar's length." His time is always at the service of her friends. Although not at all to his liking, he will serve Sterne, the dean of St. Patrick's, who had come to London on business in connection with his prolocutorship of the Irish Convocation, "because I suppose MD would have me." Ann Johnson, Stella's younger sister, is about to marry one Filby, and she begs Swift to interest himself in securing her future husband an office in the customs. Swift, at considerable personal inconvenience, does the best he can because "it is my delight to do good offices for people who want and deserve, and a tenfold delight to do it to a relation of Ppt's whose affairs she has so at heart." He begs her not to misunderstand any expressions of irritation at the importunities of office-seekers which may have crept into his letters. "Ppt mistakes me," he writes, referring probably to an apology in one of her letters for bothering him with a request to serve some friend. "I am not angry at your recommending any one to me provided you will take my answer. Some things are in my way, and then I serve those I can. But people will not distinguish, but take things ill when I have no power; but Ppt is wiser." Everything which he has is hers. "You are welcome as my blood to every farthing I have in the world, and all that grieves me is that I am not richer for MD's sake." His genuine regret at his inability to aid her is expressed in a half jocular strain. "Why are not you a young fellow, that I might prefer you?" he exclaims after telling her of his success in securing for "little Harrison" the secretaryship to Lord Raby at The Hague.

She is the one confidante of his literary and political secrets. He had already confessed to her the authorship of *The Tale of a Tub*, formal acknowledgment of which had been withheld from Addison. The various papers con-

tributed to the Examiner, and the humorous and satirical poems which charmed the wits or stirred the anger of prominent Whig politicians, are duly reported and her criticism requested. Memoranda of grave political movements involving the destinies of Europe are daily jotted down for her benefit. Men as discreet and reticent as Swift take only one woman into such confidence, and that is the woman in whom love has inspired perfect trust.

Nor is the human side of Swift's character revealed alone in his love for Stella. His sympathies were quickly touched by misfortune. There was that "little Harrison" who had come fresh from the university to try his fortune in London, and had only a tutorship of forty pounds a year, but was rapidly running into debt at the tavern by supping with the wits and men of fashion. Swift takes a fatherly interest in the improvident lad, lectures him upon his extravagance, and finally makes him editor of the new *Tatler*. He corrects his protégé's articles, dictates an occasional article for the paper, and generously overlooks many annoying indiscretions committed by the inexperienced editor. Subsequently he secures for him "the prettiest employment in Europe, — secretary to Lord Raby, who is to be ambassador extraordinary to The Hague." When Harrison returned to London in charge of the draft of the Barrier Treaty, having in the mean time been promoted to queen's secretary, Swift is indignant at finding that the "poor brat" has not been paid a groat of a very generous salary. Harrison is taken suddenly ill, and Swift has him removed to Knightsbridge, and, having obtained thirty guineas from Bolingbroke and an order on the treasury for a hundred pounds, sets out to see the poor invalid. What follows is best told in his own words:—

"I took Parnell this morning, and we walked to see poor Harrison. I had

the hundred pounds in my pocket. I told Parnell I was afraid to knock at the door; my mind misgave me. I knocked and his man, in tears, told me his master was dead an hour before. Think what grief this is to me. . . . Lord-treasurer was much concerned when I told him. I could not dine with Lord-treasurer nor anywhere else, but got a bit of meat toward evening. No loss ever grieved me so much. Poor creature! . . . I send this away to-night, and am sorry it must go while I am in so much grief."

Cynicism should be made of sterner stuff than to break into sobs like these in the presence of untimely death.

Congreve, the most brilliant of the comic dramatists of the Restoration, had been Swift's school-fellow at Kilkenny. In 1711 he was living in retirement, chiefly dependent upon the fees incidental to the office of Commissioner of Wine Licenses, which he had secured by the aid of Halifax, the Whig Mæcenas. At the time of the Tory triumph, Congreve, partially blind and suffering from the gout, momentarily expected to be turned out of office. Swift secures the powerful protection of Harley for his old school friend, and after writing an account of the circumstances to Stella, adds the terse and modest comment, "I have made a worthy man easy, and that is a good day's work." Then there was that unfortunate Patty Rolt, who was a constant pensioner upon his charity, and for whose "rogue of a husband" he obtained leave to come to England from Port Mahon. He was not unmindful even of that superficial and ungrateful Steele, for he used every effort consistent with his own dignity to have his quondam friend retained in the office of Stamped Paper, which the latter had justly forfeited by his intemperate partisanship.

One or two incidents recorded in the *Journal* may be aptly quoted as illustrating Swift's genuinely sympathetic

nature. Mary, the youngest daughter of the Duke of Ormond, had married, on October 21, 1710, Lord Ashburnham, who was considered the greatest *parti* in England. Swift had always been fond of the young bride, whom he had known in Ireland during the term of her father's lord-lieutenancy, and in whom he detected a resemblance to Stella. On January 3d he is greatly moved by her unexpected death, and he closes his letter to Stella with the melancholy words, "I hate life when I think it exposed to such accidents; and to see so many thousand wretches burdening the earth, while such as her die, makes me think that God did never intend life for blessing." After the treacherous assassination of the Duke of Hamilton at the close of the famous duel with Lord Mohun in Hyde Park, Swift hastens to visit the duchess. "I never saw so melancholy a scene," he tells Stella, "for indeed all reasons for real grief belong to her. . . . She has moved my very soul." He does his best to comfort the unhappy woman, and, with considerate thoughtfulness born of genuine pity, opposes her removal to other lodgings, "because it had no room backward, and she must have been tortured with the noise of the Grub Street screamers mentioning her husband's murder in her ears." On still another eventful occasion Swift proved how genuinely human he was in his sympathies. On the seventh anniversary of the queen's accession he was playing cards in the drawing-room of Lady Catherine Morris, when the son of the Duke of Arundel brought the news of the stabbing of Harley in the cockpit at Whitehall by the Marquis of Guiscard, a broken-down and discredited French adventurer. "My heart is almost broke," he writes to Stella, and begs her to overlook the abrupt sentences of his letter. "Pardon my distraction. I now think of all his kindness to me. The poor creature now lies stabbed in his bed by a desperate

French Popish villain. Good-night and God preserve you both and pity me; I want it." "Mr. Harley is still mending this evening, but not at all out of danger," he writes on the following night, "and till then I can have no peace. Good-night . . . and pity Pdfr."

These are strange outbursts of feeling, strange confessions of the need of human sympathy, to fall from the lips of a selfish and arrogant cynic.

In one of the letters in the *Journal* Swift tells Stella that "Pdfr is going to be very busy; not Pdfr but t' other I." Full justice has been done by reader

and critic to "t' other I," that relentless satirist, so stern in his condemnation of shams, so morbidly acute to the weaknesses, the follies, and the sins of humanity. But the world has been strangely indifferent to the Pdfr,—the poor, dear, foolish rogue, the enthusiastic lover, the loyal friend, the kindly and sympathetic heart,—just as the Athenian crowd may have passed and repassed the statuaries' shops in the Agora, and have little suspected that the majestic figure of a god was concealed behind the mocking face of the mask of Silenus.

Henry F. Randolph.

THE LADY OF FORT ST. JOHN.

XIII.

THE SECOND DAY.

THE exhilaration of fighting quickened every pulse in the fort. By the next dawn the cannon began to speak. D'Aulnay had succeeded in planting batteries on a height eastward, and his guns had immediate effect. The barracks were set on fire and put out several times during the day. All the inmates gathered in the stone hall, and at its fireplace the cook prepared and distributed rations. Great balls ploughed up the esplanade, and the oven was shattered into a storm of stone and mortar, its adjoining mill being left with a gap in the side.

Responsive tremors from its own artillery ran through the fortress walls. The pieces, except that one in the turret, were all brought into two bastions, those in the southeast bastion being trained on D'Aulnay's batteries, and the others on his camp. The gunner in the turret also dropped shot with effect among the tents, and attempted to reach

the ships. But he was obliged to use nice care, for the iron pellets heaped on the stone floor behind him represented the heavy labor of one soldier, who tramped at intervals up the turret stair carrying ammunition.

The day had dawned rainless but sullen. It was Good Friday. The women huddling in the hall out of their usual haunts noticed Marguerite's refusal even of the broth the cook offered her. She was restless, like a leopard, and seemed full of electrical currents which found no discharge except in the flicker of her eyes. Leaving the group of settles by the fireplace, where these simple families felt more at home and least intrusive on the grandeur of the hall, she put herself on a distant chair with her face turned from them. This gave the women a chance to backbite her, to note her roused mood, and to accuse her among themselves of wishing evil to the fort, and consequently to their husbands.

"She hath the closest mouth in Acadia," murmured one. "Doth anybody in these walls certainly know that she came from D'Aulnay?"

"The Swiss, her husband, told it."

"And if she find means to go back to D'Aulnay, it will appear where she came from," suggested Zélie.

"I would he had her now," said the first woman. "I have that feeling for her that I have for a cat with its hairs on end."

Madame La Tour came to the hall and sat briefly and alone at her own table to take her dinner and supper. Later in the siege she stood and merely took food from the cook's hands, talking with and comforting her women while she ate. The surgeon of the fort was away with La Tour. She laid bandages ready, and felt obliged to dress not only the first but every wound received.

Pierre Doucett was brought from one of the bastions stunned and bleeding, and his wife rose up with her baby in her arms, filling the hall with her cries. The baby and her neighbors' children were moved to join her. But the eye of her lady was as awful as Pierre's wound. Her outcry sank to a whimper; she hushed the children, and swept them off the settle so that Pierre could lie there, and even paid out the roll of bandage with one hand while her lady used it. Marie controlled her own faintness; for a woman on whom a man's labors are imposed must bear them.

The four little children stood with fingers in their mouths, looking at these grim tokens of war. All day long they heard the crashing or thumping of balls, and felt the leap and rebound of cannon. The cook, when he came down from a bastion to attend to his kettles, gave them nice bits to eat, and in spite of solemnity they counted it a holiday to be in the hall. Pierre Doucett groaned upon his settle, and Madame La Tour being on the lookout in the turret, Pierre Doucett's wife again took to wailing over him. The other women comforted her with their ignorant sympathy, and Marguerite sat with her back to it all. But the children adapted themselves to the

situation, and trooped across to the foot of the stairway to play war. On that grim pavement door which led down into the keep they shot each other with merry cannonading, and were laid out in turn on the steps.

Le Rossignol passed hours of that day sitting on the broad doorsill of the tower. She loved to watch the fiery rain; but she was also waiting for a lull in the cannonading that she might release her swan. He was always forbidden the rooms in the tower by her lady; for he was a pugnacious creature, quick to strike with beak or wings any one who irritated him. Especially did he seem tutored in the dwarf's dislike of Lady Dorinda. In peaceful times, when she descended to the ground and took a sylvan excursion outside the fort, he ruffled all his feathers and pursued her even from the river. Le Rossignol had a forked branch with which she yoked him as soon as D'Aulnay's vessels alarmed the fort. She also tied him by one leg under his usual shelter, the pent-house of the mill. He always sulked at restraint, but Le Rossignol maintained discipline. In the destruction of the oven and the reeling of the mill, Shubenacadie leaped upward and fell back flattened upon the ground. The fragments had scarcely settled before his mistress had him in her arms. At the risk of her life she dragged him across to the entrance, and sat desolately crumbling away between her fingers such feathers as were singed upon him, and sleeking his long gasping neck. She swallowed piteously with suspense, but could not bring herself to examine his body. He had his feet; he had his wings; and finally he sat up of his own accord, and quavered some slight remark about the explosion.

"What ails thee?" exclaimed the dwarf indignantly. "Thou great coward! To lie down and gasp and sicken my heart for the singeing of a few feathers!"

She boxed the place where a swan's ear should be, and Shubenacadie bit her. It was a serene and happy moment for both of them. Le Rossignol opened the door and pushed him in. Shubenacadie stood awkwardly with his feet sprawled on the hall pavement, and looked at the scenes to which his mistress introduced him. He noticed Marguerite, and hissed at her.

"Be still, madman," admonished the dwarf. "Thou art an intruder here. The peasants will drive thee up chimney. Low-born people, when they get into good quarters, always try to put their betters out."

Shubenacadie waddled on, scarcely recovered from the prostration of his fright, and inclined to hold the inmates of the tower accountable for it. Marie had just left Pierre Doucett, and his nurses were so busy with him that the swan was not detected until he scattered the children from the stairs.

"Now, Mademoiselle Nightingale," said Zélie, coming heavily across the flags, "have we not enough strange cattle in this tower that you must bring that creature in, against my lady's orders?"

"He shall not stand out there under D'Aulnay's guns. Besides, Madame Marie hath need of him," declared Le Rossignol impudently. "She would have me ride to D'Aulnay's camp and bring her word how many men have fallen there to-day."

Zélie shivered through her indignation. "Do you tell me such a tale, when you were shut in the turret for that very sin?"

"Sin that is sin in peace is virtue in war," responded Le Rossignol. "Mount, Shubenacadie."

"My lady will have his neck wrung," threatened Zélie.

"She dare not. The chimney will tumble in. The fort will be taken."

"Art thou working against us?" demanded the maid wrathfully.

"Why should I work for you? You should indeed work for me. Pick me up this swan and carry him to the top of the stairs."

"I will not do it!" cried Zélie, revolting through every atom of her ample bulk. "Do I want to be lifted over the turret like thistledown?"

The dwarf laughed, and caught her swan by the back of his neck. With webbed toes and beating wings he fought every step, but she pulled herself up by the balustrade and dragged him along. His bristling plumage scraped the upper floor until he and his wrath were shut within the dwarf's chamber.

"Naught but muscle and bone and fire and flax went to the making of that stunted wight," mused Zélie, setting her knuckles in her hips. "What a pity that she escapes powder and ball, when poor Pierre Doucett is shot down,—a man with wife and child, and useful to my lady besides!"

It was easy for Claude La Tour's widow to fill her idleness with visions of political alliance, but when D'Aulnay de Charnisay began to batter the walls round her ears, her common sense resumed sway. She could be of no use outside her apartment, so she took her meals there trembling, but in her fashion resolute and courageous. The crash of cannon-shot was forever associated with her first reception in Acadia. Therefore this siege was a torture to her memory as well as a peril to her body. The tower had no more sheltered place, however, than Lady Dorinda's room. Zélie had orders to wait upon her with strict attention. The cannon-ading dying away as darkness lifted its wall between the opposed forces, she hoped for such sleep as could be had in a besieged place, and waited Zélie's knock. War, like a deluge, may drive people who detest one another into endurable contact; and when, without even a warning stroke on the panel, Le Rossignol slipped in as nimbly as a spider,

Lady Dorinda felt no such indignation as she would have felt in ordinary times.

"May I sit by your fire, your highness?" sweetly asked the dwarf.

Lady Dorinda held out a finger to indicate the chimney-side and to stay further progress. The fallow and corpulent woman gazed at the beak-faced atom.

"It hath been repeated a thousand times, but I will say again I am no highness."

Le Rossignol took the rebuke as a bird might have taken it, her bright round eyes reflecting steadily the over-blown mortal opposite. She had never called Lady Dorinda anything except "her highness." The dullest soldier grinned at the apt sarcastic title. When Marie brought her to account for this annoyance, she explained that she could not call Lady Dorinda anything else. Was a poor dwarf to be punished because people made light of every word she used? Yet this innocent creature took a pleasure of her own in laying the term like an occasional lash on the woman who so despised her. Le Rossignol sat with arms around her knees in the hearth corner. Lady Dorinda in her cushioned chair chewed aromatic seeds.

The room, like a flower garden, exhaled all its perfumes at evening. Bottles of essences and pots of pomade and small bags of powders were set out for the luxurious use of its inmate when Zélie prepared her for the night. Le Rossignol enjoyed these scents. The sweet-odored atmosphere which clung about Lady Dorinda was her one attribute approved by the dwarf. Madame Marie never in any way appealed to the nose. Madame Marie's garments were scentless as outdoor air, and the freshness of outdoor air seemed to belong to them. Le Rossignol liked to have her senses stimulated, and she counted it a lucky thing to sit by that deep fire and smell the heavy fragrance of the room.

A branched silver candlestick held two lighted tapers on the dressing-table. The bed curtains were parted, revealing a huge expanse of resting-place within; and heavy folds shut the starlit world from the windows. One could here forget that the oven was blown up, and the ground of the fort ploughed with shot and sown with mortar.

"Is there no fire in the hall?" inquired Lady Dorinda.

"It hath all the common herd from the barracks around it," explained Le Rossignol. "And Pierre Doucett is stretched there, groaning over the loss of half his face."

"Where is Madame La Tour?"

"She hath gone out on the walls since the firing stopped. Our gunner in the turret told me that two guns are to be moved back before moonrise into the bastions they were taken from. Madame Marie is afraid D'Aulnay will try to encompass the fort to-night."

"And what business took thee into the turret?"

"Your highness" —

"Ladyship," corrected Lady Dorinda.

—"I like to see D'Aulnay's torches," proceeded the dwarf, without accepting correction. "His soldiers are burying the dead over there. He needs a stone tower with walls seven feet thick like ours, does D'Aulnay."

Lady Dorinda put another seed in her mouth, and reflected that Zélie's attendance was tardier than usual. She inquired, with shadings of disapproval, —

"Is Madame La Tour's woman also on the walls?"

"Not Zélie, your highness" —

"Ladyship," insisted Lady Dorinda.

"That heavy-foot Zélie," chuckled the dwarf, deaf to correction, — "a fine bit of thistledown would she be to blow around the walls. Zélie is laying beds for the children, and she hath come to words with the cook through trying to steal eggs to roast for them. We have but few wild-fowl eggs in store."

"Tell her that I require her," said Lady Dorinda, fretted by the irregularities of life in a siege. "Madame La Tour will account with her if she neglects her rightful duties."

Le Rossignol crawled reluctantly up to stand in her dots of moccasins.

"Yes, your highness."

"Ladyship," repeated Claude La Tour's widow, to whom the sting was forever fresh, reminding her of a once possible regency.

"But have you heard about the woman that was brought into the fortress before Madame Bronck went away?"

"What of her?"

"The Swiss says she comes from D'Aulnay."

"It is Zélie that I require," said Lady Dorinda with discouraging brevity.

Le Rossignol dropped her face, appearing to give round-eyed speculation to the fire.

"It is believed that D'Aulnay sent by that strange woman a box of poison into the fort to work secret mischief. But," added the dwarf, looking up in open perplexity, "that box cannot now be found."

"Perhaps you can tell what manner of box it was," said Lady Dorinda with irony, though a dull red was startled into her cheeks.

"Madame Marie says it was a tiny box of oak, thick set with nails. She would not alarm the fort, so she had search made for it in Madame Bronck's name."

Lady Dorinda, incredulous, but trembling, divined at once that the dwarf had hid that coffer in her chest. Perhaps the dwarf had procured the hand and replaced some valuable of Madame Bronck's with it. She longed to have the little beast shaken and made to confess. While she was considering what she could do with dignity, Zélie rapped and was admitted, and Le Rossignol escaped into outside darkness.

Hours passed, however, before Shu-

benacadie's mistress sought his society. She undressed in her black cell, which had but one loophole looking toward the north, and taking the swan upon her bed tried to reconcile him to blankets. But Shubenacadie protested with both wings against a woolly covering which was not in his experience. The times were disjointed for him. He took no interest in Lady Dorinda and the box of Madame Bronck, and scratched the pallet with his toes and the nail at the end of his bill. But Le Rossignol pushed him down, and pressed her confidences upon this familiar.

"So her highness threw that box out into the fort. I had to shiver and wait until Zélie left her, but I knew she would choose to rid herself of it through a window, for she would scarce burn it, she hath not adroitness to drop it in the hall, show it to Madame Marie she would not, and keep it longer to poison her court gowns she dare not. She hath found it before this. Her looking-glass was the only place apter than that chest. I would give much to know what her yellow highness thought of that hand. Here, mine own Shubenacadie, I have brought thee this sweet biscuit moistened with water. Eat, and scratch me not.

"And little did its studding of nails avail the box, for the fall split it in three pieces; and I hid them under rubbish, for mortar and stones are plentiful down there. Thou shouldst have seen my shade stretch under the moon like a tall hobgoblin. The nearest sentinel on the wall challenges me. 'Who is there?' 'Le Rossignol.' 'What are you doing?' 'Looking for my swan's yoke.' Then he laughs, little knowing how I meant to serve his officer. The Hollandais mummy hath been of more use to me than trinkets. I frightened her highness with it, and now it is set to torment the Swiss. Let me tell thee, Shubenacadie, punishment comes even on a swan who would stretch up his neck and stand

taller than his mistress. Wert thou not blown up with the oven? Hide thy head and take warning."

XIV.

THE STRUGGLE BETWEEN POWERS.

The dwarf's report about Klussman forced Madame La Tour to watch the strange girl; but Marguerite seemed to take no notice of any soldier who came and went in the hall. As for the Swiss, he carried trouble on his self-revealing face, but not treachery. Klussman camped at night on the floor with other soldiers off guard; screens and the tall settles being placed in a row between this military bivouac and the women and children of the household protected near the stairs. He awoke as often as the guard was changed, and when dawn-light instead of moonlight appeared with the last relief, he sprang up and took the breastplate which had been laid aside for his better rest. Out of its hollow fell Jonas Bronck's hand, bare and crouching with stiff fingers, on the pavement. The soldiers about to lie down laughed at themselves and Klussman for recoiling from it, and fury succeeded pallor in his blond face.

"Did you do that?" he demanded of the men, but before they could utter denials his suspicion leaped the settles. Spurning Jonas Bronck's treasured fragment with his boot in a manner which Antonia could never have forgiven, Klussman sent it to the hearth and strode after it. He had not far to look for Marguerite. As his eye traveled recklessly into the women's camp, he encountered her beside him, sitting on the floor behind a settle and matching the red of a burning tree trunk with the red of her bruised eyelids.

"Did you put that in my breastplate?" said Klussman, pointing to the hand as it lay palm upwards. Mar-

guerite shuddered and burst out crying. This had been her employment much of the night, but the nervous fit of childish weeping swept away all of Klussman's self-control.

"No; no;" she repeated. "You think I do everything that is horrible." And she sobbed upon her hands.

Klussman stooped down and tossed the hand like an escaped coal behind the log. As he stooped he said, —

"I don't think that. Don't ery. If you ery I will shoot myself."

Marguerite looked up and saw his helplessness in his face. He had sought her before, but only with reproaches. Now his resentment was broken. Twice had the dwarf's mischief thrown Marguerite on his compassion and thereby diminished his resistance to her. Jonas Bronck's hand, in its red-hot seclusion behind the log, writhed and smoked, discharging its grosser parts up the chimney's shaft. Unseen, it lay a wifelike outline of bone; unseen, it became a hand of fairy ashes, trembling in every filmy atom; finally an ember fell upon it, and where a hand had been some bits of lime lay in a white glow.

Klussman went out and mounted one of the bastions where the gunners were already preparing for work. The weather had changed in the night, and the sky seemed immeasurably lifted while yet filled with the uncertainties of dawn. Fundy Bay revealed more and more of its clean blue-emerald level, and far eastward the glassy water shaded up to a flushing of pink. Smoke rose from the mess fires in D'Aulnay's camp. The first light puff of burnt powder sprung from his batteries, and the artillery duel again begun.

"If we had but enough soldiers to make a sally," said Madame La Tour to her officer, as she came for an instant to the bastion, "we might take his batteries. Oh, for monsieur to appear on the bay with a stout shipload of men!"

"It is time he came," said the Swiss.

"Yes, we shall see him or have news of him soon."

In the tumult of Klussman's mind Jonas Bronck's hand never again came uppermost. He cared nothing and thought nothing about that weird fragment in the midst of living disaster. It had merely been the occasion of his surrendering to Marguerite. He determined that when La Tour returned and the siege was raised, if he survived he would take his wife and go to some new colony. Live without her he could not. Yet neither could he reëspouse her in Fort St. John, where he had himself openly denounced her.

Spring that day leaped forward to a semblance of June. The sun poured warmth, the very air renewed life. But to Klussman it was the brilliancy of passing delirium. He did not feel when gun-metal touched his hands. The sound of the incoming tide, which could be heard betwixt artillery boomings, and the hint of birds which the sky gave, were mute against his thoughts.

Though D'Aulnay's loss was visibly heavy, it proved also an ill day for the fort. The southeast bastion was raked by a fire which disabled the guns and killed three men. Five others were wounded at various posts. The long spring twilight sunk through an orange horizon rim and filled up the measure which makes night before firing reluctantly stopped. Marie had ground opened near the powder magazine to make a temporary grave for her three dead. They had no families. She held a taper in her hand and read a service over them. One bastion and so many men being disabled, a sentinel was posted in the turret after the gunners descended. The Swiss took this duty, and felt his way up the pitch-black stairs. He had not seen Marguerite in the hall when he hurriedly took food, but she was safe in the tower. No woman ventured out in the storm of shot. The barracks were charred and battered.

As Klussman reached the turret door he exclaimed against some human touch, but caught his breath and surrendered himself to Marguerite's arms, holding her soft body and smoothing her silk-stranded hair.

"I heard you say you would come up here," murmured Marguerite. "And the door was unlocked."

"Where have you been since morning?"

"Behind a screen in the great hall. The women are cruel."

Klussman hated the women. He kissed his wife with the first kiss since their separation, and all the toils of war failed to unman him like that kiss.

"But there was that child!" he groaned.

"That was not my child," said Marguerite.

"The baby brought here with you!"

"It was not mine."

"Whose was it?"

"It was a drunken soldier's. His wife died. They made me take care of it," said Marguerite resentfully.

"Why did n't you tell me that?" exclaimed Klussman. "You made me lie to my lady!"

Marguerite had no answer. He understood her reticence, and the degradation which could not be excused.

"Who made you take care of it?"

"He did."

"D'Aulnay?" Klussman uttered through his teeth.

"Yes; I don't like him."

"I like him!" said the savage Swiss.

"He is cruel," complained Marguerite, "and selfish."

The Swiss pressed his face to her soft cheek.

"I never was selfish and cruel to thee," he said weakly.

"No, you never were."

"Then why," burst out the husband afresh, "did you leave me to follow that beast of prey?"

Marguerite brought a sob from her

breast which was like a sword through Klussman. He smoothed and smoothed her hair.

"But what did I ever do to thee, Marguerite?"

"I always liked you best," she said. "But he was a great lord. The women in barracks are so hateful, and a common soldier is naught."

"You would be the lady of a seignior," hissed Klussman.

"Thou knowest I was fit for that," retorted Marguerite with spirit.

"I know thou wert. It is marrying me that has been thy ruin." He groaned with his head hanging.

"We are not ruined yet," she said, "if you care for me."

"That was a stranger child?" he repeated.

"All the train knew it to be a motherless child. He had no right to thrust it on me."

"I demand no testimony of D'Aulnay's followers," said Klussman roughly.

He let her go from his arms, and stepped to the battlements. His gaze moved over the square of the fortress, and eastward to that blur of whiteness which hinted the enemy's tents, the hint being verified by a light or two.

"I have a word to tell you," said Marguerite, leaning beside her husband.

"I have this to tell thee," said the Swiss. "We must leave Acadia." His arm again fondled her and he comforted his sore spirit with an instant's thought of home and peace somewhere.

"Yes. We can go to Penobscot," she said.

"Penobscot?" he repeated with suspicion.

"The king will give you a grant of Penobscot."

"The king will give it to — me?"

"Yes. And it is a great seigniory."

"How do you know the king will do that?"

"He told me to tell you; he promised it."

"The king? You never saw the king."

"No."

"D'Aulnay?"

"Yes."

"I would I had him by the throat!" burst out Klussman. Marguerite leaned her cheek on the stone and sighed. The bay seemed full of salty spice. It was a night in which the human soul must beat against casements to break free and roam the blessed dark. All of spring was in the air. Overhead stood the north star, with slow constellations wheeling in review before him.

"So D'Aulnay sent you to spy on my lord, as my lord believed?"

"You shall not call me a spy. I came to my husband. I hate him," she added in a resentful burst. "He made me walk the marshes, miles and miles alone, carrying that child."

"Why the child?"

"Because the people from St. John would be sure to pity it."

"And what word did he send you to tell me?" demanded Klussman. "Give me that word."

Marguerite waited, her face downcast.

"It was kind of him to think of me," said the Swiss; "and to send you with the message!"

She felt mocked, and drooped against the wall. And in the midst of his scorn he took her face in his hands with a softness he could not master.

"Give me the word," he repeated. Marguerite drew his neck down and whispered, but before she finished whispering Klussman flung her against the cannon with an oath.

"I thought it would be, betray my lord's fortress to D'Aulnay de Charnisay! Go downstairs, Marguerite Klussman. When I have less matter in hand I will flog thee! Hast thou no wit at all? To come from a man who broke faith with thee and offer his faith to me! Bribe me with Penobscot to betray St. John to him!"

Marguerite sat on the floor. She whispered, gasping, —

“Tell not the whole fortress.”

Klussman ceased to talk, but his heels rung on the stone as he paced the turret. He felt himself grow old as silence became massive betwixt his wife and him. The moon rose, piercing the cannon embrasure, and showed Marguerite weeping against the wall. The mass of silence drove him resistless before her will. That soft and childlike shape did not propose treason to him. He understood that she thought only of herself and him. It was her method of bringing profit out of the times. He heard his relief stumble at the foot of the turret stairs and went down the winding darkness to send the soldier back.

“I am not sleepy,” said Klussman. “I slept last night. Go and rest till daybreak.” And the man willingly went. Marguerite had not moved a fold of her gown when her husband again came into the lighted tower. The Swiss lifted her up and made her stand beside him while he stanchd her tears.

“You hurt me when you threw me against the cannon,” she said.

“I was rough. But I am too foolish fond to hold anger. It has worn me out to be hard on thee. I am not the man I was.”

Marguerite clung around him. He dumbly felt his misfortune in being thralld by a nature of greater moral crudity than his own. But she was his portion in the world.

“You flung me against the cannon because I wanted you made a seignior.”

“It was because D’Aulnay wanted me made a traitor.”

“What is there to do, indeed?” murmured Marguerite. “He said if you would take the sentinels off the wall on the entrance side of the fort at day-break any morning, he would be ready to scale that wall.”

“But how will he know I have taken the sentinels off?”

“You must hold up a ladder in your hands.”

“The tower is between that side of the fort and D’Aulnay’s camp. No one would see me standing with a ladder in my hands.”

“When you set the ladder against the outside wall it is all you have to do, except to take me with you as you climb down. It is their affair to see the signal.”

“So D’Aulnay plans an ambush between us and the river? And suppose I did all that and the enemy failed to see the signal? I should go down there to be hanged, or my lady would have me thrown into the keep here, and perhaps shot. I ought to be shot.”

“They will see the signal,” insisted Marguerite. “I know all that is to be done. He made me say it over until I tired of it. You must mount the wall where the gate is, that side of the fort toward the river, the camp being on another side.”

Klussman again smoothed her hair and argued with her as with a child.

“I cannot betray my lady. You see how madame trusts me.”

She grieved against his hard breast-plate with insistence which pierced even that.

“I am indeed not fit to be thought on beside the lady!”

“I would do anything for thee but betray my lady.”

“And when you have held her fort for her will she advance you by so much as a handful of land?”

“I was made lieutenant since the last siege.”

“But now you may be a seignior with a holding of your own,” repeated Marguerite. So they talked the night away. She showed him on one hand a future of honor and plenty which he ought not to withhold from her; and on the other a wandering forth to endless hardships. D’Aulnay had worked them harm; but this was in her mind an argument that

he should now work them good. Being a selfish lord, powerful and cruel, he could demand this service as the condition of making her husband master of Penobscot; and the service itself she regarded as a small one compared to her lone tramping of the marshes to La Tour's stockade. D'Aulnay was certain to take Fort St. John some time. He had the king and all France behind him; the La Tours had nobody. Marguerite was a woman who could see no harm in advancing her husband by the downfall of his mere employers. Her husband must be advanced. She saw herself lady of Penobscot.

The Easter dawn began to grow over the world. Klussman remembered what day it was, and lifted her up to look over the battlements at light breaking from the east. Marguerite turned her head from point to point of the dewy world once more rising out of chaos. She showed her husband a new trench and a line of breastworks between the fort and the river. These had been made in the night, and might have been detected by him if he had guarded his post. The jutting of rocks probably hid them from sentinels below.

"D'Aulnay is coming nearer," said the Swiss, looking with haggard indifferent eyes at these preparations, and an occasional head venturing above the fresh ridge. Marguerite threw her arms around her husband's neck, and hung on him with kisses.

"Come on, then," he said, speaking with the desperate conviction of a man who has lost himself. "I have to do it. You will see me hang for this, but I'll do it for you."

XV.

A SOLDIER.

Marie felt herself called through the deepest depths of sleep, and sat up in the robe of fur which she had wrapped

around her for her night bivouac. There was some alarm at her door. The enemy might be on the walls. She tingled with the intense return of life and was opening the door without conscious motion. Nobody stood outside in the hall except the dwarf, whose aureole of foxy hair surrounded features pinched by anxiety.

"Madame Marie — Madame Marie! The Swiss has gone to give up the fort to D'Aulnay."

"Has gone?"

"He came down from the turret with his wife, who persuaded him. I listened all night on the stairs. D'Aulnay is ready to mount the wall when he gives the signal. I had to hide me until the woman and the Swiss passed below. They are now going to the wall to give the signal."

Through Marie passed that worst shock of all human experience. To see your trusted ally transmuted into your secret most deadly foe sickens the heart as death surely cannot sicken it. Like many a pierced wretch who has collapsed suddenly into the dust while the stab yet held the knife, she whispered feebly, —

"He could not do that!"

The stern blackness of her eyes seemed to annihilate all the rest of her face. Was rock itself stable underfoot? Why should one care to prolong life, when life only proved how cruel and worthless are the people for whom we labor?

"Madame Marie, he is now doing it. He was to hold up a ladder on the wall."

"Which wall?"

"This one — where the gate is."

Marie looked through the glass in her door which opened toward the battlements, rubbed aside moisture, and looked again. While one breath could be drawn Klussman was standing in the dawn-light with a ladder raised overhead. She caught up a pair of long pistols which had lain beside her all night.

"Rouse the men below — quick!" she said to Le Rossignol, and ran up the

steps to the wall. No sentinels were there. The Swiss had already dropped down the ladder outside and was out of sight, and she heard the running, climbing feet of D'Aulnay's men coming to take the advantage afforded them. Sentinels in the other two bastions turned with surprise at her cry. They had seen Klussman relieving the guard, but his subtle action escaped their watch-worn eyes. They only noticed that he had the strange woman with him.

D'Aulnay's men were at the foot of the wall planting ladders. They were swarming up. Marie met them with the sentinels joining her and the soldiers rushing from below. The discharge of firearms, the clash of opposing metals, the thuds of falling bodies, cries, breathless struggling, clubbed weapons sweeping the battlements — filled one vast minute. Ladders were thrown back to the stones and D'Aulnay's repulsed men were obliged to take once more to their trench, carrying the stunned and wounded. A cannon was trained on their breast-works, and St. John belched thunder and fire down the path of retreat. The Swiss's treason had been useless to the enemy. The people of the fort saw him hurried more like a prisoner than an ally towards D'Aulnay's camp, his wife beside him.

"Oh, Klussman," thought the lady of St. John as she turned to station guards at every exposed point and to continue that day's fight, "you knew in another way what it is to be betrayed. How could you put this anguish upon me?"

The furious and powder-grimed men, her faithful soldiers, hooted at the Swiss from their bastions, not knowing what a heart he carried with him. He turned once and made them a gesture of defiance, more pathetic than any wail for pardon, but they saw only the treason of the man, and shot at him with a good will. Through smoke and ball-ploughed earth D'Aulnay's soldiers ran into camp and his batteries answered. Artillery

echoes were scattered far through the woods, into the very depths of which that untarnished Easter weather seemed to stoop, coaxing growths from the swelling ground.

Advancing and pausing with equal caution, a man came out of the northern forest toward St. John River. No part of his person was covered with armor. And instead of the rich and formal dress then worn by the Huguenots even in the wilderness, he wore a complete suit of hunter's buckskin which gave his supple muscles a freedom beautiful to see. His young face was freshly shaved, showing the clean fine texture of the skin. For having nearly finished his journey from the head of Fundy Bay, he had that morning prepared himself to appear what he was in Fort St. John — a man of good birth and nurture. His portables were rolled tightly in a blanket and strapped to his shoulders. A hunting-knife and two long pistols armed him. His head was covered with a cap of beaver skin, and he wore moccasins. Not an ounce of unnecessary weight hampered him.

The booming of cannon had met him so far off on that day's march that he understood well the state of siege in which St. John would be found, and long before there was any glimpse of D'Aulnay's tents and earthworks the problem of getting into the fort occupied his mind. For D'Aulnay's guards might be extended in every direction. But the first task in hand was to cross the river. One or two old canoes could be seen on the other side; cast-off property of the Etchemin Indians who had broken camp. Being on the wrong bank these were as useless to him as dream canoes. But had a ferryman stood in waiting, it was perilous to cross in open day, within possible sight of the enemy. So the soldier moved carefully down to a shelter of rocks below the falls, opposite that place where Van Corlaer had watched the tide sweep up and drown the

rapids. From this post he got a view of La Tour's small ship, yet anchored and safe at its usual moorings. No human life was visible about it.

"The ship would afford me good quarters," said the soldier to himself, "had I naught to do but rest. But I must get into the fort this night, and how is it to be done?"

All the thunders of war and all the effort and danger to be undertaken, could not put his late companions out of his mind. He lay with hands clasped under his head and looked back at the trees visibly leafing in the warm Easter air. They were much to this man in all their differences and habits, their whisperings and silences. They had marched with him through countless lone long reaches, passing him from one to another with friendly recommendation. It hurt him to notice a broken or deformed one among them, but one full and nobly equipped from root to crown was Nature's most triumphant shout. There is a glory of the sun and a glory of the moon, but to one who loves them there is another glory of the trees.

"In autumn," thought the soldier, "I have seen light desert the skies and take to the trees and finally spread itself beneath them, a material glow, flake on flake. But in the spring, before their secret is spoken, when they throb, and restrain the force driving through them, then have I most comfort with them, for they live as I live."

Shadows grew on the river, and ripples were arrested and turned back to flow up stream. There was but one way for him to cross the river, and that was to swim. And the best time to swim was when the tide brimmed over the current and trembled at its turn, a broad and limpid expanse of water, cold, dangerous, repellent to the chilled plunging body; but safer and more easily paddled through than when the current, angular as a skeleton, sought the bay at its lowest ebb.

Fortunately tide and twilight favored the young soldier together. He stripped himself and bound his weapons and clothes in one tight packet on his head. At first it was easy to tread water; the salt brine upheld him. But in the middle of the river it was wise to sink close to the surface and carry as small a ripple as possible; for D'Aulnay's guards might be posted nearer than he knew. The water, deceptive at its outer edges in iridescent reflection of warm clouds, was cold as glacier drippings in midstream. He swam with desperate calmness, guarding himself by every stroke against cramp. The bundle oppressed him. He would have cast it off, but dared not change by a thought of variation the routine of his struggle. Hardy and experienced woodsman though he was, he staggered out on the other side and lay a space in the sand, too exhausted to move.

The tide began to recede, leaving stranded seaweed in green or brown streaks, the color of which could be determined only by the dullness or vividness of its shine through the dusk. As soon as he was able, the soldier sat up, shook out his blanket and rolled himself in it. The first large stars were trembling out. He lay and smelled gunpowder mingling with the saltiness of the bay and the evening incense of the earth.

There was a moose's lip in his wallet, the last spoil of his wilderness march, taken from game shot the night before and cooked at his morning fire. He ate it, still lying in the sand. Lights began to appear in the direction of D'Aulnay's camp, but the fort held itself dark and close. He thought of the grassy meadow rivulet which was always empty at low tide, and that it might afford him some shelter in his nearer approach to the fort. He dressed and put on his weapons, but left everything else except the blanket lying where he had landed. In this venture little could be carried except the man and his life. The frontier

graveyard outlined itself dimly against the expanse of landscape. The new-turned clay therein gave him a start. He crept over the border of stones, went close, and leaned down to measure the length of the fresh grave with his outstretched hands. A sigh of relief which was as strong as a sob burst from the soldier.

"It is only that child we found at the stockade," he murmured, and stepped on among the older mounds and leaped the opposite boundary to descend that dip of land which the tide invaded. Water yet shone there on the grass. Too impatient to wait until the tide ran low, he found the log and moved carefully forward, through increasing dusk, on hands and knees within closer range of the fort. Remembering that his buckskin might make an inviting spot on the slope he wrapped his dark blanket around him. The chorus of insect life and of water creatures, which had scarcely been tuned for the season, began to raise experimental notes. And now a splash like the leap of a fish came from the river. The moon would be late; he thought of that with satisfaction. There was a little mist blown aloft over the stars, yet the night did not promise to be cloudy.

The whole environment of Fort St. John was so familiar to the young soldier that he found no unusual stone in his way. That side toward the garden might be the side least exposed to D'Aulnay's forces at night. If he could reach the southwest bastion unseen, he could ask for a ladder. There was every likelihood of his being shot before the sentinels recognized him, yet he might be more fortunate. Balancing these chances, he moved toward that angle of shadow which the fortress lifted against the southern sky. Long rays of light within the walls were thrown up and moved on darkness like the pulsing motions of the aurora.

"Who goes there?" said a voice.

The soldier lay flat against the earth. He had imagined the browsing sound of cattle near him. But a standing figure now condensed itself from the general dusk, some distance up the slope betwixt him and the bastion. The challenger was entirely apart from the fort. As he flattened himself in breathless waiting for a shot which might follow, a clatter began at his very ears, some animal bounded over him with a glancing cut of its hoof, and galloped toward the trench below St. John's gate. He heard another exclamation, — this rapid traveler had probably startled another sentinel. The man who had challenged him laughed softly in the darkness. All the Sable Island ponies must be loose upon the slope. D'Aulnay's men had taken possession of the stable and cattle, and the wild and frightened ponies were scattered. As his ear lay so near the ground, the soldier heard other little hoofs startled to action, and a snort or two from suspicious nostrils. He moved away from the sentinel without further challenge. It was evident that D'Aulnay had encompassed the fort with guards.

The young soldier crept slowly down the rocky hillock, avoided another sentinel, and, after long caution and self-restraint and polishing the earth with his buckskin, crawled into the empty trench. The Sable Island ponies continually helped him. They were so nervous and so agile that the sentinels ceased to watch moving shadows.

The soldier looked up at St. John and its tower, knowing that he must enter in some manner before the moon rose. He dreaded the red brightness of moon-dawn, when guards whom he could discern against the stony ascent might detect his forehead above the breastwork. Behind him stretched an alluvial flat to the river's sands. The tide was running swiftly out, and in the starlight its swirls and long muscular sweeps could be followed by a practiced eye.

As the soldier glanced warily in every direction, two lights left D'Aulnay's camp and approached him, jerking and flaring in the hands of men who were evidently walking over irregular ground. They might be coming directly to take possession of the trench. But why should they proclaim their intention with torches to the batteries of Fort St. John? He looked around for some refuge from the advancing circle of smoky shine, and moved backwards along the bottom of the trench. The light stretched over and bridged him, leaving him in a stream of deep shadow, protected by the breast-work from sentinels above. He could therefore lift a cautious eye at the back of the trench and scan the group now moving betwixt him and the river. There were seven persons, only one of whom strode the stones with reckless feet. This man's hands were tied behind his back, and a rope was noosed around his neck and held at the other end by a soldier.

"It is Klussman, our Swiss!" flashed through the soldier in the trench, with a mighty throb of rage and shame and anxiety for the lady in the fort. If Klussman had been taken prisoner, the guns of St. John would surely speak in his behalf when he was about to be hanged before its very gate. Such a parade of the act must be discovered on the walls. It was plain that Klussman had deserted to D'Aulnay and was now enjoying D'Aulnay's gratitude.

"The tree that doth best front the gates," said one of the men, pointing with his torch to an elm in the alluvial soil; "my lord said the tree that doth best front the gates."

"That hath no fit limbs," objected another.

"He said the tree that doth best front the gates," insisted the first man. "Besides this one, what shrub hereabouts is tall enough for our use?"

They moved down towards the elm. A stool carried by one man showed its

long legs grotesquely behind his back. There were six persons besides the prisoner, all soldiers except one, who wore the coarse, long, cord-girdled gown of a Capuchin. His hood was drawn over his face, and the torches imperfectly showed that he was of the barefooted order and wore only sandals. He held up a crucifix and walked close beside Klussman. But the Swiss gazed all around the dark world which he was so soon to leave, and up at the fortress he had attempted to betray, and never once at the murmuring friar.

The soldier in the trench heard a breathing near him and saw that a number of the ponies, drawn by the light, had left their fitful grazing and were venturing step by step beyond the end of the trench. Some association of this scene with soldiers who used to feed them at night, after a hard day of drawing home the winter logs, may have stirred behind their shaggy foreheads. He took his hunting-knife with sudden and desperate intention, threw off his moccasins, cut his leggins short at the middle of the leg, and silently divided his blanket into strips.

Preparations were going forward under the elm. One of the soldiers climbed the tree and crept out upon an arched limb, catching the rope end thrown up to him. Both torches were given to one man that all the others might set themselves to the task. Klussman stood upon the stool, which they had brought for the purpose from the cook's galley in one of their ships. His blond face, across which all his thoughts used to parade, was cast up by the torches like a stiffened mask, hopeless yet fearless in its expression.

"Come, Father Vincent," said the man who had made the knot, sliding down the tree. "This is a Huguenot fellow, and good words are lost on him. I wonder that my lord let him have a friar to comfort him."

"Retire, Father Vincent," said the

men around the stool, with more roughness than they would have shown to a favorite confessor of D'Aulnay's. The Capuchin turned and walked toward the trench.

The soldier in the trench could not hear what they said, but he had time for no further thought of Klussman. He had been watching the ponies with the conviction that his own life hung on what he might drive them to do. They alternately snuffed at Klussman's presence and put their noses down to feel for springing grass. Before they could start and wheel from the friar, the soldier had thrown his hunting knife. It struck the hind leg of the nearest pony, and a scampering and snorting hurricane swept down past the elm. Klussman's stool and the torch-bearer were rolled together. Both lights were stamped out

by the panic-struck men, who thought a sally had been made from the fort. Father Vincent saw the knife thrown, and turned back, but the man in the trench seized him with steel muscles and dragged him into its hollow. If the good father uttered cry against such violence there was also noise under the elm, and the wounded pony yet galloped and snorted toward the river. The young soldier fastened his mouth shut with a piece of blanket, stripped off his capote and sandals, and tied him so that he could not move. Having done all most securely and put the capote and sandals upon himself, the soldier whispered at the friar's ear an apology which must have amused them both, —

"Pardon my roughness, good father. Perhaps you will lend me your clothes?"

Mary Hartwell Catherwood.

GENERAL GEORGE H. THOMAS.

AMONG all the soldiers who during the war for the Union rose to high position and won an enduring name, none better deserves or will better repay a careful study than George H. Thomas. There were in him qualities hardly to be found in any of our other generals. A certain grandeur impresses one, like that which the world loves to recognize in Washington. Others, perhaps, fought as bravely; a few as successfully. None have left more deep and lasting impression on the minds and hearts of those who served under them. Grant's life for twenty years after the war, and especially the last year of it, has thrown a glorious glamour about his name which no man, friend or foe, now wishes to dispel. Yet when the war ended, his military operations were most severely criticised by competent and not unfriendly judges. In action his personal presence counted

for little. Sheridan showed greater activity on the battlefield; the sight of him there was always inspiring. Thomas died before his full record was made public. Only tradition and memory remained. The living presence of Grant and Sheridan and Sherman for so many years made them naturally and inevitably the dominant objects of popular regard. But in the hearts and minds of those who had followed him on the march, had seen him by the camp-fire, had gone into battle under his eye, the great figure of Thomas still stands alone, colossal, undiminished by comparison with the greatest, — a nation's landmark.

This devotion to his name and memory has been spoken of as "an unreasonable passion which scarcely permitted criticism of anything he said or did." To call it an unreasoning rather than

an unreasonable passion would be more correct; for when analyzed it will be found entirely reasonable, though perhaps in its origin and growth unreasoning, like the passion a good and true son feels for a wise and venerated father. But his soldiers never did analyze it. It grew up insensibly and commanded their reason, as an absorbing and enduring passion always must. Now that he and all his great compeers have left us, the source of this passion may perhaps be found. Then it will be seen that it

"hath its seat

In reason, and is judicious: is the scale
By which "

his intellectual and moral qualities are best tested and measured.

First and foremost, General Thomas was a soldier. He never was anything else. From the day he entered the Military Academy in 1836 till he died in March, 1870, his life for thirty-four years was wholly devoted to the military profession. Most of it was spent in far-off camps and at distant posts, with no society but that of his fellow-officers and their families. The too frequent result of such a mode of life is to make one the slave of routine. Action becomes almost automatic. Hardly anything is more mechanical than mere soldiering in time of peace. Most of the older of our distinguished generals, Halleck and McClellan and Grant and Sherman and Meade, not to mention others, had been more or less in civil life. The younger, of whom Sheridan and McPherson were the type, had not yet become subdued to routine. Thomas had been in the line for twenty-one years when he was summoned to the broader activities of a great war, and to exercise the faculties of a great captain. In all that time he had been, not a mere soldier, but a man of growing power; his intellect stimulated, not repressed, by the practice of his profession. Every year gave new proofs of his

increasing mental vigor. At the battle of Buena Vista, in 1847, he was called a "scientific artillerist." In 1855 he was promoted to be major of cavalry, when he was within three of the bottom of the list among captains of artillery. This unwonted promotion was not caused by accident or intrigue. It was a just tribute to his exceptional merit. Robert E. Lee, George B. McClellan, Joseph E. Johnston, John Sedgwick, and others afterward famous, were promoted at the same time, but none so greatly advanced as he.

He had not been in the army eighteen months when he was brevetted "for gallantry and good conduct" in action, a distinction won by none of his contemporaries. In the Mexican War he was twice brevetted for the same cause, and was one of a very small number who gained so many of those marks of merit. He was afterward instructor at West Point for three years. Thence he was sent to Fort Yuma, perhaps the most undesirable post in the United States, — a veritable place of exile. Even in this unpromising field he found scope for his active and observant intellect. He studied the geology and flora of the region, the language and habits of the Indians, everything of interest in its geography and history. He investigated the navigability of the Colorado River with the view of utilizing it to supply our army in Utah. He became an expert in woodcraft. Stationed afterward in Texas, he scouted the whole northwestern frontier of that great State, adding much to our knowledge of its geography and resources.

In November, 1860, he left Texas on a year's leave of absence granted him the preceding August, long before the political storm had burst upon the country. While so absent there came to him, as to all officers in the army, the crucial test of duty and honor. He was a Virginian, born while Madison was President, preceded by Jefferson, fol-

lowed by Monroe. Marshall was still Chief Justice. All the great offices in the nation had been largely held by Virginians. The traditions of devotion to "the mother of Presidents," which proved so commanding to Lee and Johnston and others, spoke also strongly to him. Before his leave had half expired, Virginia seceded. His regiment, surrendered to lawless insurgents in Texas, was finding its way, in squads, to New York. On the 11th of April, 1861, he was ordered to conduct its remnants to Carlisle Barracks for reorganization. Without a syllable of objection he obeyed the order, thus arraying himself indissolubly on the side of the Union. While on his way there the guns opened on Fort Sumter. On the 15th came the President's call for seventy-five thousand men. On the 17th the Convention of Virginia in secret session adopted the ordinance of secession, and summoned all Virginians to take service for their native State. On the 20th, Robert E. Lee, recently promoted to be colonel of his regiment, offered his resignation, and without waiting for action upon it left silently for Richmond, where he at once assumed command of the insurgent forces. On the 21st, while Lee was making his secret way to the Confederacy, Thomas was leading a squadron to disperse a rebellious mob trying to help the Southern cause by destroying the railroad leading to Washington. From that day till the rebellion ended in complete overthrow, he was not absent from his post of duty a single hour.

His severance from family and State was a keen trial, but "his duty was clear from the beginning." To his vision there was but one country, — the United States of America. He had few or no friends at the North. Its political policy had not seemed to him to be wise. But he could serve under no flag except that which he had pledged his honor to uphold. On the 25th of April he was promoted to be lieutenant-colonel

to fill the vacancy caused by Lee's defection. On the 5th of May, Sidney Johnston having resigned, he was made colonel. In assuming both these positions he renewed his oath of allegiance; to him not a mere form but "a solemn pledge to the government." On the 2d of July he crossed the Potomac at the head of a brigade, and on the soil of his native State met and put to flight a body of Virginia troops drawn up by "Stonewall" Jackson to contest his passage. It was the first encounter in that section between the national and the insurgent troops, and he acted with conspicuous bravery. Yet when, a month later, his appointment as brigadier-general of volunteers was urged by Robert Anderson, both the latter and Sherman had to contend against suspicions of his loyalty, so little was he known at Washington. For the fifty-four brigadiers whose appointments antedated his, among them Blenker and Sigel and Prentiss and McClelland, there were sponsors in Congress or elsewhere. Thomas had no representative. Only his army service could speak for him, and they who best knew it had already joined the Confederacy.

Immediately on his appointment he was ordered to Kentucky, reporting there on the 6th of September to General Robert Anderson, the department commander. His first duty was to organize and discipline a camp composed chiefly of refugees from East Tennessee and the mountain counties of Kentucky. In a military point of view, it was work of the most primitive character. Much of it might better have been done by a competent drill sergeant. But it was a good lesson. He soon learned, and had respect and sympathy for, the eager patriotism and the cruel experiences of these undisciplined but unshaken sons of the wilderness. They, in turn, learned to trust him with confidence unsurpassed. By the middle of October he had mustered into service five Kentucky and two Ten-

nessee organizations. With the addition of seven others, he made ready for his anticipated expedition into East Tennessee. Various causes first delayed and finally prevented the execution of his plan. But the abandonment of that undertaking did not lessen his labors. Other and more serious work awaited him. On the 19th of January, 1862, in the early twilight of a rainy winter morning, his advance forces, consisting of four regiments of infantry and one of cavalry, were unexpectedly attacked by a body of the enemy nearly twice as large. At first his troops yielded a little ground; but from the moment he reached the front there was no more wavering. After several hours of stubborn fighting he ordered a charge. The result was decisive. By ten o'clock, the whole rebel division was in disorderly retreat, with the loss of its commander and three hundred and fifty men. His victorious regiments kept up the pursuit till night. In the darkness the remnant escaped across the river, only to renew the flight which ended almost in the dissolution of the command that had set forth to surprise and defeat him.

This battle of Mill Spring was one of the most successful during the war. It was the first ray of light after the dark disasters of Bull Run and Ball's Bluff and Belmont. In it General Thomas showed the instincts and the adaptability of a great captain. At the critical moment he changed his course from defensive to offensive. By a well-ordered charge at the instant when the enemy was shaken by the loss of its commander, he turned what seemed only a momentary repulse into a disorganized rout. This overwhelming defeat prevented the intended advance of the Confederate army to the very banks of the Ohio, with the panic consequent on such invasion. But the only personal advantage he gained was experience and confidence. No official recognition came. Promotion then, when he had so nobly

earned it, would have made him the senior major-general of volunteers, — except the four already appointed from civil life, — and would have immediately opened to him the way to larger commands, for which he was so amply fitted, and which so sadly needed men like him.

During the rest of that year his services were arduous and continuous; but they afforded little scope for the exercise of his skill as a commander in battle, the final test of a soldier's quality. He was not present at Shiloh. But, on the march from Shiloh to Corinth, he was ordered by Halleck to supersede Grant as commander of the right wing, — a slight Grant never forgot. After the occupation of Corinth he returned, at his own request, to the command of his old division in the army under Buell. After almost incredible hardships in the mountain region of Tennessee, he marched at its head to Louisville, Ky., in pursuit of the rebel army under Bragg, then threatening the Ohio River. Ordered by the War Department to supersede Buell, he telegraphed to Washington, "General Buell's preparations have been completed to move against the enemy, and I therefore respectfully ask that he may be retained in command." His request was granted. The indecisive battle of Perryville was fought on the 8th of October, followed by the hurried retreat of the enemy back to Tennessee. Buell was a second time relieved. But, instead of Thomas being placed in command, General Rosecrans was summoned from the brilliant defense of Corinth to the vacated position. So for a year longer Thomas remained a subordinate. Soon after Rosecrans assumed command, Thomas sent him the outline of a plan of campaign, designed to place the Union army on the line of the Tennessee River before winter set in or Bragg could advance. The plan was not then adopted; but six months later, when the army moved, it followed substantially the route thus marked out.

As commander of the "centre," — afterward the 14th Army Corps, of five divisions, — Thomas held fast the critical point at the fierce battle of Stone's River, December 31, 1862. The right was swept from the field, the left threatened with disaster. With two divisions, a little over 10,000 men, he maintained his ground, beating back every assault. He lost over twenty-five per cent. of the number engaged. A few days later the enemy retreated. "True and prudent; distinguished in council and on many a battlefield for his courage," were the words in which he was described by his gallant commander, General Rosecrans, who that day showed peculiar gallantry. They feebly express the renewed admiration and confidence of his devoted soldiers.

Perhaps the most signal illustration of defensive battle during the war for the Union was that given by General Thomas at Chickamauga. He had already rescued his corps, isolated by mountain ranges from the rest of the army, from imminent peril of capture or defeat. By wearisome marches day and night he had placed it in front of the enemy's right, urgently striving to gain the road to Chattanooga, the one line of safety for the Union army. Here, on the 19th of September, he held his own against repeated attacks. A night of almost sleepless anxiety followed, and again the gigantic struggle was renewed. About noon of the 20th, the whole right wing of the Union army was swept from the field, involving in its disastrous flight the commanders of two corps, of several divisions, and even the army commander himself. This terrible calamity left Thomas with only the remnants of six divisions and two brigades, out of ten full divisions with which the battle had begun. Ignorant of the catastrophe, he learned it only by finding the enemy where he had looked for reinforcements. Opposed to him were eleven divisions, flushed with unexpected success. Among

them were two of the best divisions from Lee's Virginia army, commanded by McLaws and Hood, and led by Longstreet. Against such odds and in face of such untoward disasters, he steadfastly held his ground throughout the long afternoon, repelling assault after assault, made each time with fresh troops on his own tired and diminishing lines. As night came on and his ammunition was reduced to two or three rounds a man, he led in person an audacious attack, breaking through the hostile lines, and scattering his enemy in confusion, bringing away guns and prisoners. Then, under orders from his commander in Chattanooga, he fell slowly back to Ross-ville unmolested, and there all the next day awaited the attack which was never delivered.

History justly celebrates the heroism of great commanders who, against overwhelming odds, and in the face of sudden reverses, keep an unbroken front, maintain their courage and self-control, or deal counterblows which neutralize the force of the disaster, — Cromwell with his Ironsides redeeming the day at Marston Moor; Napoleon with the help of Desaix recovering the field after it had been lost; Wellington grimly holding his own while waiting for "night or Blücher;" Sheridan reorganizing his divisions after the morning disaster, and leading them to victory. But what other instance is there of a subordinate — after his commander, deeming the day lost, has been swept from the field in the mass of retreating regiments — holding his ground, with little more than half the original force, for six long hours against the repeated onslaughts of fresh troops double his own in number, and at last inflicting such damage on his enemy that pursuit was impossible? Thomas's defense on that immortal day stands by itself.

As a consequence of this battle, he was now given the command which a year before he had declined. The honor

brought him no special gratification. The duties now imposed upon him were extremely difficult and embarrassing. Besides, he was placed under a general whom, when last met, he had superseded under circumstances which left bitter memories. Moreover, the chance of keeping his hold on Chattanooga was by no means encouraging, as shown by his first reply to Grant's anxious inquiry: "I will hold the town till we starve." Out of this unpromising condition he was soon raised by the arrival of reinforcements; and on the 25th of November, by the bold and self-ordered assault on Missionary Ridge, his long beleaguered and distrusted army won forever the gateway to Georgia and the Southern sea.

How large a share of the spirit which led to this desperate and successful assault was due to General Thomas's influence is a complex question. No other soldiers had ever done anything like it. Whence came that self-confidence which, after two months of virtual imprisonment almost to the verge of starvation, impelled these men to undertake that tremendous enterprise? Whence, if not from that inflexible, unyielding, never-failing will, whose operations were almost as one of the forces of nature? — the same spirit which had impelled them to hold fast at Stone's River and Chickamauga, and now inspired them to resistless action at Missionary Ridge. An army soon becomes the very reflection of its commander. "The storming of the Ridge was one of the greatest miracles in military history. . . . The generals caught the inspiration of the men and were ready themselves to undertake impossibilities." So, early the next morning, wrote the assistant Secretary of War, who saw the whole sublime spectacle.

Thus far in the conduct of the great campaigns in the West, Thomas had held far greater responsibilities than Sherman, — had commanded larger armies,

had taken leading part in more battles, had achieved far more important results, and had been always successful. A comparison of their careers clearly shows this. Thomas also held the superior rank. Yet when Grant, as Lieutenant-General, was called to the command of all the armies, Sherman was selected, through his recommendation, to succeed him as commander of the Military Division of the Mississippi. It was natural that he should thus favor his brilliant subordinate; but it was a real and public misfortune that a portion, at least, of the friendship and confidence he entertained for Sherman was not displayed toward Thomas.

In the Atlanta campaign Thomas commanded two thirds of the grand army operating under Sherman. Throughout, save on one unfortunate occasion, he bore the brunt of the battle. Had his advice been early taken, it is probable the result would have been more decisive. The only successful assault made in that campaign was at Jonesboro, on the 1st of September, when Thomas's old corps, the 14th, — to quote Sherman's own words, — "swept forward over some old cotton-fields, and went over the rebel parapet, handsomely capturing a brigade and ten guns."

Soon after the occupation of the abandoned city, Thomas was sent, with two divisions, back to Tennessee to repel a mere raid of Forrest. Once there, he was ordered to remain, to guard the railroad line between Nashville and Chattanooga. This was the reward of his labors during four months of almost constant battle. His old army was divided among strangers. He himself was not consulted concerning any of its future operations, and was banished to the rear as supervisor of communications. But when, a month later, Hood, having outwitted and outmarched Sherman, appeared unexpectedly on the banks of the Tennessee, the presence and power of Thomas were quickly revealed. As Sher-

man with sixty-two thousand men, — the pick of nearly double that number, “able-bodied, well-armed, provided with all the essentials of life, strength, and vigorous action” — was marching out of Atlanta to go through the heart of Georgia where was not an organized brigade to oppose him, on Thomas, with twenty-five thousand men, — the remnants of the two smallest corps, including “all dismounted cavalry, all sick and wounded,” — was thrown the burden of meeting and overcoming the one remaining army on which rested the hopes of the Confederacy in the Southwest. For a month the situation was most precarious. The narrow escape at Columbia, the hazardous peril at Spring Hill, the bloody encounter at Franklin, were followed by the appearance in front of Nashville, early in December, of the army which since May had thwarted all Sherman’s efforts, and now, reinforced by Forrest’s cavalry, was determined to recover all that had cost such untold labor. So anxious became the general-in-chief over the unexpected and dangerous condition in which Sherman had involved him, that he visited his impatience on Thomas, ordering him to be relieved, first by Schofield, then by Logan; and finally started himself for the scene of operations. It was a natural but needless apprehension. The army under Thomas had not a moment of doubt about the success of their chief. On the 15th and 16th of December was fought a battle, as carefully planned and as successfully executed as any during the war. When, on the afternoon of December 16th, the Confederate army with its overthrown leader was driven from its formidable works, a mere disorganized mob, the very foundations of that corner of the Confederacy were crumbled to dust. This crowning victory was Thomas’s ample vindication. With an army little superior in number to its adversary, he achieved a success so overwhelming that the hostile force and its commander were eliminated from

any further influence on the fortunes of the war. The seeker after contrasts in history may find one by reading the account of contemporaneous operations before Savannah, including the correspondence between Sherman and Hardee, and reflecting upon the relative numbers and results.

This unprecedented victory relieved General Thomas of any further work in the field. His triumphant army was soon scattered. One corps went to North Carolina, where its commander received Johnston’s final surrender; another moved on Mobile, and aided in reducing that stronghold; a third was exiled to Texas, where under Sheridan it helped shorten the rule of imperialism in Mexico, in addition to maintaining law and order in the distracted State; while the cavalry, under Wilson, made its resistless way through Alabama and Georgia, ending with the capture of Jefferson Davis.

The pursuit had not ended when, on Christmas Eve, the Secretary of War at last gave long-delayed expression to the national feeling in the notification to General Thomas of his nomination as major-general in the regular army, adding to the formal announcement: “No official duty has been performed by me with more satisfaction, and no commander has more justly earned promotion by devoted, disinterested, and valuable services to his country.” This late recognition completed the list of his official honors. He had now received a commission for every grade in the service, from second lieutenant to major-general. Congress also soon after thanked him for his “skill and dauntless courage.” The redeemed State of Tennessee presented him a gold medal, and adopted him as one of its citizens.

He had the fortune, almost alone among army commanders who came in contact with Andrew Johnson, to enjoy the good will of that singular man. When the latter, as President of the United States, was in the height of his

controversy with General Grant, he tried to win General Thomas to his side by a piece of strategic flattery which with most men would have been successful. He nominated the great soldier to the Senate for the brevet rank of general, with a view to assignment to duty with that rank over the head of Grant. But the offer did not even rise to the dignity of a temptation. In a letter which is a standing rebuke to all similar self-seeking, Thomas wrote: "I have done no service since the war to deserve so high a compliment; and it is now too late to be regarded as a compliment if conferred for service during the war." So was crushed that intended conspiracy.

Now that his labors were no longer needed in the field, Thomas gave himself with all zeal to the restoration of civil administration. In the troublous era of reconstruction, he stood as a bulwark for law and order in the threatened anarchy of that distracted region. Practically a dictator, all his acts were directed toward the restoration of civil, and the repression of military government. He had the satisfaction before his death of seeing all the States which had been under his control restored to their proper relations to the general government.

As would naturally be the case, he was a favorite candidate for the presidency, in 1868, in a large portion of the West and South. But he quickly suppressed all such tendencies. In a letter on the subject he declared that under no circumstances would he permit his name to be so used, and that even if nominated he should decline. Among other things he wrote: "I am wholly disqualified for so high and responsible a position. . . . I have not the necessary control over my temper. . . . I have no taste for politics. . . . I am poor, and could not afford it." Surely, so frank and outspoken refusal was never before made by any possible candidate. A politician, in the common use of that

word, Thomas could never be: a statesman, in the true sense, he always was. The Constitution was his political Bible. To its study and interpretation he gave his serious and constant attention.

In all personal qualities, General Thomas was the very model of a soldier and a gentleman. Six feet in height, with a graceful and well proportioned figure, he at once attracted the attention his merits so amply repaid. Not brilliant in conversation, like Sherman, he was genial, humorous, thoughtful, and stimulating. His knowledge of books and of philosophy was broad and accurate. While not properly classed as a scholar, he knew what is best in the best books. He had carefully considered the great themes of life and experience, and on proper occasions gave fit expression to his convictions. With a naturally hot and quick temper, he had learned to subdue its outbreaks and to make it serve its proper ends. He was entirely free from affectation, self-consciousness, or ceremoniousness; and he bore himself the same to the soldier in the ranks as to his commander. He never said, or did, or thought anything for effect. He hated noise and controversy and disorder. His whole nature craved peace and harmony. His greatness was inherent and natural and entire. His tastes were all simple and refined. He commanded respect and devotion by his very presence. Wherever he appeared, on the march or in the heat of battle, everything was "all right" in the estimation of his soldiers.

That such a man, so constituted and so trained, should have been a great soldier was the necessary result, not of any special aptitude, but of a nature great in all things. His only warlike quality was his temper, and that was never shown in battle. There he was calm, steady, unmoved, determined to bring order out of the temporary chaos in the best and quickest way. They mistake who have called him slow. His

mind was quick, alert, foreseeing. Having planned in advance as well as he could to assure success, he carried out his purposes with ease and smoothness, but with inexorable determination. If an unexpected emergency arose, he never hesitated or doubted. To will and to do were interchangeable words. And so there remains to his credit a record of unbroken success. "In one point, he has been the most fortunate of men. If ever he has committed a mistake, it has not yet been discovered." These words of Mr. Justice Matthews, uttered two years before his death, remain true now as then.

"Whatever record leap to light,
He never shall be shamed."

In the final view of General Thomas's

character and career, and in assigning him his proper place among the great names of history, the mind again insensibly reverts to Washington. Both were Virginians, both were greater in their aims and purposes than any State boundary could confine. "His native State was sacred to him only as it was consecrated to the Constitution and the Union. And if his conduct and career were in contrast with those of other of her sons whom on that account she has preferred to honor, nevertheless a generation in Virginia will yet arise who will learn and confess the truth, that George H. Thomas, when he lifted his sword to bar the pathway of her secession, loved her as well as these, and served her better."

Henry Stone.

THE CAVE-DWELLERS OF THE CONFEDERACY.

In the war for secession, as in the war of the revolution, the attitude of North Carolina was somewhat anomalous. As in the latter she had some of the most ardent patriots and devoted royalists, so in the former she comprised among her people some of the staunchest adherents of each cause. Stronger and more disinterested devotion to the royal cause was not shown anywhere in the colonies than when the Macdonalds, Macleods, and Campbells, the expatriated Scottish clans of the Cape Fear region, drew for King George at Moore's Creek the same claymores that they wielded so stoutly for Prince Charlie on Culloden Moor, while perhaps the most spontaneous rising for American liberty was that which resulted in the timely victory of King's Mountain.

Nowhere else in the New World, if indeed in the Old, is there a truer survival of the old English yeoman type than among the laboring whites of North Caro-

lina. If the old prints are to be relied on, perfect types of the churl who stood with Harold on Senlac Hill, and whose arrow flights wrought havoc with French chivalry at Poitiers and Agincourt, are still common among them. By laboring whites I do not mean the much caricatured "poor whites," but a sturdy, independent middle class, who have proved the salt of the earth, not only at home, but in Tennessee, Arkansas, Mississippi, Texas, and the other Southern States, to all of which they found their way in large numbers during the first half of the century. Along with the Saxon independence and courage, — for if they did run from Cornwallis at Guilford Court House, they came back the next day, and after that his lordship did all the running away himself, — there was no lack of genuine Saxon stubbornness.

It was this characteristic of her yeomanry that made North Carolina at once the most loyal and disloyal of States to

both sides ; that enabled her to send more men into the Southern ranks, and give more lives for the Southern cause, than any other State, at the same time that she contained by far the largest and most determined disaffected element of any State where disaffection was as little backed by Northern arms. In the extreme eastern and western counties, encouraged by the presence or expectation of Federal aid, it assumed a bold front, and sent many men into the Union armies. In the mountains of the west the Confederate conscription officers frequently met with stubborn and organized resistance, and in one instance, at least, a company of Confederate troops was surrounded and captured, officers and all.

In the central part of the State, where my experience lay, this disaffection manifested itself in a dogged determination not to serve in the Confederate ranks. It was not that, as a rule, they lacked courage, for some of the most resolute men I ever knew "hid out" during the war. A good many of these men were small slaveholders, although entirely out of sympathy with the slaveholding class in general. In a few instances they went over to the Federals when carried to the front, but the vast majority either deserted and returned home, or, as was still oftener the case, took to the woods and eluded the conscription officers from the beginning.

Our immediate neighborhood doubtless contained more of this latter class than any other in the State, if not in the South. As a youth familiar with the woods as country boys are, and in the confidence of the negroes as only a boy could be, I had an exceptionally good opportunity of learning something of their habits and hiding-places.

The overseer of the farm belonged to this class, his whole kith and kin being in the woods, where, but for convenient attacks of rheumatism, he would surely have been himself. By dint of this, the

hiring of a substitute, the twenty-slave exemption act, and what influence we could bring to bear, — for toward the close of the war it took not one but many causes of exemption to save one, — he managed to remain neither soldier nor deserter to the end.

Sometimes at his house, but oftener while hunting or bird-nesting, I met and conversed with these denizens of the woods, who were always armed, and usually in squads of four or five for mutual protection. Once I unexpectedly ran into quite an army of them, and being decked from head to heel in uniform, gold lace and all, as indeed was every boy who could possibly contrive to be thus attired, I was at the first glimpse taken for a Confederate officer, and for the moment ran some risk of a volley of slugs.

For the first year or more after the passage of the conscription act, the deserter had little to fear so long as he avoided public places, or even gave the conscription officer an excuse for not seeing him. Now and then the captain of the home guard would call out such members of his command as could render no plausible excuse for not responding, and bluster through the neighborhood in a perfunctory kind of way. The deserter who was at home tending his crop, feeding his stock, and living much the same life as usual, always had abundant warning to step out of sight till the motley array thundered by. An hour later he would be in his cornfield again.

But after the Confederate ranks were thinned by the desperate fighting of 1863, the lines of the deserter fell in hard places. The Richmond government set energetically to work to bring every available man to the front. President Davis by proclamation urged every man to hasten to his country's defense, and promised pardon for all past delinquency, provided the offender now hastened to do his duty. Stringent orders and threats

of punishment infused energy into the officers of the home guard. Detachments of Confederate troops visited the neighborhood at short and irregular intervals, while the homes of the deserters were watched and repeatedly searched.

Then it was that the deserters, as we called all who shirked military duty, whether they had ever actually been in the army or not, had recourse to a mode of hiding which they had learned from runaway slaves. The fugitive in this region having neither the swamps of the east nor the mountains of the west for refuge, like all hard-run creatures naturally took to earth. He either enlarged and concealed some natural cavity, or dug a cave in which he hid by day, to sally out under cover of darkness in quest of poultry, pigs, sheep, fruit, roasting-ears, watermelons, and other good things in season. If he feared pursuit by dogs, he rubbed the soles of his feet with onions or odorous herbs in order to confuse the scent. If moderately wary or skillful, he found little difficulty in remaining "out" till the crops were "laid by" and all the heavy work was over, or till cold weather drove him back to a snugger berth in the quarters.

The deserter made a vast improvement on the burrow of the runaway negro. His cave was larger, better constructed, and better appointed than its prototype, but not better concealed. Banding together in squads of two or three, some unfrequented place would be chosen, generally on a hillside to avoid moisture, and as near a stream as practicable, for the easiest and safest way of disposing of the earth thrown up in digging the pit was to dump it in running water. The site being carefully selected and reconnoitred from every possible way of approach, a watch was set, and work was begun and pressed with the utmost dispatch.

First the leaves or pine-needles were raked back and a space "lined off," usually six by eight feet, but often con-

siderably larger. Then the ubiquitous bedquilt was spread to catch every particle of the tell-tale clay, and grubbing hoes, spades, and all available implements were put in rapid motion. As any prolongation of the work increased the danger of discovery, the object was to get it dug and concealed at the earliest possible moment. Every hand that could be trusted, — old men, women, and children, — was called in to assist. To these auxiliaries fell the hardest part of the task, that of disposing of the dirt, which of course could not be left near the cave. This was generally "toted" away in buckets and piggins, and dumped in the adjacent stream, and as the direction from which the cave was approached had to be constantly changed lest the faintest vestige of a path should betray the spot, the labor of transporting eight or ten cubic yards of earth in this primitive fashion was no light undertaking.

The proper depth, commonly about six feet, being attained, a fireplace was cut in the earthen sides of the cave and connected with a flue cut through the adjacent earth. Across the pit, and slightly below the surface, were then placed stout poles, and on these the roof of pine boards, while over all the earth and leaves were carefully replaced so as to conceal all signs of having been disturbed. Pine-needles made a very good carpet. A bed was constructed by driving forked stakes into the ground, and upon these were laid small poles topped with pine boughs. Sometimes a "cup-board" was cut in the earthen walls.

What gave the cave-dweller most concern was the disposal of the smoke from his chimney. Even under the best of circumstances, in the fairest, warmest weather, and in the driest soil, a cave was a dismal abode. There was a darkness, a chilliness, a strange and grave-like silence down there, which made fire, the only light obtainable in those hard times, an indispensable companion. When rainy weather came, and the walls

oozed water, only heat made it habitable. Care was taken to use the driest and most smokeless fuel, but as even that, though burnt ever so sparingly in the daytime, would cause some smoke, various plans were hit upon to minimize the danger of betrayal from this source. When practicable, the cave would be dug near a dead tree, which was first blackened by fire, unless one could be found already partially burned by the chance fire of some coon or opossum hunter. Failing this, an old tree-stump, after being charred, was ingeniously planted over the chimney mouth so that the smoke might rise through or around it. The object of these devices was, of course, that, should any unfriendly eye discover the smoke, it would be attributed to one of the accidental fires which sometimes smouldered in dead timber for weeks at a time. But, as a rule, the occupants, putting their dependence on good eyesight and legs, would, when no especial danger was apprehended, betake themselves to the woods during the day, and use the caves only as sleeping-places. Indeed, few of the deserters took refuge underground except in cases of pressing need, which, toward the last, were very frequent.

Entrance to the cave was usually had by means of a small trap-door in the roof, in the concealment of which much care and ingenuity were also expended. In addition to the leaves always kept on it, a tree would often be felled over the spot, the boughs serving not only to screen the entrance from view, but likewise to lessen the danger of any one walking directly over the cave. As it was all-important that no trace of a path should be seen thereabout, the trunk of the tree afforded a safe walk-way, care being taken always to approach it from different directions. The presence of a newly felled tree, like a burning one, attracted little suspicion, being charged to the negro opossum-hunter.

To show how effectual these devices

were, I need but state that in one instance a party of guards out hunting deserters actually stopped and ate their dinner seated on the trunk of a fallen tree whose boughs covered a cave at that moment tenanted by three of the men of whom they were in search. Even the burning stump was not lacking, but as the dodge was then a new one it aroused no suspicion; and after spending an hour or more in eating, joking, and horse-play, in which they were often within a few inches of the cave, they finally took their departure, very much to the relief of the three unhappiest men in the whole Southern Confederacy.

One very clever cave architect dug close to a deep, water-worn gully, and, instead of using a trap-door, cut through the walls of the cave into the gully, fitting a flour barrel into the hole as a door frame. Just here the gully was spanned by a large tree felled by some enterprising coon-hunter. By walking on this till directly over the spot, and then springing down on a heap of stones, no trace of his footsteps was left. His ingenuity stood him in good stead. Once he was sighted, fired on, and so hotly pursued that he was seen to dive from the log and disappear underneath. The guards, confident of a capture, hastened to occupy each end of the gully, from which it was clear that no one had issued. It was, of course, found empty; and although the presence of a cave was suspected and diligently searched for, it was never discovered. No one thought it worth while to peer under a stunted pine growing within six feet of the log, and whose boughs hid the flour-barrel doorway.

A daring and eccentric deserter chose as the location of his cave a high, conspicuous hill in the midst of a large cultivated field, and only a few feet from a frequented path. The débris of an old charcoal kiln rendered a small portion of the soil unfit for the plough, and just here the cave was dug, the refuse char-

coal being used as a cover for the trap-door in the place of leaves. It was the best specimen of cave architecture ever seen in the neighborhood, and bore the marks of long inhabitation. Who dug and fitted it up with so much skill and patience, why he chose that exposed and inconvenient place, how he escaped detection in the digging, how he disposed of the dirt, there being no stream within a long distance, is to this day a mystery. The most reasonable supposition was that he was a stranger in the neighborhood and a man of some means, who bribed the negroes cultivating the field to dig the cave and scatter the clay over the adjacent field, where it was turned under by the plough the next day.

A very domestic man burrowed under the hen-house, within a few feet of his dwelling, and contrived so that the smoke from the cave went up the house chimney. On one occasion he was pursued by the guards and chased into his own door, but a skillet of hot water in the hands of materfamilias proved as potent as Greek fire in quelling martial valor; and when at last the water cooled, the most diligent search of the house failed to disclose the whereabouts of the deserter. Let those laugh who will, but a gallon of boiling water in the hands of a determined virago whom long practice on egg-sucking dogs has made an unerring marksman is a weapon not lightly to be faced.

To insure greater safety, a band of deserters would have several caves in different places, occupying the same one but a few days at a time. A timid man is still twitted with having done nothing but dig cave after cave during the whole war.

The subsequent decay of the roof-poles and the dropping in of the tops proved hiding-places of this kind to have been surprisingly abundant, and to have been in the most unexpected places. A wooded bluff near a stream where I had been

all unsuspectingly hunting and fishing turned out to have half a dozen in it. This spot was in sight of the flag at a Confederate post, and less than two miles distant.

Sometimes a squad, after having with the utmost circumspection selected a site and completed a cave, would be dismayed to find that they had been watched from the first by another and perhaps unfriendly squad which had preceded them and taken to earth near by. A sudden shifting of quarters by both parties was pretty sure to be the result, for in those times suspicion was rife.

The deserter while "hid out" was fed by his wife or some female of the family. As this was of course suspected by the officers, and their movements were often watched, the women were driven to exercise no little contrivance and cunning on their part. Nearly every woman had her own code of signals to guide the movements of her deserter husband. Sometimes a certain bedquilt hung on the fence meant danger, and another of different color or pattern meant safety; or a certain song sung on the way to the spring conveyed the necessary information. But hog-calling was the favorite signal. In those days of scarcity the hog became of even more than his usual importance. The neighborhood constantly rang with shrill voices imploring him to hasten home to be fed. A slight change in the habitual mode of calling apprised the deserter a mile distant when he could approach his home, and when he must keep close underground.

In times of danger food had to be carried to the caves by stealth. The ingenuity with which these women, clad only in limp homespun, concealed provisions about their persons would give lessons to the deftest importer of dress silk and kid gloves, aided by crinoline, bustles, and all the paraphernalia of fashion. Many a wild-geese chase did they

lead those who followed them. No less a personage than the captain of the home guard himself, after following a will-o'-the-wisp of a faded checked homespun dress for miles through bush and brier, at length brought up in quicksand, where he stuck fast for hours till finally dragged out by the very men he was seeking to capture. Indeed, these women, in their way, proved quite as true and sacrificing as their more refined sisters who sent their husbands, sons, and brothers to the field instead of the woods.

The deserter's wife had not only to bear more anxiety for her husband's safety than the soldier's wife did, for the sight of armed men seeking his capture or death was almost an every-day occurrence, but she must, by her own almost unaided labor, cultivate the crops and raise food for her family. Then, after a hard day's work, food had to be prepared in the dead hours of night and smuggled out to the men in hiding. In short, her lot was but another proof of the truism that, after all, it is woman who has to bear the brunt of the ills that befall mankind.

The life of the deserter was not without its compensations. There was novelty, excitement, and a spice of danger which added zest to it. Perhaps, as men who had been both declared, it called for more courage to be a deserter than a soldier; but the former enjoyed a freedom impossible to the latter, and the deserter availed himself of his long holiday of two years or more to loaf, hunt, and fish to his heart's content. Owing to the scarcity of ammunition and the absence of such a large proportion of the male population, game became so tame and abundant as to be taken without trouble. Two deserters out turkey-hunting, having ensconced themselves about dawn in a "brush-blind," proceeded to yelp up their quarry. But the gobbler proved strangely unresponsive to their most seductive notes. When at last they were driven to stalk him, and had ad-

vanced a few hundred yards, the turkey suddenly turned out to be the captain of the home guard, who happened to be out turkey-yelping that morning, too. As his single bullet of loyal lead was no match for two loads of disloyal slugs, a mutual and hasty retreat was instantly beaten.

The tedium of deserter life was broken by all sorts of pranks and practical jokes played by rollicking members of the fraternity. One very effective but somewhat dangerous pleasantry was for several deserters to don uniform and personate Confederate guards. Some timid deserter or band of deserters, chosen as least likely to shoot, would be ousted from their caves, and at intervals chased around the neighborhood for a day or two. It is hard to imagine joking carried to a greater extreme than by soldiers marching toward the cave where a deserter was hid, pausing in his immediate vicinity, carefully and systematically thumping and prodding the ground, and, after what seemed an eternity to the poor fellow beneath, violently pulling up the trap-door, thrusting in a couple of cocked muskets, and sternly ordering him to surrender; or perhaps he would be suffered to burst out and run, receiving a volley as he went, and then be hunted about the country by those familiar with his haunts, and when, exhausted and desperate, he finally gave himself up, his captors, with a loud guffaw, would transform themselves into neighbors and fellow-deserters.

Another comedy in pantomime was acted when a body of Lee's deserters, in making their way farther south, carrying their arms as they went, suddenly came face to face in the woods with an equally large body of our cave-dwellers. The former took the men in butter-nut for home guards in search of Lee's deserters, the latter very naturally supposed the men in gray to be Confederate troops in search of cave-dwellers, and both parties turned and fled precipitately. So

headlong was their flight that, blind to the direction they took, each described a circle through the woods, and five minutes later, spent and breathless, again tumbled into each other. Then, in some manner, Lee's men discovered that the men in butternut were not home guards; doubtless their speed made it plain that they could have no connection with those leaden-footed worthies; and a general recognition and affiliation followed.

When we consider the stir made about them, it is surprising how few deserters were captured. Some caves were found, but in nearly every instance they were empty. A singularly unfortunate man, after serving in the ranks with credit and unwounded almost to the very close of the war, finally deserted, returned home, dug a cave, but was immediately taken and sent back to the front, where he lost an arm in the first skirmish.

As fate would have it, it was the lot of one of the youngest and most ignorant of the deserters in the neighborhood to fall before the rifle of a guard. This youth, who was a kinsman of our overseer, was shot almost within sight of our house. Overcome by the wearing loneliness of deserter life, and longing for the companionship and comfort of home, he crept up to the house to reconnoitre. Seeing no one but his little brother, who was busy loading rails on a cart, he approached him for information. When within a few paces a Confederate soldier jumped up from behind the cart, leveled his rifle, and ordered him to surrender. The boy sprang between the guard and his brother, and shouted to the latter to run. For some time the soldier was prevented from firing. A few steps more and the friendly shelter of the woods would have been gained, when the Enfield got in its deadly work. For years afterwards a scar was shown on a neighboring poplar where the heavy bullet, after piercing its victim, had glanced and ploughed a large hole in the tree.

One instance of cave-finding occurred which the finder is not likely to forget. In the summer of 1864 a schoolmate of mine was out hunting partridge nests. It was Sunday, the day which, as all boys will attest, is worth all the other days of the week together for finding nests, catching fish, or indeed effecting any of the multitudinous aims of boy life. Coming to a spot in an old field on which the pines had been felled as if for a tobacco patch, with the broom-sedge springing up around the edges of the dead boughs, making an ideal building-place for bob-white, he proceeded to search it thoroughly. Scrambling over the deep gullies by which the spot was surrounded, and beginning to peer and pry among the brush, he suddenly and to his unutterable terror found the earth giving way beneath his feet, precipitating him into a hole in which he would have disappeared entirely but for the desperate and uncertain grasp which he managed to keep on a tuft of broomstraw. Visions of dire judgments on Sabbath breakers flashed through his mind, stimulated by unmistakable evidences of fire at his feet, which seemed to show that his Satanic Majesty might already be at hand. As if in response to his screams, the surrounding earth rose with a mighty upheaval, and two strange beings, whom his fright transformed into demons, sprang into upper air and proceeded to drag him out by main force. He had simply fallen down the chimney of a deserter's cave, in the fireplace of which a slow bark fire was burning.

Another troglodyte saw a still more alarming visitor make his entrance through the same novel doorway. Having retreated to his cave upon hearing the danger signal given and urgently repeated, he had scarcely adjusted the trap-door when his attention was attracted by a rustling among the leaves around the chimney mouth. A moment later a snake appeared over it, and fell wriggling and squirming at his feet. The cave was

in Egyptian darkness, but the glimpse that he had of the reptile in the straggling light of the chimney assured him that it was of the dreaded high-land moccasin species, which the country people think quite as deadly as the rattlesnake itself. There he was, co-tenant of a gravelike hole hardly six feet square, with the most horrible thing that his imagination could picture. Above were the terrible Enfields of the guards; below, the still more terrible fangs of the reptile. But to stir even for the purpose of springing from the cave must bring the moccasin upon him. So for hours the man sat motionless as a stone, till a companion arrived to extricate him. Fortunately, the snake, doubtless restrained by the proximity of a human being, also remained motionless. The man had been of stout body and strong nerves, but for months after that experience he was all nervousness and timidity.

As was formerly true of the runaway negro, there was hardly anything that gave the deserter so much trouble as his dog. His attachment to the brute was too strong to admit of the thought of killing him. But if he approached his home, even at night, the antics of the dog were sure to betray his whereabouts. When in dire straits his life depended on his legs, the dog running with him hindered his progress, and often tripped his feet. Let occasion come for him to steal to his cave with extreme caution and secrecy, again the dog, refusing to "be-gone," would take up some prominent position, and keep his gaze riveted on the exact spot on the ground under which his master had disappeared.

Indeed, the deserter had three staunch friends, his wife, his negroes, — for, as I have said, some of them owned slaves, — and his dog. More than one deserter owed not only his comfort, but his liberty, if not his life, to the fidelity and cunning of some trusty slave. Often the negro's instinctive knowledge of woodcraft enabled him to make suggestions which greatly increased the safety of the hiding-place; and when questioned by the guards, his apparently innocent responses would throw pursuit in one direction while his master was speeding off in another. No one else could mingle the alarm signal with the hog-calling so successfully or be heard so far as he could; and no matter how thick the guards or how strict the watch, the cave was sure to be kept provisioned. While ostensibly very busy at the store or the station, his alert ears were catching every scrap of news, every rumor which could indicate the movements of the "deserter-hunters."

The war over, almost as many absentees came back to our midst from the woods as from the camp. The meeting between deserter and deserter-hunter was at first very awkward, but the world moved faster now than of old, and the friction disappeared with surprising quickness. When reconstruction was effected, and the deserters went in a body into the Republican ranks, as it was very natural they should do, much of the war-time bitterness revived; but when, a little later, they began to fall back to the Democratic party, the past was forgiven, and, what is better, it was forgotten.

David Dodge.

THE EQUINOCTIAL ON THE IPSWICH DUNES.

THE dunes of Ipswich in Massachusetts lie in a somewhat secluded and peculiar spot. Facing the open ocean between Plum Island and Coffin's Beach, the Ipswich shore presents a strange aspect to the passing world, seaward, skyward, or landward. It is a rough bit of desert, made into odd shapes by wind, tide, and river. From no point of view is it commonplace.

An early morning train from Boston landed me on March 21 at Ipswich station. Rain fell in a determined way upon the earth, the snowdrifts, and the rushing Ipswich River. In a rickety buggy drawn by a lean horse I started for the dunes. It was a five-mile drive over a rolling glacial plain and wind-swept marsh land. As the sea was neared the wind became stronger and stronger. The buggy swayed from side to side; the lean horse, stung by rain in front and whip behind, staggered feebly on against the storm; and birds, waves, sand, trees, marsh grass, the face of the water, — everything, in fact, which could move, — either fled before the gale or writhed under its blows. At nine o'clock I reached a lonely, storm-battered house, half concealed among the sand-hills. The Equinoctial was at its height. It was an hour when prudence bade one stay in the house, but when that which makes a man happy amid the rough revelry of nature said, Go, give yourself to the storm. The sea could not be seen from the house, for the dunes stood in the way, but the wind, the breath of the sea, told where it lay. The wind was charged with rain, hail, cutting bits of sand, the odor of brine, and the roar of the billowy battle beyond the dunes.

What are the dunes? They are the waves of the sea perpetuated in sand. They were changing and growing at that moment, as they are at every moment

when the winds blow. A ridge forty feet high eastward of the house was hurling yellowish sand into the dooryard and against the buildings. From its top could be seen a hollow beyond, and then another ridge, from the crest of which a sand banner waved in the wind. That ridge surmounted, a broader hollow was seen beyond, containing lagoons of gleaming water and thickets of richly colored shrubs and a few stunted pines. To right, left, and ahead, other ridges rose like mimic mountains. Some of them had been cut straight through by storms, and showed plainly wind stratification on their cut surfaces. Wading through the pools, from which a few black ducks rose and flew swiftly out to sea, I gained the third ridge, which was the highest of the dunes. Beyond was another hollow, then a fourth dune, then a beach strewn with seaweed, shells, and wreckage, and finally half a mile of snowy breakers, boiling and hissing on their rhythmic journey shoreward. At times the eye seemed to reach further out to sea, but at once the rain, foam, and driving cloud masses closed in on the waves, and sky and ocean were combined in an attempt to overwhelm the dunes. Walking upon the beach was like wrestling with a strong man. Looking through the stinging rain was almost impossible. Not far up the beach was the wreck of a small schooner. It was half buried in the sand, and just within reach of the waves. Streaming with rain, my face smarting from the flying sand, and my breath exhausted, I gained the wreck and sought refuge in its interior.

The vessel's ribs rose high into the air, and a part of her sheathing had not yet been beaten off by gales. The waves struck this wall of plank, and sent shiver after shiver through the broken

hulk. Inside, the wind had little effect, and the water that came in was that flowing downward from the beach, as great waves broke upon the sand and then swept round over the wreck's buried side. Peering through the gaps between the timbers, I looked down into and across a raging mass of water. It was much like a shipwreck without the fear of death. Dozens of herring gulls, now and then a black-backed gull, and every few minutes small flocks of black ducks flew past athwart the gale. Sometimes a gull would face the wind, and fly against it steadily, vigorously, yet never advance an inch. The ducks looked as though they were flying backward, so oddly balanced were they. After nearly an hour of watching I waded ashore, followed my tracks back across the sand-hills, and gained a comfortable "stove-side" in the weather-beaten house. The noonday meal of fat pork, boiled corned beef, cabbage, clams, soda biscuit, doughnuts, mince pie, and coffee seemed in some degree a reasonable complement to the gale.

Early in the afternoon, in company with two friends, — a bird-watcher and a mouse-hunter, — I faced the storm again. We walked northward rather than eastward, keeping within the hollows of the dunes, and not climbing to their windy crests. Rain fell in torrents and in larger drops than in the morning. It whipped into foam the pale blue and green pools between the sand-hills. Gusts of air struck these pools from ever-varying angles, the cliffs and passes of the mimic mountains making all manner of currents and eddies in the wind. Ruffled by these gusts, the pools changed color from moment to moment; sometimes being white with foam and reflected light from the sky, then varying through every shade of blue and sea-green to ultramarine. The coloring in the miniature valleys was exquisitely beautiful. In some, the yellow sand, over which lines and ripples of purple

sand were laid, curved from every side with the most graceful lines downward from the ridges to a single tinted mirror at the centre. In others, where the valley was broader, lagoons filled with tiny islands were fringed with vegetation of striking shades. The clumps of sturdy "poverty grass" (*Hudsonia tomentosa*) covered much of the ground, its coloring, while it was wet by the rain, varying from burnt umber to madder brown. Over it strayed scalp locks of pale yellow grasses, restless in the wind. Next to the pools and under them grew a dense carpet of cranberry vines, yielding shades of dark crimson, maroon, and wine-color. Lines of floating cranberries edged these tiny lakes, or shone like precious stones at their bottom. Between the lagoons and on their islands dense thickets of meadow-sweet and leafless wild-rose bushes formed masses of intense color, the shades running from rich reds through orange to gleaming yellow. The rain glistening on these warmly tinted stems made them unnaturally brilliant.

On the shores of some of the lagoons, or forming small conical islands in their midst, were white heaps of broken clamshells. The shells when disturbed seemed to be embedded in fine black soil, like that left by long-extinguished fires. When these shell-heaps were first explored they contained bones of many kinds of fish and birds, including fragments of that extinct bird, the great auk. They also yielded broken pieces of roughly ornamented pottery, bits of copper, and stone implements of the Indians who had made the Ipswich River and its sand-hills one of their principal camping-grounds. This region has given to relic-hunters bushels of arrowheads, stone knives, and hatchets.

As we approached the largest of the lagoons, which covered several acres, black ducks began to appear, flying in all directions. They rose not only from the large lagoon, but from many smaller

pools hidden among the network of dunes. Over a hundred were in the air at once. Crows, too, and gulls joined in the winged stampede caused by our coming. One flock of crows flying towards Cape Ann later in the afternoon numbered eighty-three birds. Our walk ended at Ipswich Light, a small beacon placed on the edge of the dunes as a warning against their treacherous sands. A bit of land near it had been reclaimed from the desert, and gave promise of being a garden in a few weeks. The rain was at its fiercest here, and beat upon the lighthouse as though it would wash it from the face of the earth. As the wind blew the sand grass, its long blades whirled around, drawing circles in the sand with their tough tips and edges. These circles could be seen from a long distance, so deeply and clearly were they cut. Sometimes a long blade and a short one whirled on the same root and made concentric circles. The geometrical correctness of these figures rendered them striking elements in a landscape so chaotic as the dunes in the Equinoctial.

Scattered about over the sand were small star-shaped objects about the size of a silver dollar, and brown in color. They looked at first glance as though they might have been stamped out of thick leather. Whether they were fish, flesh, or plant was a question not readily answered by a novice. They proved to be a kind of puffball, common in such regions as the dunes, and singularly well adapted to life on shifting sands.

Through the long night of the 21st the wind wailed around the house, and the sound of the waves came up from the sea. Long before sunrise I was awakened by the quacking of domestic ducks in the inlet just in front of my windows. Fog and a gentle east wind ruled the morning, and the fog made queer work with outlines and perspective among the sand-hills. Not far from the house there once stood a fine

orchard, many of the trees in which had attained a generous size considering their exposed situation. But the dunes marked them for destruction. The greedy sand piled itself around their roots, rose higher and higher on their trunks, caught the tips of their lower branches, dragged them under its cold and deadly weight, reached up to those higher, and as the trees began to pine hurled itself against their dry leaves, twigs, and branches, then set to work to wear away the trunks themselves. Rising through the fog, these remains seemed like tortured victims stretching out distorted arms for pity. Only a few of the trees retained branches having green wood and pliable twigs, and these were half buried by recent inroads of sand. They reminded me of the fate of men caught in quicksands and drawn down inch by inch to their death.

Tracks in sand are almost as telling records as tracks in snow. Skunks had wandered about over these ridges in force. They do not find their food among the hills, but on the shore where the carrion of the sea is left by the tide. The ocean edge is usually strewn with dead fish, sea birds, and shellfish. Around these remnants are to be seen the tracks of gulls and crows, or the birds themselves. That morning the upper air was noisy with crows coming back from their night roost. They soon scattered along the beach, feeding. For some reason the ducks had disappeared from the lagoons. A few flew past up the coast, but the greater part seemed to have already moved northward. It was upon these sand-hills that the Ipswich sparrow was first shot in December, 1868. The bird is much like the grass finch in contour, and in behavior when approached by man. Its coloring is that of the savanna sparrow, only several shades lighter. During the March migration the Ipswich sparrow is readily to be found among the dunes. Startled by my coming,

three of them stopped feeding on the edge of a small, clear lagoon, and flew up the steep side of the sand-hill above it. This was dotted with clumps of coarse yellowish grass; the sand itself was a shade paler than the grass, and the sparrows' plumage toned in with both so perfectly that when the birds alit it was almost impossible to see them. One dropped down behind a bunch of grass, and ran along swiftly, with his head pointing forward, until he gained the cover of a larger growth of grass, then stopped and raised his head slowly above it, and remained motionless, vigilant.

Crouched among the grass in a hollow I watched him, my glass leveled at his head. Five minutes may have passed before he gave a sharp "chip," ran at full speed down the bank, and flew back to his feeding-ground. Near another pool a dozen or more horned larks were feeding on the wet ground. This bird is one of the most beautiful I know. In the pool caddis worms were crawling about in cases made, not of grains of gravel, but of sections of scouring-rush, which they had found to answer all practical purposes. This is an instance of the use of ready-made clothing to oppose to nature's usual demand for custom-made garments. These caddis worms were the first water-life which I had seen stirring this spring. Later in the day I saw "tomcoddies" or "mummichogs" swimming in a ditch, but they are active all winter. Another sign of spring was the track of a white-footed mouse (*Hesperomys leucopus*) found by the mouse-hunter on his morning round.

Standing on the crest of one of the dunes next the sea, and looking through the fog across lagoons filled with islands to other dunes of many outlines, varying from pointed peak or bold bluff to long graceful ridge, it was impossible to retain true ideas of size and distance. The proportions of pools, islets, bushes,

and cliffs corresponded so closely to those which would have marked lakes, islands, groves, and mountain peaks that, for all the eye could tell, Winnepesaukee and the Franconia Mountains were there in all their beauty. During the forenoon the fog crept back to the sea, the sun came out, and the landscape appeared in new colors and proportions. Lakes shrank to pools, mountains dwindled to sand-ridges. The sand itself grew pale, and many of its most brightly colored plants lost their brilliancy as they dried. This was strikingly noticeable in the *Hudsonia tomentosa*, which changed from rich brown tones to sage green and gray. Ducks were replaced by numbers of red-wing black-birds, and all day long the "flick, flick, flick, flick, flick" of a pigeon woodpecker rang from a tree on Hog Island.

In the afternoon we rowed across the shallow inlet to the island, which is what geologists call a drumlin, and sailors and farmers a hogback. It is a gently sloping hill of gravel, whose longer axis is supposed to indicate the direction of the glacier's advance at that point. The length of the island from northwest to southeast is a little over half a mile, and its height along its backbone is one hundred and forty feet. A sunny old farmhouse on the low land at the end of the island nearest Coffin's Beach was pointed out as the birthplace of Rufus Choate. Beyond it was a fair view of Essex River, with its gleaming flats dotted with clam-diggers, Coffin's Beach, Annisquam Harbor, and the shores of Cape Ann made dim and mysterious by the east wind's veil of haze, a pledge of returning storm. The view northward across Castle Neck and the mouths of Ipswich and Rowley rivers to Plum Island was not only beautiful, but interesting by reason of the distinctness with which it mapped the dunes. As line upon line of white-edged breakers rolled in upon the shore, they seemed to turn to sand and continue their undulations across

Castle Neck to our inlet. Bits of blue shone between these sand-waves. They were the mimic lakes of the caddis worms and the Ipswich sparrows. Bits of white were on the sands of the beach and the flats along the inlet. They were flocks of gulls feeding. So still was the air that now and then the uncanny whining of one of these birds came up to us. Inland the sun made the haze golden instead of gray, and we could not see many miles. In Ipswich, Hamilton, and Essex many drumlins could be seen, one of which, Heartbreak Hill, was especially conspicuous. The outlines of these hills seemed restful and placid. The marshes between them were straw-colored, and cut into arabesques by meandering tide rivers of blue.

The stone walls on Hog Island were apparently being swallowed up by the earth. The boulders also appeared to be sinking below the surface. One stone wall had sunk so that its top was almost level with the ground. In the fields at the base of the hill tunnels of the common field mouse (*Arvicola pennsylvanicus*) ran in every direction. The mouse-hunter, in order to prove beyond a doubt that these sturdy mice, and not moles, were responsible for the tunnels, dug one

of them out of his cave and produced him struggling.

At sunset, after our row back to the sand-hills, I climbed the highest dune and took a last look at the singular panorama of blue lagoons, pale yellow ridges, wind-cut bluffs, buried trees, and foaming breakers. It certainly was a unique landscape and one fascinating for many reasons, but it had something sinister in it. The ocean was covered by a thin fog; the east wind coming from the waves was chilling, and it brought confused sounds of roaring water and shrill-voiced gulls. The sands, forever shifting, seemed treacherous, the sea restless, and the wind which stirred them full of discontent. There are many who find rest in the restlessness of the sea, the dunes, and the winds. Perhaps my lack of sympathy is hereditary. Rather more than two hundred and fifty years ago a father and son were fishermen upon these perfidious coasts. In the great storm of December 15, 1636, the father was claimed by the ocean as its own. The son gave up the sea, and grew corn by the ponds of Chebacco. Before he died he moved out of sight and hearing of the ocean, and for many generations none of his descendants lived within tide-water limits.

Frank Bolles.

THE BUBBLE.

WHY should I stay? Nor seed nor fruit have I;
 But, sprung at once to beauty's perfect round,
 Nor loss, nor gain, nor change in me is found,—
 A life-complete in death-complete to die.

John B. Tabb.

THE LATE SIR JOHN MACDONALD.

THE wave of emotion which swept over Canada on the death of Sir John Macdonald has not yet wholly subsided. The incidents of the political struggle of the session of Parliament at the very beginning of which he died have stimulated the zeal of his followers, and given them a clearer knowledge of the loss they have sustained. Thus personal feeling and political fealty join in keeping fresh the sense of regret for the loss of their old chief.

In the nature of things, there has necessarily been some subsidence of public sorrow. All the circumstances surrounding the death of the Premier tended to create a feeling that since at seventy-six death must be expected, Sir John Macdonald was fortunate in dying as Premier of his country, and in the confidence alike of the people and Parliament of Canada, and of the Parliament and Queen of Great Britain. He passed away with dignity, and dignity, in such a case, affords some alleviation to sorrow.

The life which thus closed was spent almost wholly before the public, and in the discharge of public business. Born at Glasgow in 1815, Sir John Macdonald came with his parents to Canada at an early age; was educated at Kingston; studied law, and was in due time admitted to the bar; and in 1844 entered on his long parliamentary career. A brief list of his various employments in the service of the state will indicate the variety and extent of his public life:—

Receiver-General, May 21 to December 7, 1847.

Commissioner of Crown Lands, December 8, 1847, to March 10, 1848.

In opposition, 1848 to 1854.

Attorney-General, September 11, 1854, to August 1, 1858.

Postmaster-General for one day, August 6, 1858.

Attorney-General, August 7, 1858, to May 23, 1862.

In opposition, May 23, 1862, to March 30, 1864.

Attorney-General, March 30, 1864, to July 1, 1867.

Premier of New Dominion, July 1, 1867, to November, 1873.

In opposition, November, 1873, to September, 1878.

Premier of Canada, September, 1878, to June 7, 1891.

Thus, out of his forty-seven years of parliamentary life, from 1844 to 1891, he was thirty-two years in office, most of that time leader of his party. He was only three years in public life before he was in the government; and in all he was only twelve years in opposition,—still, however, leading his party. His opponents always feared him; his friends never abandoned him in opposition; and whether in power or in opposition, he was always the most versatile and vigorous force in Canadian public affairs.

In order to make as clear as possible to the reader the conditions of public life and the questions which public men had to solve at the time when Sir John Macdonald entered public life, a brief history of political development in Canada must be given.

Among the possessions of the British crown, Canada holds a peculiar place. For Canada, the empire made a great and costly struggle alike against France and against the United States. For the empire, Canada has thrice resorted to arms—in 1775, in 1812, and in 1866—and turned the tide of invasion from the walls of Quebec and from the frontiers of Ontario. For Canada, the empire has exerted at all times its full

diplomatic strength and skill, though not always successfully, and has afforded when necessary the valuable service of her public credit. For the empire, Canada has incurred great liabilities, which, while developing Canadian territory and enlarging Canadian wealth and commerce, must inevitably be of signal service in the future defense of the Queen's dominions. India alone, among the other dependencies of the crown, has incurred great expenditure for imperial interests; but this was done, not by the spontaneous and loyal self-sacrifice of the people, but by the order of the state. In the West Indies great battles have been fought, which have made the waters surrounding those islands full of glorious historic memories; but those battles were fought by the British navy, and entailed no struggle and little sacrifice on the part of the people. In Canada, however, all efforts made for the security and the interests of the empire have been loyal, spontaneous, and helpful.

Nevertheless, the political development of Canada was slow. It did not exhibit that progress by leaps and bounds towards free political institutions which we notice in the case of the Australian colonies. These latter sprang speedily into full life and vigor because they had no long preliminary period of military rule. They were settled rapidly by men who fully understood the practice of constitutional government, and therefore constitutions were quickly conferred on them. But in the North American provinces, though some became British possessions in 1713, and all in 1763, the acquisition of political institutions of perfect freedom was long delayed. Nova Scotia did not acquire responsible government till 1848; Prince Edward Island not till 1851; New Brunswick not till 1848; Quebec not till 1841, at the time of the union of Upper and Lower Canada, and indeed it was not till the second session of the

first Parliament that responsible government was, in theory, conceded to the new Province.

The reasons for this long delay in gaining responsible government are interesting. The country was obtained by conquest or had been always maintained by arms; consequently a period of military rule was natural and necessary. The invasion of Canada from the United States in 1775 prolonged this period of military government, and indeed rendered any other government almost impossible. The loyalist immigration into Canada from 1776 to 1783, and afterward, added to the population a great number of people by no means disposed to think that political agitation of any sort was good for the peace and order of the state. The war of 1812 strengthened the military and conservative feeling again, and gave an air of treason to political designs and demands which at any other time would have been deemed worthy of serious consideration. The rebellion of 1837 stigmatized as traitors all who had joined in it, the penalties inflicted having been very severe. For these reasons, the demand made, and ultimately conceded, for responsible government was met by the fierce and determined opposition of the most influential, intelligent, and respectable men in all Canada. The opposition to responsible government did not come from British officials or the red-tapists of Downing Street. It came from within, from among the people themselves, and from the best and the wisest among them. For example, in Nova Scotia, in 1838, resolutions were passed against the proposed federal union of the Provinces on the ground that it would "imbue the rising generation with a fondness for elective institutions." In New Brunswick, in 1849, the people sustained at the polls an administration strongly opposed to responsible government.

Responsible government having, however, been granted to all the Provinces,

and the union of the two principal Provinces having been accomplished in 1841, a new field in politics was opened for public men. There were at this time three classes of men engaged in the discussion and conduct of public affairs: (1) the old-time Tories, who looked upon all demands for constitutional changes as preliminary symptoms of revolution; (2) the moderate Conservatives, who did not love change of any sort for its own sake, but who were not afraid of improvement; and (3) the Radicals, who saw in responsible government and popular institutions the promise of the golden age. The strife of these factions was rendered more intense by the fact that the governors had no accepted traditions of political conduct, and fell sometimes under the influence of one faction, sometimes under that of another, while striving to seem free from the influence of all. To Lord Durham the people of Lower Canada had been hostile. Lord Metcalfe had been unpopular in Upper Canada. Lord Elgin had been stoned in the streets of Montreal and egged in the streets of Toronto. The House of Parliament had been burned by the excited loyal mob of Montreal in revenge for the passing of the Rebellion Losses Bill. The country was a victim to partisanship, and the strife of parties was unceasing.

Mr. John Alexander Macdonald belonged to the moderate Conservative party, which he was soon to lead. The older Tories had passed or were passing away. The last of them may be said to have been Sir Allan MacNab, who was Mr. Macdonald's leader at first, and who was in a few years succeeded by his subordinate.

The questions which the leaders of public opinion had now to face were of two kinds: —

(1.) Those arising out of the conquest.

These questions had by no means dis-

appeared in 1844. The Quebec act of 1774, which conferred on the French Canadian subjects of the crown the right to the use of their own language, religion, and laws, had always excited the hostility of a considerable section of the British population. The military rule of the British, however just, — and its justice was not without flaws, — was necessarily objectionable to the French people. Hence alienation prevailed between the races, which lasted long, and which is not yet wholly extinct, — an occasional eruption reminding us of ancient explosions. This feeling rendered the government of the country as a unit very difficult; and in 1791 it was divided into two Provinces, each with a legislature of its own, and each with its own laws. Out of this state of things political questions of much local consequence arose in both Provinces. In each there was a political agitation, which resulted in 1837 in a double rebellion, which was not suppressed without blood, and which left behind it bad passions that remained long a source of disturbance. In Lower Canada the old royal grants of land to the seigneurs had in course of time become oppressive and unpopular among the tenants. In Upper Canada the reserves of land for the clergy — claimed by the English Church, and this claim denied by the nonconformist bodies — had proved a source of enduring trouble. In addition, there arose after 1837 the claims of those who had sustained losses in the rebellion. All these questions must be decided in some manner.

One after another they were disposed of. The Rebellion Losses Bill was passed in 1849 by a Liberal government. The old Conservatives and the moderate men alike offered opposition to this measure, under which, they claimed, men who had been in rebellion would be repaid for the loss arising from their rebellious action. In 1849 Mr. Macdonald was under the leadership of Sir

Allan MacNab, and he voted against this bill as a concession to his leader. It was one of the last concessions he was to make to the representatives of the old order. In 1854 Mr. Macdonald himself brought in the bill which secularized the clergy reserves in Upper Canada by dividing them amongst the municipalities, vested interests being respected during the lifetime of incumbents; and likewise the bill which abolished the seigneurial tenures of Quebec, securing fair compensation at the same time to the proprietors. The skill with which this latter question was handled has induced many of those who remember the events to believe that Sir John Macdonald was the one man in the British Empire who could have solved the land question in Ireland.

(2.) The next difficulties to be overcome were those arising out of the union of 1841.

The conditions of politics were as follows: The governors did not relinquish without a struggle the valuable patronage they had hitherto possessed. The legislative council, or upper house, was nominated by the governor, who made the appointments from a very narrow circle of Conservative public men, and a clamor arose for the election of this chamber by the people. The population of Upper Canada, owing to the influx from the United States and to the better character of the country for the purposes of agriculture, increased more rapidly than that of Lower Canada, and the Liberal leaders of the larger population demanded a larger representation in Parliament. This question was discussed with constantly increasing bitterness. The parties in the legislature were represented in the cabinet according to their provincial and racial character, and it became, in spite of every form of reasonable protest, a practice to require a majority from each Province to carry on a government "having the confidence of the legislature." Fiscal questions did

not disturb the peace of parties in those days; the political battle was fought on constitutional grounds alone.

Mr. Macdonald was one of those who in 1856 voted for the bill which made the legislative council an elective body; and it continued elective till 1867, when, on the creation of the Senate, the fathers of confederation returned, very wisely in a country where there were then and still are too many elections, to the principle of nomination by the crown for life. To the policy of representation by population advocated by the reform leaders Mr. Macdonald was opposed, because his Lower Canadian allies were opposed to it, and because he did not think that the gain in political power arising from an increased representation in Upper Canada would be any compensation for the feeling of insecurity and suspicion that would continually alarm Lower Canada, which, having been forced into the union of 1841 against its consent and with a suspended local constitution, was naturally in a supersensitive mood. Moreover, the principle of representation by population as then advocated would have perpetuated the provincial differences, which it was the object of the union to efface. Mr. Macdonald's opposition exposed him to attack in his own Province and weakened his political following, because he thereby incurred the reproach of governing Upper Canada by means of the support of the Lower Canadian members. A like accusation was made against him when, after a period of adherence by way of experiment, he abandoned the practice of having a majority in each Province to support a government. This also tended to perpetuate provincial prejudices, and he abandoned it in his endeavor to promote a substantial union of the Provinces and a substantial unity in the legislative chamber.

Up to this time, then, it will be observed by the reader who understands the science of politics that Mr. Mac-

donald, although a Conservative, acquiesced cheerfully in the passing away of practices and institutions which had served their purpose. He had abandoned the theories of the old-time Conservatives; he had assisted in the curtailment of the powers of the governors; he had voted for the election of the legislative council; he had opposed representation by population; he had given up the double majority; he had forced the settlement of the clergy reserves question; he had insisted on the arrangement of the seigniorial tenure dispute; he respected the past, but he also respected the future. He was always thinking of the next session, the next election, the next generation, the next phase of public opinion and public affairs. That the driving-wheel of the machinery of state makes large revolutions he knew very well. He was not impatient for it to come round again; but he knew it would come, and he was always ready for the opportunity it afforded.

In 1864 began the movement which ended in the confederation of the British North American Provinces. Professor Goldwin Smith, in reply to those who make claim for this or that man that he was "the father of confederation," invariably says, "*No; deudlock was the father of confederation.*" And this is what he means.

On the 16th of May, 1863, the Parliament of Canada was dissolved by Lord Monck, the reform party being in power. At the close of the session of 1863, on the 12th of May, the Governor-General, in his speech dissolving the Parliament, said in general terms:—

(1.) That it was not possible to conduct the public business in a satisfactory manner under existing circumstances.

(2.) That two successive administrations had failed to obtain the confidence of the legislature.

(3.) That these facts had made a dissolution necessary.

The causes of the troubles thus alluded to by the governor were as follows:—

On May 20, 1862, the government of Macdonald and Cartier (Conservative) was defeated, by the defection of some of Cartier's Quebec following, on the militia bill; and the ministry resigned. On May 24 the Sandfield Macdonald-Sicotte ministry was sworn into office. On May 8, 1863, in the succeeding session, Mr. John A. Macdonald carried a vote of want of confidence in this new ministry. The defeated ministers, acting within their right, advised the governor to dissolve the house, and Parliament was dissolved accordingly on the 16th of May, 1863, as above stated.

The elections were held in June, and the Liberal government was sustained by a very small majority. After a sharp parliamentary struggle, the new Liberal government, finding its position difficult to maintain, and thinking to embarrass its opponents, resigned. When two other men had declined the dangerous task of forming an administration, a member of the upper house, Sir Étienne Taché, undertook the forlorn hope and formed the second Taché-Macdonald administration, Conservative. This new government was defeated, by a vote of sixty to fifty-eight, on a test question; making the fourth ministry condemned in four years. The Governor-General gave his new and defeated ministers power to dissolve once more, a most troublesome and financially ruinous process, though perfectly regular and constitutional; but this time the dissolution did not take place.

At this critical point, when parties were so nicely balanced that neither could form a stable administration, Mr. George Brown, the reform leader, who was a sincere and able advocate of a union of all the British North American Provinces, gave it to be understood, by means of a communication to the late Hon. Alexander Morris, that he was not

unwilling to coöperate with the Conservative ministers in a coalition ministry, for the purpose of getting rid of the disturbing constitutional questions, and of forming a federal union of the Provinces. Thus the deadlock between the two parties brought about the Liberal-Conservative alliance which formed the Dominion of Canada.

But the Canadian "deadlock" would never have produced confederation had not other causes contributed materially to that result. The lower Provinces were considering a union among themselves on lines which had been laid down in an indefinite way for half a century. This was one contributing cause. Then the reciprocity treaty with the United States was about to be abolished. That was clear from the expressions of opinion in the United States, and the necessity for more interprovincial trade began to be foreseen. The Fenian invasion of 1866 gave, later on, a new impetus to the efforts of the fathers of the confederation. The need for a larger revenue, for more and more perfect public works and railways, and for a more uniform trade policy was apparent; and the wisdom of erecting a lasting bulwark of British power on this continent was clear to all Canadian public men. What was wanted at this point was a man who could take in hand the varied groups of political forces, unite them, mould them, inspire them, and give them confidence in themselves and in the future of the country. Such a man was found in Mr. John A. Macdonald, who, on the first day of July, 1867, became Premier of the Dominion, and who now, by the favor of the Queen, became Sir John Macdonald. He had at his disposal at this time the leading men of both sides of politics; for although Mr. Brown, who had taken the first step towards the coalition of parties, had withdrawn from the ministry in a short time, he was unable to check the movement in the other Provinces, and the

confederation was formed and governed at first by a union of parties.

The address which, at the close of his fortieth year in public life, was presented to Sir John Macdonald in Toronto, in 1884, contains the following paragraphs:—

"The happy results of British rule in North America, begun when the policy of Pitt was accomplished by the valor of Wolfe, would have been imperfect, if not frustrated, but for the cordial relations which you have for nearly half a century maintained, in spite of unjust and unpatriotic criticism, with the loyal men of genius who have been the chiefs of the loyal Canadians of Quebec; and on this occasion we would mingle with our felicitations to yourself a tribute of grateful remembrance of Cartier, whose statue rises in another city to bear witness to his public deeds and to keep his memory green.

"The hopes of imperial and the policy of Canadian statesmen to found a strong and lasting confederation of the British North American Provinces might have been prevented from early accomplishment but for your unselfish conduct, your generous recognition of the sincerity of political opponents, your willingness to admit to your counsels men of genius and skill when the service of the nation was paramount to the service of party. And history will recall with impartial admiration your agreement in policy and your continuance in friendship with Brown and Howe, with Hincks and McGee, representing phases of opinion which, with the quick sympathy of genius, you conciliated, at a time of crisis, to the service of the state."

In substance these are the merits which his friends claimed for Sir John Macdonald; and on the occasion in question, in the course of a long review of his public career, he took these paragraphs for his text, and accepted and detailed the views expressed in them.

The tasks which Sir John Macdonald

and Sir George Cartier and their colleagues of the Liberal-Conservative government had before them at the establishment of the Dominion of Canada in 1867 were no small ones, notwithstanding the stream of tendency which made for success and the men of experience they had in their party. In the first place, there was serious discontent in Nova Scotia with the financial terms on which that Province had been induced to enter the union. This was remedied in 1869 by an act granting a larger subsidy, and by the settlement of some minor questions relating to public works. In the next place, there was an obvious geographical incompleteness in the Dominion. This was amended with some degree of enterprise. The Northwest Territory was obtained by purchase from the Hudson Bay Company in 1870, and out of this territory the Province of Manitoba was created in the same year. In 1871 British Columbia entered the union. In 1873 Prince Edward Island was added. Finally, in 1886, the population of the Northwest Territory having rapidly increased, a species of representative government was conferred on this region; a representative act was passed, a governor was appointed, and the foundation of a regular provincial constitution established. Four districts have been outlined, namely, Assiniboia, Alberta, Saskatchewan, and Athabasca; three of which already send members to the House of Commons, and all of which will at no distant day form new Provinces of the Dominion.

The geographical question having been settled, there remained the fact that the means of interprovincial communication within Canadian territory were very imperfect. From the East men came to Ottawa by way of Boston. From the West they came by way of San Francisco and Chicago. In summer the St. Lawrence afforded communication with the ocean. In winter our ocean port was Portland, which the fitness of things

had decreed to belong to Canada, though Lord Ashburton was not aware of it, and Daniel Webster confessed that he did not remind him of it. The government of Sir John Macdonald undertook to supply the means of communication. The Intercolonial Railway, the first link of which had been begun by the Province of Nova Scotia, was completed in 1871, and has been made more useful still by the acquisition of portions of the Grand Trunk. Extensions of the system in Cape Breton and elsewhere in Nova Scotia have since added to the usefulness of this line, though the fact of increased communication must be offset by the fact of probable yearly deficits.

The bargain with the East having been thus liberally fulfilled, the bargain with the West, requiring the construction of the Pacific Railway, remained to be completed. This work was undertaken in 1872. The next year Sir John Macdonald fell from power, and remained out of office for nearly five years, in consequence of the revelations made concerning the subscriptions paid for political purposes by the promoters of the railway; but the Liberal government which took the place of the defeated administration went on with the work, if not on the lines of Sir John Macdonald's policy, at least on the lines which commended themselves to the practical men of the Liberal party; and the value of the work done was acknowledged by Sir John Macdonald's minister of railways when, in 1878, the Conservatives were returned to power. The work was begun by the new company organized in 1881, and was finished in 1886; an exhibition of vigorous railway management unsurpassed in the history of railways. But the government which undertook to aid the company in this gigantic task took its life in its hand every session till the work was completed; for the vastness of the undertaking alarmed the parliamentary supporters of the government, the most of

whom were not in the habit of thinking in large figures or of looking forward to future generations.

One other great work had to be done if the confederation of the Provinces was not to be a failure. This was, to diversify industry, to encourage manufactures, to develop the natural resources of the country. The necessity for this was pressing, for this reason. Before the foundation of the Dominion there were, as has been said, very imperfect means of communication, and trade had not flourished between the Provinces. The reciprocity treaty of 1854, which made the American markets free to Canadian products of certain kinds, and Canadian markets free on equal terms to American products, had checked the development of a varied industry in Canada. The abrogation of the treaty found Canada without political unity, without intercommunication, with few manufactures, and without an established foreign market. Circumstances rendered the postponement of this question of trade less disastrous than it might have been. The *continuance of high prices in the United States* before the resumption of specie payment enabled Canada for some years to carry on a fairly satisfactory trade with the republic, in spite of the loss of the free market. But this state of things changed about 1876. Prices went down in the United States. The manufacturers of that country became active and enterprising, particularly in seeking for their surplus a market in Canada. Agricultural products were enormously multiplied. And therefore the manufacturers, farmers, and miners of Canada began to feel the stress of this competition, especially as the Canadian tariff of only about fifteen per cent was opposed to the American tariff of about sixty.

Sir John Macdonald, in 1876, was out of power, but he and his colleagues in opposition saw an opening for a promising political campaign. It has been generally said that Sir John Macdon-

ald was always a free trader at heart. This is not so, for in 1860 he had advocated fiscal changes on the ground that they would afford protection to the labor of Canada. His chief colleague in the framing of his policy, Sir Leonard Tilley, had also as early as 1852 been a protectionist. They were consistent enough, therefore, in advocating protection in 1876, 1877, and 1878, when, after one of the most exciting of all his campaigns, Sir John Macdonald was returned to power, on a promise to promote by means of protection the agricultural, mining, and manufacturing industries of Canada. This policy was duly carried out in the tariff act of 1879, on the lines laid down in 1877 and 1878; and was sustained at the polls at the subsequent general elections of 1882, 1887, and 1891. In this last election of 1891 there was mingled, indeed, the element of a promise to negotiate, on certain restricted lines, for a renewal of reciprocal trade relations with the United States; but in the main the battle was fought on the grounds of the old policy of protection, under the old flag and the old leader. That this policy was maintained without mistakes and miscalculations, without protests and opposition of the strongest kind, no one can assert, but the government remained firm. In this election there was certainly a revolt in the Province of Ontario against protection, and in favor of perfect free trade with the United States. The knowledge of that revolt and the anxiety attendant on it impelled Sir John Macdonald, during a most inclement and dangerous season, to make such efforts in addressing the constituencies as in his feeble state of health he was unable to endure; his death was no doubt hastened by these exertions. Before he died, however, he knew that he had given strength for another parliamentary term to the trade policy he was pledged to maintain.

Some questions, indeed, he left unsettled; among these is one which caused

him at all times the most serious anxiety, since it is one which has always been a source of danger to British North American unity. It is the growth of an aggressive provincialism. The union of 1841 was effected for the purpose of putting an end to this provincial feeling, with which were mingled racial and religious prejudices. But the very means adopted to put an end to the evil were the cause, as so often happens in politics, of its perpetuation and growth. The representation of both Provinces — nay, even the representation of geographical sections of the same Province — in the cabinet; the establishment for a considerable period of the double-majority practice; the development of the agitation for representation by population, — all these things tended inevitably to perpetuate provincialism, and render unity quite out of the question. These tendencies were intensified by the maintenance — the necessary and proper maintenance, under the faith and guarantee of treaties entered into between Great Britain and France — of a separate set of laws and institutions and another language in the Province of Quebec. The establishment of the Dominion of Canada, with added territory, a larger constitution, a fuller measure of freedom in self-government, would, it was hoped, have a tendency to suppress provincialism; but provincialism has become more powerful, more aggressive, than ever. And now that death has removed the one man whose great reputation and whose incalculable personal influence could add overwhelming force to his appeals to national sentiment, the danger arising from the aggressive character of the Provinces becomes serious. Provincial representation in the cabinet, provincial representation in the public service, provincial apportionment of the expenditure, provincial grievances regarding railways and public works, provincial attacks on the stability of the federal ministry, provincial demands for the abo-

lition of the veto power, provincial interests in the arrangement of the tariff, — these are some of the characteristic dangers which menace the maintenance of what was intended by the fathers of the confederation to be a strong central government. But it is the business of statesmen to overcome difficulties; and the death of Sir John Macdonald leaves us still with men of the first rank, capable, it may be hoped, of carrying out his policy and completing his work.

At this point we may abandon for a time the direct line of development of Canadian history to examine briefly Sir John Macdonald's attitude towards Great Britain and towards the United States.

Great Britain, or, one may say, the Queen, never had a more loyal subject. In these days when personal devotion to the crown, to a constitution, even to a country, has become merely a charming legend to some, a cause of scorn and mockery to others, the chivalric devotion of Sir John Macdonald to the honor and interests of the empire and the Queen is most interesting. But at the same time he was modern in his views respecting the needs, interests, and policy of all colonies. He was conservative of the power of the crown, but he never allowed the representative of the crown in Canada to act against the advice of his responsible ministers; and when Lord Lorne, in discussing the Lettellier case in 1878-79, exerted some personal influence against his ministers, and hesitated about following their advice, Sir John Macdonald prepared a minute which was accepted by the colonial office as true constitutional doctrine, and which made it impossible thereafter for any governor of a colony to refuse to follow the advice of ministers who are guiltless of political high crimes, who have an ascertained majority in the legislature, or who are willing to go to the country on the advice which they have tendered to the crown. Having thus maintained the position of responsible ministers

against the action of the direct representative of the crown, Sir John Macdonald went further, and in the same case caused the dismissal of the representative of the representative of the crown, that is the lieutenant-governor of Quebec, for acting in a partisan manner, contrary to the advice of his provincial ministers. Again, Sir John Macdonald was devoted to imperial interests; but he forced the hands of British ministers to protect the Canadian fisheries when they were not disposed to be very active; he made it a part of necessary policy that no treaty affecting Canada, or indeed any colony possessing responsible government, shall be finally negotiated without reserving the assent of the colony to the arrangement; and above all, he made it a necessary part of imperial policy that in all negotiations concerning Canada this country shall be represented in the negotiating body. And at the time of his death it had been made, to all intents and purposes, a further part of imperial policy that none of the British colonies of America shall be permitted to make separate trade arrangements affecting in any way the interests of Canada without the consent of this country.

Respecting the great question of imperial federation now attracting so much attention and challenging so much criticism, the attitude of Sir John Macdonald was not pronounced; it was an attitude of friendly encouragement and attentive consideration. The subject was not a new one to him. In 1861, at Quebec, in discussing the question of representation, he had said: "We are fast ceasing to be a dependency, and assuming the position of an ally of Great Britain. England would be the centre, surrounded and sustained by an alliance not only with Canada, but Australia and all her other possessions; and there would thus be formed an immense confederation of freemen,—the greatest confederacy of civilized and intelligent men that ever

had an existence on the face of the globe." In 1885 he was quite as emphatic. With regard to imperial federation, he agreed that there must be something of the kind, and that, as the auxiliary nations of Canada, Australia, and South Africa increased in wealth and population, they must be willing to accept increased responsibility. Speaking on behalf of Canada, he declared that she was willing, and that she would be prepared, to join the mother country in an offensive and defensive league for the maintenance of the empire and flag of Great Britain. It has been asked why Canada should mix herself up with the conflict of nations. Her answer was, that blood was thicker than water, and that her people were Englishmen, Scotchmen, and Irishmen, far removed from the centre, it might be, but still clinging to the mother country. He was by no means rashly committed to any particular scheme of union; but there are the strongest reasons for believing that, had he lived, Sir John Macdonald would have been found upon the side of those who think that the trade of the British Empire needs guarding, consolidating, and extending under a system of general imperial policy which would provide for its protection. It may also be said on authority that, had Lord Beaconsfield lived, he and Sir John Macdonald would have been jointly engaged in populating and developing the northwest of Canada, and in promoting the imperial usefulness of the Intercolonial and Canadian Pacific railways. The policy was begun in 1879 or 1880; for, after a visit which Sir John Macdonald paid to Hughenden, Lord Beaconsfield made, at Bucks, the first of what he intended to be a series of speeches advocating the encouragement of emigration from the United Kingdom into the "illimitable prairies" of the Canadian Northwest.

In regard to the United States there were only two great questions which caused Sir John Macdonald to have any

policy at all; and these were, the trade question and the fisheries question. Sir John Macdonald's attitude had always been conciliatory in discussing the former. He was the ablest member of the government which accepted and ratified the treaty of 1854, negotiated at Washington by Lord Elgin and Sir Francis Hincks. It was Sir John Macdonald who set on foot all but one of the attempts which were made to effect a renewal of that treaty when, in 1866, it was abrogated in what must now be considered a fit of unwarranted petulance at what was mistakenly called the unfriendly character of Canadian action in the civil war. In 1865, when notice of abrogation had been given, a deputation was sent from the various Provinces to have the treaty renewed, if possible. In 1868 the first customs act of Canada contained a clause offering reciprocal trade whenever the United States was willing. In 1869 another attempt at negotiation was made, but owing to the continuance of unfriendly feeling in Congress the attempt utterly failed. In 1871, when the Washington treaty was being arranged, proposals for a renewal of the treaty of 1854 were made by Sir John Macdonald; but he was answered that it was impracticable; it "would not be in accordance with the views of the people of the United States." In 1872 Sir John Macdonald's government, in reply to resolutions of the Dominion Board of Trade, based on resolutions of the National Board of Trade of the United States, stated again its perfect willingness to enter on negotiations for reciprocity. In 1874 Mr. George Brown and Sir Edward Thornton arranged for a treaty, but the Senate would not even discuss it. In 1879, when the new national policy was adopted, the customs act again contained a clause making reciprocity in certain natural products dependent on the willingness of the United States. In 1887, when the fishery treaty was under discussion, a new attempt was made

by the Canadian officials to arrange for reciprocal trade relations; but this attempt was also in vain. Finally, in April, 1891, a proposition was made, the terms and conditions of which are matter of dispute as yet, for a meeting at Washington to discuss the trade relations of Canada and the United States. Sir John Macdonald did not live to take more than the initiative step in the negotiation, but it may be positively stated that he had the utmost confidence in some friendly arrangement which would remove all causes of dispute between these two countries.

The friendly policy which Sir John Macdonald pursued in relation to trade matters he was not unwilling to pursue in regard to the fisheries. That had always been, and continues still to be, an affair with which the ministers from the Maritime Provinces have most to do. But Sir John Macdonald never for a moment wavered in his determination that the historical view of British and Canadian interests in the fisheries should be maintained, and that the prime postulates of international law regarding the territorial rights of nations over the waters surrounding their coasts should be enforced. Yet he was ready at all times to negotiate for the free use of those fisheries and for the suspension of the rules of law on terms of friendly reciprocity. He had no hostility to the United States; he was hostile only to certain phases of American policy and certain moods of American opinion which threatened the interests or the allegiance of Canadians; and to these he was determinedly opposed. No citizen of the United States who has studied the history of the two countries can fail to see that a Canadian may reasonably entertain doubts upon the subject of the friendliness and fair play extended to Canada by the republic. It does not require extreme sensitiveness to believe that in 1837 some encouragement was given to the rebels along the border; that in 1866

the Fenian invasion was allowed to ripen in perfect security till it burst, however feebly, on Canadian borders; that no respect has ever been paid to the territorial rights of Canada on the waters along our coasts; and it is a matter of record that an unfriendly and threatening resolution was passed in 1867 in the House of Representatives when the Dominion of Canada was founded. These facts will suffice to justify a reasonable amount of caution and reserve on the part of a statesman who had had half a century's experience of these unpleasing and disturbing affairs.

In conclusion, one may briefly touch on that most interesting yet most difficult subject, the personal character of Sir John Macdonald. Probably no man on this continent was more familiar to the people than was Sir John Macdonald. His picture, whether in caricature or otherwise, had become the possession of the whole country, and no one in Canada could meet him in any place, even in the remotest backwoods, without knowing that he was Sir John Macdonald. He knew personally a surprising number of people, and stories are often told of his memory for faces he had not seen for forty years, and had then only encountered at a political meeting. He had addressed at various times almost every constituency in Canada, east and west, and no man within driving distance would miss the opportunity of hearing "John A."

He was delightfully convivial in private life, and for more than forty years had mingled socially on familiar terms with his followers. It cannot be said that since 1867, however, he had made any attempt to be on familiar terms with his opponents. Political feeling and personal feeling ran very high at times; and though he never said anything on the subject, it was plain that, as a general rule, he preferred to maintain an attitude of reserve with the majority of his opponents. Occasionally

this was to be regretted; but he had his own reasons, which were respected, for his conduct, and he did not enforce his example on his colleagues. His conversation was marvelously variable, running from the gravest to the gayest subjects with the ease of a man who "ran through each mode of the lyre, and was master of all." He was full of anecdotes, and used them freely in conversation and in his speeches. In the nature of things, some of these stories got old like himself; but we were always quite ready to laugh at "the grouse in the gun-room," for the sake of the old chief and the old times when we heard it first.

But there was one subject above all others that he loved to talk of, and that was the political history and literature of the eighteenth century in England. On that subject he knew, doubtless, as much as any man living. Lord Beaconsfield, who was also a devotee of that splendid literature, was delighted with Sir John Macdonald's taste in this respect; and in conversation told him, apropos of his familiarity with the premiers, that probably there was no man in England, except Spencer Walpole, who was writing a book on the subject, who could repeat without mistake the names of all the premiers since Pitt. Sir John Macdonald could do that and much more. There was no volume of political memoirs of that century which he had not read. All his leisure was passed in reading, for he was not a devotee of exercise, and seemed seldom to need it. He liked to read and to talk of books with men who loved them. All kinds of books were welcome to him. He frequently read novels, and enjoyed Howells, Black, Hardy, Blackmore, and Besant. He had a keen liking for poetry, especially ballad poetry, and all political poetry was familiar to him. A quotation from the *Anti-Jacobin* could not pass his ear without recognition; a line from the *Noctes Ambrosianæ*

would quicken his attention at once, and he would give the following line.

It is very difficult to describe his oratory. He was a master of all the arts of public speaking except that of being eloquent, if in these days this is an art of any value. He debated with great skill; and he preferred brief speeches, though he could, and occasionally did, speak for hours at a time. His manner was at times hesitating, but not from want of matter, for he never rushed into a debate without preparation, and he knew always how to obtain accurate facts at the shortest notice; in this respect his officers and secretaries served him with conspicuous fidelity. He could be humorous; he could be pathetic; he could make dignified and touching appeals to loyalty to the crown, to the party, to himself. Before a crowd on the hustings he was unrivaled in the deadly dexterity of his criticism, his humor, his appeals to popular interests. It was, of course, in the House of Commons that he was always at his best; and his respect for the traditions of the house, the rules of the house, the kind of conduct most likely to touch and please and lead the house, was almost inspired.

He succeeded in keeping together for a quarter of a century a political party singularly composed of English, French, Irish, Scotch, of Catholics and Protestants, of Orangemen and Home Rulers, of old family-compact Tories and sharp democratic labor agitators: and all these men had mingled during his life on terms of such friendly fidelity to the Old Man that it will be some time before they remember that they have serious differences of opinion; the habit of

acting together will remain with them for some years, at least. The clergy were largely on his side, and he had a strong party among what may be called the academic classes. The reason for this adherence to him of the clergy and the professors was probably to be found in the fact that in all things religious he was known to be a sound thinker; he had no tolerance for the "scientific" view of man's destiny and origin; the agnostic spirit of the age did not touch him. This "orthodox" habit of mind and the well-known taste he exhibited for an intellectual life and for historical and literary studies gave him a command of the clerical and academic forces which added much to his strength.

The loss of Sir John Macdonald leaves his party weaker and his country more or less in doubt about the immediate political future. But other men will follow in his footsteps, and indeed other men are carrying on his policy and perfecting his measures, with what success we shall not know till the next general election. The old chief had faults; he often admitted them; but it is not yet time to count them over. He made mistakes; these he also would refer to, though, like other men, he naturally preferred to have them regarded as strokes of genius; but we need not dwell upon them now,—it is so short a time since his hand on the shoulder, his touch on the palm, could thrill the feudal blood of his followers with somewhat of the tribal loyalty of the Highlands; and in this discussion of his career perhaps the reader will pardon the impossibility of writing without the sense of his presence and of the sound of his voice.

Martin J. Griffin.

A PEOPLE WITHOUT LAW.

I.

IN saying "A People without Law" I mean our Indians. He who tries to fix and express their legal status finds very soon that he is dealing chiefly with their political condition, so little of any legal status at all have Indians. But we must at once discriminate and remind ourselves that there are different sorts of Indians. What makes any of them peculiar, in a legal point of view, is the fact that they belong to a separate political body, and that our government mainly deals with them, not as individuals, as it does with you and me, but in a lump, as a people or tribe.

When an Indian has detached himself from his own people, and adopted civilized ways of life, and resides among us, he at once becomes, by our present law, a citizen like the rest of us. There are many Indians in the country who have done this. We may set them one side. There are even many Indians in tribes who are our fellow-citizens. In the language of Judge Curtis in the *Dred Scott* case, "By solemn treaties large bodies of Mexican and North American Indians have been admitted to citizenship of the United States." The Pueblo Indians, for instance, have been judicially declared by the courts of New Mexico to be, in this way, citizens of the United States, although, oddly enough, we keep agents among them. In such cases, the tribal relation, while it is of course a matter of much social importance, is of no legal significance at all; it is like being a Presbyterian, or a member of the Phi Beta Kappa, or a Freemason; and each Indian, however little he knows it, holds a direct relation of allegiance to the United States. Again, there are Indians in the separate States, as in Massachusetts, Maine, and New

York, who, although in tribes, have never held any direct relations with the United States, but have been governed as subjects by these States. The problem of this class of people has been slowly and quietly working out under the control of the separate States, without any interference from the general government, until, in some cases, politically and legally speaking, they are not Indians. In Massachusetts, in 1869, every Indian in the State was made a citizen of the State, and it is supposed, I rather think correctly, that they have thus become citizens of the United States. It would not have been so if the general government had entered into relations with them before this declaration. Then the assent of the United States would have been required to make them citizens of that government. But whether citizens of the United States or not, they are citizens and voters in Massachusetts, and might determine the election of a President of the United States by their votes. In the States of Maine and New York the courts still call them the "wards of the State," and as such the States govern them as they think proper, as being subjects, and not citizens.

Leaving these exceptional classes of Indians, what I propose to speak of is the legal status of that less than a quarter of a million of people with whom the United States government holds relations under the clause of the Constitution which gives to Congress the right to "regulate commerce . . . with the Indian tribes," — the people with whom we carry on war, and who live mainly on reservations secured to them by treaties or otherwise. There are, to be sure, some thousands of tribal Indians who wander about loosely over the plains, but in the main the class that I am to deal with, the class that is intimated when

we talk of the "Indian question," may be shortly designated as the Reservation Indians. And yet here I must again discriminate. Out of these Reservation Indians we may conveniently set aside the seventy thousand or so who belong among the "civilized tribes" in the Indian Territory, — the Choctaws, Cherokees, and the rest. These are, to be sure, in strictness, Reservation Indians, and their legal status is highly interesting; a time is coming when it will require the close attention of statesmen, but it does not so much press upon public attention just now. These people govern themselves with a good degree of success; they have constitutions and laws closely modeled upon ours, and have made much progress in the ways of civilized life. As regards their political relation to us, they rest, so far, in a good deal of security on the peculiarly solemn guarantees with which our government accompanied its settlement of them on their lands. But, as I have intimated, the time will probably come when, with or without their consent, there must be a readjustment of our relations with them. In looking ahead, we must contemplate an ultimate absorption of that region into the Union. Already, lately, there has taken place, in some measure, an extension over it of federal courts and federal law. If, then, we deduct these "civilized Indians," there remain somewhere between 130,000 and 180,000 others, whom I am calling Reservation Indians, either living on reservations or candidates for that sort of life; and it is these whose case I wish to consider. In this statement the Alaska Indians are not included. They are too little known, and their relations to the other inhabitants of that country and to our government too little ascertained, to make it practicable to consider them.

I am speaking of "Reservation Indians," but what are Indian reservations? They are tracts of land belong-

ing to the United States which are set apart for the residence of Indians. This is done in various ways, — by treaty, by a law, by an executive order. Often the reservation is a region given to the Indians in exchange for their ancestral home and hunting-ground; sometimes it is a diminished part of this ancestral ground. The Indians, in most cases, are recognized as having a legal right to the occupation of this land. They do not generally own the fee of it; that is in the government. If the tribe should become extinct or abandon the land, the title would rest wholly in the United States. Their title is the same that they were recognized as having in the soil which they originally occupied and ranged over when the Europeans came here, — a right of occupancy merely, yet a right recognized by the courts so long, at any rate, as it is recognized by the political department. This right is merely tribal; the individual does not own land or have any legal right in it. On these reservations the Indians keep up, in point of theory and in the main, their separate national housekeeping, make their own laws, govern themselves. They owe no allegiance to us; each Indian owes allegiance to his tribe and its chiefs. With these separated people, as I said, we carry on war, and until lately we have concluded treaties. Such was the way, also, of our English ancestors.

It has turned out, however, for one reason and another, that they succeeded very poorly at making their own laws and governing themselves; and we did not quite let them alone. We found, for instance, that it would not do to let in outsiders to trade freely with them, and that we must keep ourselves advised as to what they were doing, and whether they were standing to their promises; and so we sent agents among them to represent us in delivering to them the goods and money we owed them, and to protect them against intru-

sion. We could not allow intoxicating liquors to be sold among them, or firearms. We must, in short, fully "regulate commerce" with them. In this way it came about that we really interfered a great deal with the theory of their separate national housekeeping. Yet, further, when wars came, and with them the upsetting of everything and the rearranging by new treaties, of course we interfered still more. As time went by it was perceived that the Indian self-government amounted to little, and we occasionally stepped in with laws to fill the gap. But it is only occasionally and in scraps that we have done this; for the most part, we still stand by and see them languishing under the decay of their own government, and give them nothing in its place, — no courts to appeal to, and no resort when they are wronged excepting to fight. We keep them in a state of dependence upon the arbitrary pleasure of executive and administrative officials, without the steady security of any system of law.

In such a state of things as this, with a wretched system in existence, and with the need of a change, two courses are open to a good citizen, not exclusive of each other, but yet quite different. One is to endeavor to procure an honest, righteous administration of the existing system while it lasts, the punishment of offenders, the securing of good officials, the dismissal of bad ones, redress for outrages, and the creation of a public sentiment that will help to these ends. The other course is to displace that radically bad element of the existing system, the "lawlessness" of it, which poisons everything that is done, and disheartens the reformer by supplying new outrages as fast as he can correct the old ones. These two courses, as I said, are not exclusive of each other. He who would, first of all, abolish certain evil features of our present method of dealing with the Indians may well join in the endeavor to mitigate and mend

the administration of the present system while it lasts. And yet a persuasion of the need and the possibility of a radical change will surely affect the judgment in determining the relative importance of things; it will settle the question of *emphasis*, that most important thing in thought and conduct. I desire at the outset to express a conviction that the chief thing to be done, the thing imperative now, the thing that must not wait, whatever else is postponed, is a radical change in the particular of giving to the Indians courts and a system of law upon their reservations; and also to express the conviction that this is not only a thing so much to be desired, but that it is practicable, if those who are interested in this subject will only insist upon it in this spirit.

(1.) Let us now, in coming to closer quarters with this matter, run over certain facts of the legal and political history of our relation with the Indians. Of the more familiar matters I shall say little, but we will try to observe some of the leading points, — enough of them to come to a fair understanding of the situation.

When the Europeans came hither, in the fifteenth century and later, it was unavoidable that there should be conflicts between them and the people whom they found here. Not only the nature of the situation, but the European ideas of the relation to each other of white men and men of other colors, made it certain that there would be trouble. Had the new-comers all been saints and sages, this would still have happened, for they and the savages did not and could not understand each other. Their purposes crossed. Necessity drove each to acts that seemed hostile to the other. How could the savages fail to regard as enemies the strange people who seized and carried away to an unknown fate their neighbors and friends; who carried off their stores of food, and stripped the graves of their families?

How could they know what the Europeans were at? And if they did know, how could they help fearing for themselves and their household gods? The Europeans, however, were not saints and sages, but average men of their time; and the natives were savages. In war both were ferocious and brutal; and the savages were ferocious and brutal to the last degree. In that famous first letter of Columbus, — lately reprinted in the Latin version of 1493 by Professor Haynes, of Boston, with a scholarly translation, — telling of his earliest discoveries, we read these ominous words: "As soon as I had come into this sea I took by force some Indians from the first island." How did the Indians who remained like that? Somehow or other Columbus carried away nine of them to Spain. Was it likely to be any relief to their families to know that they were destined to be duly baptized at Barcelona? Columbus's plans contemplated the regular deportation of them as slaves. In the next century, the Spaniards, in their dealings with the Indians, did not at all improve upon Columbus. Of De Soto, in the fourth decade of the sixteenth century, we are told in Miss Fletcher's Report on Indian Education and Civilization, "De Soto's wanderings across the country might be traced by the groans of Indian captives, male and female, reduced to slavery and compelled to bear the burdens of the soldiers; by the flames of dwellings, the desolation of fields, and the heaps of slain, young and old."

The English were not so bad, yet the adventurers who sailed along these coasts continued the same work of spreading terror and hatred among the natives. The Englishman Waymouth, sailing up a river of the State of Maine in 1605, "kidnapped and carried away five of the natives." "We used little delay," he says, "but suddenly laid hands upon them; and it was as much as five or six of us could do to get them into the

[boat], for they were strong, and so naked as our best hold was by their long hair on their heads." Nine years later, Thomas Hunt, a shipmaster, carried away seven and twenty Indians from the coast of Massachusetts, and sold them in Spain as slaves. Six years later, in November, 1620, the Mayflower company began its dealing with Indian affairs (while exploring Cape Cod before landing at Plymouth) by repeatedly taking the Indian stores of corn and beans which they had laid away for their own supply; proposing to themselves, indeed, what the Indians must be pardoned for not appreciating, "so soon as they could meet with any of the inhabitants of that place, to make them large satisfaction." They seem also to have opened Indian graves, for we are told of the bowls, trays, dishes, knife, pack needle, the "little bow," and strings and bracelets of fine white beads that they found in one of them. They were now among the people whose neighbors had been kidnapped by Thomas Hunt. It is not strange, therefore, to read that when they saw some Indians a week later and tried to approach them, these ran away; and to find that the first actual intercourse between our New England ancestors and the natives was as follows, — I quote from Dr. Palfrey's History of New England: "The following morning [December 8], at daylight, they had just ended their prayers, and were preparing breakfast at their camp on the beach, when they heard a yell, and a flight of arrows fell among them. The assailants turned out to be thirty or forty Indians, who, being fired upon, retired."

Observe, I am not just now concerned in blaming either the Pilgrims or the natives. I am drawing attention to facts, and beg my reader to remember that, all things considered, such events were sure to happen. They help us to guess and forecast the relation of separation that was to take place between

the new-comers and their neighbors. As time went on, and new Europeans swarmed in settlements along the coast and on the rivers and meadows of the interior, — drawn often to the same points, to well-watered spots on the seacoast, the fording-places of a river, the lower falls of a tidal stream, or some fine inland river bottom, by the same attraction which had gathered the natives there, — as these things happened, all men know how collisions came and frightful wars and devastation, how the savages were beaten and crowded back. The necessity of self-preservation was held to justify any atrocities. "The awful conditions of the case," says our grave historian, Dr. Palfrey, in speaking of the performances of Mason and Underhill in the Pequot war of 1637, "forbid being dainty about the means of winning a victory, or about using it in such a manner that the chance shall not have to be tried again."

Complications arose. Not only English, but French and Dutch had set foot on this continent, and they were rivals here. At home, also, these Europeans fought; this induced sympathetic fighting here; and this, again, drew in the savages, whose quarrels, as among themselves and with the colonists, were fomented for the advantage of the fighting Europeans. Whittier in his beautiful early poem of Pentucket (the Indian name of Haverhill) gives a picture of one of the incidents of these wars, when the allied French and Indians attacked that border town, his birthplace: —

"Even now the villager can tell
Where Rolfe beside his hearthstone fell,
Still show the door of wasting oak,
Through which the fatal death-shot broke,
And point the curious stranger where
De Rouville's corse lay grim and bare, —
Whose hideous head, in death still feared,
Bore not a trace of hair or beard."

Haverhill was my own birthplace, and I well recall the dreadful fear of Indians which the children of that town continued

to cherish so late as fifty odd years ago, — a century and a quarter after these events. I can remember coming home from school in mortal terror lest my family had all been carried away by the Indians during my absence.

As time went on, in some colonies the Indians were driven to the west, out further into the vast unknown wilderness, and were forbidden to cross the line of demarcation between them and the whites; and state reservations were established along the border, on which friendly Indians were induced to settle, acting at once as a precaution and a buffer against the shock of hostile attack. During this process other things had happened. Individual Indians had settled among the whites, and had sunk into the mass of the people, and were governed like the rest. To some extent, also, tribes of Indians had been caught and surrounded by the flood of the new civilization, and remained islanded permanently as a separate people in the midst of it, yet governed more or less under the laws of the colonies. It was such cases as these, probably, that were referred to in the first permanent statute of our present national government, passed in 1802, to regulate "commerce with the Indian tribes." The sixteenth section of that act begins, "Nothing in this act shall be construed to prevent any trade or intercourse with Indians living on lands surrounded by settlements of the citizens of the United States, and being within the ordinary jurisdiction of any of the individual States." It was owing, very likely, to this relegation to the States of the affairs of such Indians as are here described that we may trace the circumstance, often not understood, that some States, like New York, Massachusetts, and Maine, have continued to deal freely with Indian tribes within their borders. These tribes, in the language of the statute of 1802, had come to be "surrounded by settlements of the citi-

zens of the United States, and . . . within the ordinary jurisdiction of the . . . States." As a dry question of power, Congress might at any time have taken control of them. But while Congress was staying its hand, it might happen, and has happened in Massachusetts, that the tribal relation had been dissolved. It has happened in the case of individual Indians, whose separation from their tribe has been recognized by the States, and in the case of whole tribes. In such instances, the "Indian tribe," in the sense of the Constitution of the United States, that is in the sense of a separate political community, has ceased to exist before it was ever recognized by the general government; and therewith the power of Congress has gone, because, as regards these persons, there exists no longer the opportunity to exercise it.

(2.) It will be observed that I have now brought the United States upon the scene. New problems have thus emerged. What are the relations between this new government and the Indians? How has their relation to the separate local governments been affected?

The new government had its immediate origin in a sense of danger from England, and in the need of protection from that peril, and the like. One of the first things that presented itself was the possibility of harm from the savages; for the colonies had had a direful experience of what an enemy might do who chose to ally himself with these people. Accordingly, in July, 1775, the Continental Congress resolved "that the securing and preserving the friendship of the Indian nations appears to be a subject of the utmost moment to these colonies," and proceeded to adopt the first of our national arrangements for managing Indian affairs. Commissioners were appointed for each of the three departments (North, Middle, and South) into which all the Indians were divided. These commissioners were to have power

to make treaties with the Indians, and to watch the operations of the British superintendents. "The commissioners," it was resolved, ". . . [are to] have power to take to their assistance gentlemen of influence among the Indians in whom they can confide, and to appoint agents residing near or among the Indians to watch the conduct of the [British] superintendents or their emissaries." There are many signs of the anxious care of Congress in this matter. Treaties with the Indians were immediately made. Congress, in January, 1776, directed the importation of \$200,000 worth of goods on public account, to be sold by the Indian commissioners to persons licensed to trade with the Indians, at cost and expenses and a commission of two and a half per cent. These traders were to sell only at fixed points and fixed prices. In the same year it was resolved that disputes between the whites and Indians should be determined (if the Indians would agree) by arbitrators chosen one by each party, and one by the commissioners. Many of the Indians took part against us. The anxiety that was felt and the magnitude of the "Indian question" of that day are shown by the way in which this figures in the Declaration of Independence in 1776, and in the Articles of Confederation in 1778-81. "He has endeavored," is the charge of the Declaration against the British king, "to bring on the inhabitants of our frontiers the merciless Indian savages, whose known rule of warfare is an undistinguished destruction of all ages, sexes, and conditions." In the ninth of the Articles of Confederation, the separate States, which are forbidden to carry on war, may do this where a State "shall have received certain advice of a resolution being formed by some nation of Indians to invade" it; and these Articles entrust to the Union "the sole and exclusive right and power of regulating the trade and managing all affairs with

the Indians not members of any of the States; *provided*, that the legislative right of any State within its own limits be not infringed or violated."

The Confederation proceeded, of course, like its predecessor the Continental Congress, to make treaties with the Indians as separate people; for example, the treaty with the Cherokees in 1785, at Hopewell, in which it was provided that if an outsider settled on Indian land he should forfeit the protection of the United States, and be subject to punishment by the Indians. In 1786 a formal ordinance was adopted for the regulation of Indian affairs in the territory on the west, lately ceded by the States of the Atlantic margin. This region, divided into two departments, was assigned to superintendents acting under the Secretary of War, who were to attend to the regulation of trade with the Indians and the distribution of presents among them, and to report upon any signs of disaffection. Only licensed citizens of the United States could trade with the Indians; but any such citizen who brought a recommendation from the governor of his State, paid fifty dollars, and gave a bond had a right to be licensed.

Now came the organization of the new government, our present United States, in 1787-89. This, while preserving the old *names* of the "United States" and the "Union," was in reality, as we all know, a very different thing indeed. For certain great purposes it was a nation, gathering into one, for the accomplishment of these purposes, the combined power of all the colonies, and standing, as regards these ends, as a single state covering the entire country; to which, as being in these particulars the supreme state, every citizen had a direct relation and owed sole allegiance. This was not so before. Accordingly, now we not only find the general government endowed, as before, with the power of representing all the country in its rela-

tion to the Indian tribes, but we also find a dropping out of the old ambiguous and troublesome clauses about saving the legislative right of the separate colonies. The Constitution of the new government provided that Congress should have power "to regulate commerce with foreign nations, and among the several States and with the Indian tribes." Here, again, as in the two great documents before named, the Declaration of Independence thirteen years before, and the Articles of Confederation eight years before, we remark the importance of the "Indian question" of the period by the express and conspicuous mention of it, and by the circumstance that the handling of it is deemed matter of general concern. It was a dealing with separate nations; if not with a foreign people, yet a separate one.

(3.) In starting now to take a brief survey of the legal position of the Indians under the new Constitution, and of the scope of the power which the nation has over them, let us stop a moment on the threshold and allow ourselves to conjecture what questions might present themselves and what answers would be given. Will the Indian tribes, our ancestors might have asked, remain permanently as separate political bodies? Or will they become broken up and absorbed into our own population? As regards the other anomalous element in our body politic, slaves, the word "slave" had been left out of the Constitution; it was expected that slavery would disappear, and there was an objection in some minds to having any permanent trace of it in the document. As to Indians it was not so; the insertion among the provisions for the basis of representation of the phrase "Indians not taxed" indicated perhaps not merely the recognition of the fact that there were then some Indians who had become embodied among our people, but also an expectation that such a process would go on. Assuming that

it would, how long would it last? And meantime supposing there were war with the Indians and a conquest, what would happen? Was it thought that the Indians might be driven wholly out of our borders, — north, or south, or into the unfathomed west beyond the Mississippi? If they were subdued, how would they be governed? Would the United States have free and full power of governing them as it thought wise, as a subject people; or would it be restrained by the Constitution and its amendments, which secured trial by jury and other rights? Apart from war and conquest, would the Indians become enfeebled and lose their power of self-government? Would they ask, or, if they did not ask, would they need to be governed by us? Would they continue to occupy the great tracts which were then recognized as “Indian country,” or would new States grow up, and the white people spread over into the Indian land?

Some of these questions undoubtedly presented themselves. Certainly the makers of the Constitution counted upon the growth of new States at the west. Was not the Ordinance of 1787, adopted while the Constitution was making, an express provision for that? Unquestionably they expected, except for the exigencies of war, that the Indians would long continue a separate people, and that so long as they did the right to occupy their lands would remain to them until it was parted with by their own consent. That the Indians were expected to be gradually more or less absorbed into our population we may believe, for that process had long gone on in the colonies. That our ancestors supposed that in one way or another the Indians would ultimately disappear as a separate element we may also believe, for they recognized them as capable of civilization, and laid plans for their education, training, and Christianizing. In July, 1775, Congress had voted money toward the education of certain Indians at “Dr.

Wheelock’s school,” now Dartmouth College, and in the next year they had made provision for the residence of “ministers and schoolmasters” among the Indians, in order to promote “the propagation of the gospel and the cultivation of the civil arts” among them. And although the experience of the colonies was not calculated to encourage any confident expectation of working out a high form of civilization among the native tribes as a separate population, yet it might well lead to an expectation of a gradual fading out of the peculiarities of tribal life and tribal government, and a gradual subjection of them to the whites; for, as I said, it had been so in the colonies. We may believe, then, that the chance was not wholly overlooked that the general government might, for one reason or another, and for a longer or a shorter time, have to govern the Indians as subjects. If it conquered them in war, it could hardly be doubted that the power to govern them would be the same as if a foreign people were conquered; and if, in the gradual course of events, they should come to be surrounded by our people, and the tribal bond should be enfeebled and tribal government ineffective and the people a source of danger to us, it may well have been expected that our government would take full control of them and govern them.

Our ancestors had themselves been witnesses to things that would suggest these possibilities. They, as well as we, had had experience of the shoving back of Indians as the whites crowded in, of the gradual surrounding of Indian settlements by whites and their submission to white legislation. They had witnessed in the separate colonies, for example in Virginia and Massachusetts, the same process which we in our day are witnessing on the continental scale. What happened in those colonies is happening now between the Mississippi and the Pacific. How had this matter been dealt with at

the periods of which the framers of the Constitution had knowledge? In Massachusetts, as early as 1693-94, the legislature introduced law among the Indians. "To the intent that the Indians may be forwarded in civility and Christianity," they provided for the appointment of "one or more discreet persons within several parts of this Province to have the inspection and more particular care and government of the Indians in their respective plantations, . . . to have . . . the power of a justice of the peace over them" in civil and criminal cases "according to the . . . laws of the Province," etc. And in January, 1789, just before the United States Constitution went into operation, a statute of Massachusetts established a board of five overseers of the Marshpee Indians, "with full power . . . to regulate the police of the said plantation, to establish rules . . . for the well ordering and managing the affairs . . . of the said Indians, . . . and the said overseers . . . may . . . appoint . . . a guardian or guardians to the said Indian and other proprietors to carry into execution their said regulations and orders." These overseers or guardians were authorized to pass upon all contracts, leases, and the like made with the Indians, and to bring actions in their behalf and adjust controversies between them and the whites. They were also to render legal accounts regularly to the governor and council. Under these and like statutes the Indians of Massachusetts were governed entirely, governed not as citizens, but as a subject population; being, in the language of the Supreme Court of Massachusetts, speaking through Mr. Justice Gray in 1871, "not subjected to taxation, *nor endowed with the ordinary civil and political rights of citizens*, but . . . treated as the wards of the commonwealth." In Virginia, also, before and after the making of the Consti-

tution of the United States, where Indian tribes had become reduced to very small numbers, trustees were appointed to sell their land and apply the proceeds for their benefit, while the survivors appear to have sunk into the mass of the free population of the colony.

There is a hint in these things, for, as the reader will observe, I have been speaking of the purposes and expectations of those who framed the Constitution of the United States; of what they meant when they spoke of "Indians not taxed," and of regulating commerce "with the Indian tribes;" and of what they meant by their silence when they said nothing more. In view of the historical facts now mentioned, of the nature of the government which was then created and the powers conferred upon it, we must conclude, I think, that while the United States might, if it saw fit, keep on in the old method of dealing with the Indians as a separate people, it also might, in various contingencies easily possible to foresee, change the plan, and govern the Indians as a subject population in methods suited to their stage of development.

(4.) Let us now turn from the attitude of conjecture and forecast, and trace what has happened in point of fact. In the first place, very many treaties were made, mainly for the purpose of getting and exchanging land. The number, down to 1871, when the making of Indian treaties was abandoned, was a little under four hundred. One tenth of these were made before this century. Passing by these, the details of which are very numerous, I confine myself to the general laws. Our present United States took its first permanent step in general legislation about the Indians in the statute of March 30, 1802:¹ "An Act to regulate trade and intercourse with the Indian tribes, and to preserve peace on the frontiers." Its provisions are largely years, which covered more or less of the same ground.

¹ Reënacting the temporary statute of 1790, 1793, 1796, and 1799, passed for two and three

continued in all later laws. I will give a brief abstract of it, and the reader will notice how closely this statute follows the theory of regarding the Indians as a separate and self-governing people. After providing for marking certain extensive boundary lines previously fixed by treaty between "the United States and various Indian tribes," it forbids our citizens and others from going into this Indian country without a passport, and committing any act against the person or property of Indians in their own country which would be a crime if committed against a citizen of the United States within any State. The offender, if property were taken, was to restore to the Indians twofold. If he could not pay at least the full value, it should be paid out of the treasury of the United States, but only on condition that the Indians abstained from violence in righting themselves. Settlement on Indian lands, and trading without a license from the superintendent appointed by the United States for the particular Indian department, were forbidden; but anybody (limited, by a later statute, to citizens of the United States) giving bond with sureties was to be licensed. The sale of the Indian title to land, except under a treaty or agreement with the United States, was forbidden. In order to promote civilization among friendly tribes, and to secure their continued friendship, the President was authorized to supply them, to a specified amount, with useful domestic animals and implements of husbandry, and goods or money, and to appoint "persons from time to time as temporary agents to reside among the Indians." If Indians should cross the line into any State or Territory of the United States and commit crime or outrage, the injured party or his representatives were to apply to the Indian superintendent or other designated officer and furnish proofs, and this officer was to make demand upon the Indian's nation or tribe for satisfac-

tion. If this satisfaction were neglected or refused for a year, the President was to be informed, and was to take further steps to secure it. The individual injured was ultimately to be paid by the United States, unless otherwise indemnified; but if he should take the remedy into his own hands by violence, he forfeited this right. Outside territorial courts and United States courts were to have jurisdiction of offenses, under this act. The military might turn out anybody who was unlawfully in the Indian country.

So far no attempt was made to govern the Indians, or to administer justice on their land. Of course the theory was that of a people who did all this for themselves. But in a statute of March, 1817, we see something new. The doing in the Indian country of any act which would be punishable if committed in any place under the exclusive jurisdiction of the United States is made punishable as it would be if committed there, and jurisdiction is given to the superior court of the Territory, or the United States court of the district, into which the offender should first be brought. But offenses of Indians upon Indians are excepted. Here is a beginning of governing the Indian country, for this covers offenses between whites and between Indians and whites. And then comes another recognition of the Indian weakness. By a statute of 1819, "for the purpose of providing against the further decline and final extinction of the Indian tribes adjoining to the frontier settlements of the United States, and for introducing among them the habits and arts of civilization," the President, with the Indians' consent, may employ among them persons to teach them in the mode of agriculture suited to their situation, and their children in reading, writing, and arithmetic. Soon afterwards we find in the statutes a reflection of that terrible pressure of the whites upon the Indians of certain South-

ern States which led to driving them across the Mississippi. By a statute of 1830 the sum of \$500,000 was appropriated to carry out the plan for removing all Indians, with their consent, from the existing States or organized Territories to the unorganized region west of the Mississippi, with authority solemnly to assure the Indians making the exchange that the United States will forever secure and guarantee to them the country thus given, and, if preferred, will give them a patent for it, the land to revert to the United States if the tribes become extinct or abandon the land.

On June 30, 1834, a revision was passed of the important statute of 1802, already summarized, superseding the chief of the laws above named. It first gave a definition of what was meant by "Indian country," in clumsy phrases which were interpreted by the Supreme Court of the United States in 1877¹ to mean all the land west of the Mississippi outside of the States of Louisiana and Missouri and the Territory of Arkansas, and the lands east of the Mississippi which now constitute the States of Michigan and Wisconsin. The definition was dropped in the Revised Statutes of 1874, and no other was substituted. The definition of "Indian country" now accepted by the Supreme Court of the United States² is "all the country to which the Indian title has not been extinguished, anywhere within the limits of the United States." This includes the country acquired by the United States since 1834, and does not except what is within the boundary of the States unless, as in Colorado, it may have been otherwise provided when they were admitted into the Union. The statute of 1834, after defining the Indian country, reenacted, with modifications, the previous provisions regulating trade and intercourse. There is the same clear theory of recognizing the Indians as a separate people,

but we find one or two more of those striking changes which mark the inroads upon this theory. Instead of trusting wholly to the Indians to extradite an offending member, we find now that the superintendents, agents, and sub-agents are to endeavor, by such means as the President may authorize, to arrest and bring to trial (before the outside courts) any Indians committing crimes on the reservation. That is a large discretion. The reader will remember that some crimes on the reservations were forbidden by the statute of 1817. The President may also employ the military in seizing such Indians. The superintendents, agents, and sub-agents are empowered to search for and destroy spirituous liquors, by whomsoever introduced, and to destroy any distillery, though set up by an Indian. The provision of 1817 for extending to the Indian country the criminal code of the United States for places under the exclusive jurisdiction of the United States is continued, but excludes, as before, the act of one Indian against another.

In 1849 the progress of ideas about the Indians was further marked by transferring the management of Indian affairs from the War Department, where hitherto it had lain, to the newly created Department of the Interior. The care of the Indians was ceasing to be thought of as a matter incidental to foreign affairs or to war. Vast tracts of country and great numbers of Indians had been added to our country by the ending of the Mexican war, and many of these Indians were made citizens by the treaty. People had been flocking to California and the Western plains, and complicating Indian administration still further. After the war of secession, in 1866, provision was made for the enlistment of Indians in our armies as scouts, — an excellent step lately followed up by the present administration. Other changes were caused by the Pacific Railroad; for

¹ *Bates v. Clark*, 95 U. S., 204.

² *Ex parte Crow Dog*, 109 U. S., 561.

as General Walker says, "In 1867-68 the great plough of industrial civilization drew its deep furrow across the continent, from the Missouri to the Pacific, . . . [bringing changes] which without it would have been delayed for half a century." The Revised Statutes of the United States, compiled in 1874, reveal the still increasing complexity of Indian affairs. The "peace policy" had been adopted, and we find now not merely the regular Indian commissioner authorized in 1832, but an additional board of commissioners, not exceeding ten (serving without pay), to supervise contracts and purchases for Indians, and for other purposes; also five salaried inspectors to visit, examine, and report on the different superintendencies and agencies, and see to enforcing the due performance of their duty by the superintendents, agents, and other employees. The old provisions for authority to the President to employ teachers among the Indians, "with their own consent," are retained. In general we mark an increase of interference with the Indians and of discretionary power over them in the executive department, as in allowing the President to distribute the money or goods due to a tribe to the heads of families (instead of the tribal authorities), and directly to the individuals who are entitled to participate. Agents are required to protect in the enjoyment of their lands those Indians who have received lands in severalty, and are desirous to adopt the habits of civilized life. This draws attention to a process which

had been going on by treaty, of dividing up tribal lands to the individual Indians. If any other Indian molest a landowner, the tribal annuities are to be cut down; and if the trespasser be a chief, the local superintendent of Indian affairs *may depose him from his office* of chief for three months. Think of that, — the deposing of the sacred ruler of a separate "nation" by a small United States official! This is indeed a bold inroad on the theory of Indian self-government. The sale of ardent spirits to any Indian under the charge of a superintendent, *anywhere in the country*,¹ is forbidden, — a restraint upon Indians which does not apply to any other class of human beings. The general laws of the United States defining and punishing forgery and depredations on the mails are also extended to the Indian country, by a statute of 1855.

Meantime, the practices of the agents and of the Indian Department generally had more than kept pace in this direction with the course of legislation. "Under the traditional policy of the United States," says General Walker,² "the Indian agent was a minister resident to a domestic dependent nation." But in actual fact he had grown long ago to be a ruler over them. "All offenses," wrote an Indian agent to the commissioner in September, 1890, "are punished *as I deem expedient*, and the Indians offer no resistance."

It remains to speak more particularly of three recent statutes, and then to consider the duty of our government.

James Bradley Thayer.

¹ So construed in *United States v. Holliday*, 3 Wallace, 407.

² The Indian Question, 117.

JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL.

1819-1891.

Thou shouldst have sung the swan-song for the choir
That filled our groves with music till the day
Lit the last hilltop with its reddening fire,
And evening listened for thy lingering lay.

But thou hast found thy voice in realms afar
Where strains celestial blend their notes with thine;
Some cloudless sphere beneath a happier star
Welcomes the bright-winged spirit we resign.

How Nature mourns thee in the still retreat
Where passed in peace thy love-enchanted hours!
Where shall she find an eye like thine to greet
Spring's earliest footprints on her opening flowers?

Have the pale wayside weeds no fond regret
For him who read the secrets they enfold?
Shall the proud spangles of the field forget
The verse that lent new glory to their gold?

And ye whose carols wooed his infant ear,
Whose chants with answering woodnotes he repaid,
Have ye no song his spirit still may hear
From Elmwood's vaults of overarching shade?

Friends of his studious hours who thronged to teach
The deep-read scholar all your varied lore,
Shall he no longer seek your shelves to reach
The treasure missing from his world-wide store?

This singer whom we long have held so dear
Was Nature's darling, shapely, strong, and fair;
Of keenest wit, of judgment crystal-clear,
Easy of converse, courteous, debonair,

Fit for the loftiest or the lowliest lot,
Self-poised, imperial, yet of simplest ways;
At home alike in castle or in cot,
True to his aim, let others blame or praise.

Freedom he found an heirloom from his sires;
Song, letters, statecraft, shared his years in turn;
All went to feed the nation's altar-fires
Whose mourning children wreath his funeral urn.

He loved New England, — people, language, soil,
Unweaned by exile from her arid breast.
Farewell awhile, white-handed son of toil,
Go with her brown-armed laborers to thy rest.

Peace to thy slumber in the forest shade!
Poet and patriot, every gift was thine;
Thy name shall live while summers bloom and fade,
And grateful Memory guard thy leafy shrine!

Oliver Wendell Holmes.

IGNATIUS VON DÖLLINGER.

It would be impossible to sum up Döllinger's character as a man and a scholar more concisely and more completely than in the words of his own device: "Nil temere, nil timide, sed omnia virtute atque consilio" (Nothing recklessly, nothing timidly, but all things with courage and circumspection). It was by strict adherence to the principle here so comprehensively expressed that he matured so well intellectually, and, contrary to the general law of evolution in things theological, grew broader and more liberal with age, and at ninety could put himself in the place of a person holding opinions radically different from his own much more readily and sympathetically than he would have been able to do at thirty. Instead of becoming crabbed and gnarly with years, his spirit was like a choice fruit which mellow and sweetens as it ripens.

Döllinger's life covered a period of full three generations, and his memory went back to the contemporaries of the great-grandfathers of those who are now entering upon early manhood. He saw Napoleon I. review his troops at Bamberg, and had a distinct recollection of him as an undersized and somewhat puffy man, with features clean-cut and cold as marble, and an amber drop of liquid snuff depending from the tip of his nose.

Corresponding to the three genera-

tions comprised in his long career are the three periods of his intellectual growth and development. His external life can be summed up in a few lines. He was born at Bamberg on February 28, 1799, and, after pursuing his theological studies in Würzburg and in his native city, was ordained priest in 1822. He then officiated for a short time as curate at the market town of Scheinfeld, in the diocese of Bamberg. In 1826 he was appointed professor of church history and canon law in the university, which had just been transferred from Landshut to Munich, and held this position, with a short interruption occasioned by the Lola Montez episode, till his death on the evening of January 10, 1890.

Döllinger, like Jonathan Edwards, was a marvel of intellectual precocity. He began to study Latin at five years of age, and Greek at seven. His father was his first teacher, but although a distinguished professor, he does not seem to have been a patient pedagogue. As the boy's exercises contained a greater number of grammatical errors than was deemed admissible, he was told that if his next lesson were not wholly free from mistakes he should be bound out as an apprentice and learn a trade. The child took the threat very seriously, and lay awake all night thinking what mechanical occupation he would prefer, and

finally decided to become a bookbinder. The blunt alternative served its purpose and made him henceforth more heedful of his accident. His next performance proved perfectly satisfactory, and he was glad to escape the necessity of devoting the rest of his days to the mere outside of books.

Döllinger was led to choose the clerical profession, not from any strongly religious feeling, but solely from his love of learning, which was innate, intense, and insatiable. His quiet scholarly tastes and his powers of sedentary endurance rendered him far better fitted for the cultivation of science than for the cure of souls. His father's example and the influence of early associations would naturally have turned his attention to medicine and physiology or to some branch of physics, and in his youth he showed a peculiar talent for entomological researches; but although his faculty for acute and exact observation was remarkable, his fondness for erudition as embodied in written records was still stronger and determined his career. As a boy he looked forward eagerly to the coming vacation, not because it would relieve him from the irksomeness of school, but because it would enable him to visit an uncle who had a fine collection of books, in which he revealed as other boys are wont to do in the pleasures of play-day and the freedom of field and forest. Whatever literary flavor or bookish proclivity may come to a man from having "tumbled about in a library" as a child he surely did not fail to get. "All men," says Holmes, "are afraid of books that have not handled them from infancy." It is a familiarity, however, which, instead of breeding contempt, produces in them affection and reverence for the printed page. Ancestral influences and the atmosphere of his home tended in the same direction. His grandfather was professor of medicine and physician in ordinary to the Prince-bishop of Bamberg, and his father one of the most emi-

nent anatomists and physiologists of his day. Agassiz, who studied embryology under the guidance of the latter at Munich, says that from him he "learned to value accuracy of observation." "Döllinger," he adds, "was a careful, minute, persevering observer, as well as a deep thinker; but he was as indolent with his pen as he was industrious with his brain. He gave his intellectual capital to his pupils without stint or reserve, and nothing delighted him more than to sit down for a quiet talk on scientific matters with a few students, or to take a ramble with them into the fields outside the city, and to explain to them, as he walked, the result of any recent investigation he had made. If he found himself understood by his listeners he was satisfied, and cared for no further publication of his researches. I could enumerate many works of masters in our science which had no other foundation than these inspiring conversations."

What is here said of the father was eminently true of the son. He was, as his academical colleague Professor Riehl happily characterized him, "a receptive genius in the highest sense of the phrase." His power of work kept pace with his zeal, and both were immense. His faculty of absorbing and assimilating knowledge was quite phenomenal, and his tenacious memory never let a fact or principle slip from its grasp. This rare endowment was invulnerable to old age; even fourscore years did not diminish it, nor touch it with any traces of decay. A young professor, who had come across a small and rather rare book of the seventeenth century, mentioned his discovery to Döllinger. "Yes," he replied, "that is an interesting little treatise; I read it some thirty years ago." He then proceeded to give an analysis of its contents as full as though he had just perused it. He had an extraordinary talent for languages: he was a good Hebrew scholar, an accomplished Latinist and Grecian, and perfectly at home

in English, French, Italian, Portuguese, and Spanish, speaking and writing them with ease and accuracy. From all these sources he gathered, with untiring industry and during a long life, treasures of erudition in the provinces of theology, ecclesiastical and general history, and philosophy such as none of his contemporaries possessed. In these departments of research his library is probably the most complete private collection of books in Europe. His economical habits of life enabled him to devote considerable sums to this purpose, and in his visits to France and Italy he always managed to pick up at a moderate price some rare volume of great value in obscure second-hand bookstalls, or among the apparently hopeless rubbish of the itinerant antiquaries of the Pont-Neuf or the Portico degli Uffizzi.

At the same time, notwithstanding the extent of his strictly professional studies, he seems to have found ample leisure for general literature, and not only kept abreast with the numerous productions in belles-lettres of his own countrymen, but was well versed in the literatures of England and France and the nations of southern Europe. He was a thorough student of Dante and a recognized authority as an interpreter of the *magno poeta*, with whom he had some marked intellectual traits in common, and to whose features his own bore a most striking resemblance, noted by many, as he lay in the calm composure of his shroud. He had also a fair knowledge of jurisprudence, and was familiar with the results of the most recent scientific researches, in which he took a lively interest.

Although his published writings would fill a goodly number of volumes, like his father he was relatively "indolent with his pen." In conversation with appreciative pupils and other congenial persons, he poured forth the treasures of his vast learning with generous profusion, and thus communicated to younger scholars

more material for books than he himself ever printed or wrote. For this reason nearly all his works have more or less of what might be called an "occasional" character; in other words, they are the products of unexpected events and exigencies of the moment. Such, for example, during the past twenty years, have been his critical and controversial treatises directed against ultramontaniam, and his brilliant addresses delivered at stated periods, by virtue of his office as president of the Bavarian Academy of Sciences. Yet there are no signs of hasty composition or rash conclusions in any of these performances. In no instance did he ever place the fruits of his investigations before the public until they were fully matured in his own mind, and all available sources of information upon the subject had been exhausted. Thus his *Beiträge zur Sektengeschichte des Mittelalters* was the result of researches and reflections extending over a period of fifty years, and his last academical discourse in vindication of the order of the Templars, delivered November 15, 1889, had been the subject of thought and study since 1840.

Döllinger's simple habits of life not only enabled him to devote a large portion of his comparatively limited means to the purchase of books, as has been already stated, but also gave him what was of still greater moment, increased length of days, and strength of body and mind for the profitable use of them. His sole passion was for scholarly pursuits, which his moderation in matters pertaining to food and drink permitted him to indulge with impunity. He was firmly convinced that the majority of men die suicides, digging their graves with their teeth; or, as he was wont to express it, "L'homme ne meurt pas, il se tue." He had no reminiscences of physical excesses on his conscience or on his nerves; and his meals were as frugal as those of an anchorite. His breakfast consisted of a cup of coffee and a small roll. At noon

he took a plate of soup, a piece of meat with some vegetable, and a light dessert followed by coffee, of which he was extremely fond, although at supper he usually contented himself with a glass of water. In dining out he would drink a single glass of champagne, and during the last few years of his life took a little red wine mingled with water at his own table, in accordance with the advice of his physician. On hearing of the death of one of his acquaintances, he remarked to a friend: "I never thought that he would live to be old, since I paid him a visit one morning and found a glass of wine on the table before him. People who drink wine in the forenoon never live long." As the man died at seventy-five, the observation indicates Döllinger's conception of what constitutes old age, as well as his views concerning the fatal effect of morning draughts upon the human constitution. Beer he positively abhorred, and was one of the very few Bavarians who never let a drop of it pass their lips, believing that it made men stupid and brutal. That so many monks and priests in Bavaria are unfaithful to their vows of chastity, he was inclined to attribute to the demoralizing and sensualizing influence of the nut-brown beverage. He went to bed at nine and rose at four, in winter at five, and thus got from seven to eight hours' sound sleep. Young's hackneyed verse,

"Tired Nature's sweet restorer, balmy sleep,"

was a favorite quotation with him as with Bismarck, commending itself to them, perhaps, less as a poetic sentiment than as a hygienic truth, which each had learned to appreciate in his own experience. This enviable gift of sleep, more precious than any preparations of chloral, was always at his command, even by day, and rendered him capable of dropping off into a refreshing nap at any time, in a meeting of his academical or professional colleagues, when the discussions failed to interest him, or on account of

his increasing hardness of hearing were only partially intelligible to him. It was this beneficent faculty that helped him not a little to hoard his strength, so that as a nonagenarian he showed no perceptible diminution of capacity for literary labor at his writing-desk, or abatement of vigor and endurance as a public speaker. As a remedy for occasional insomnia, in the last half dozen years of his life, he learned the first three books of the *Odyssey* so that he could repeat them.

His favorite recreation, which he seldom failed to take, was a long daily walk, a form of exercise that became as necessary to him as riding on horseback was to Lord Jeffrey and George Bancroft. In the summer he made excursions in the Bavarian highlands with some congenial companion, and the burden of fourscore years and ten did not interfere with this pleasure, nor with that of bathing in Lake Tegern, where he was wont to pass several weeks of each season. In these wanderings he usually carried his hat in his hand, a practice which may account for the fact that his head never grew hoary, but remained to the last covered with a thick mass of brown hair. Another Munich professor, Dr. Sepp, has the same habit, and although now seventy-five years of age has a head as shaggy as a lion's mane, but somewhat gray. These instances would seem to show that hats are promoters of baldness, and that a free circulation of fresh air is the most effective hair-preserver. Perhaps, too, it tends to make a man cool-headed. In the summer of 1874, as Döllinger was walking in this way with Gladstone through the Munich park known as the English Garden, a tall and dignified prelate met them and passed by, lifting his hat high above his head and looking straight forward into space. "Who is that right reverend ecclesiastic?" inquired Gladstone. "That is the Archbishop of Munich, by whom I was ex-

communicated," replied Döllinger, without the slightest trace of bitterness, and then continued the conversation, unruffled by this sudden encounter with the man who but recently had called down curses upon him with such superfluity of bluntness and brutality.

Reference has already been made to the three periods of Döllinger's development, marking the radical change which he gradually underwent in his attitude towards the Roman hierarchy. It must be remembered, however, that this transformation involved no renunciation of principle or essential lack of self-consistency. There was never any change in his ideal of the Catholic church, or in his conception of what, historically considered, it ought to be, but simply a clarifying and rectifying of his perception of what it actually is. His development was therefore a slow and painful process of disillusion.

On the 31st of October, 1817, the Protestants of Germany celebrated the three hundredth anniversary of Luther's bold and decisive step in nailing on the door of the Wittenberg Schlosskirche his ninety-five theses against indulgences. The great enthusiasm excited by this event, and the fear lest the contagion might extend to the fold of the faithful, caused the Catholics to reprint, as a counteractive, Luther's rather coarse polemical treatise *Against the Papacy at Rome founded by the Devil*, and to disseminate it diligently among the students of their theological seminaries. Döllinger, although for a young man of eighteen already well up in patristic theology, and familiar with the voluminous writings of Baronius and Petavius and other lights of the church, had not yet paid much attention to the literature of the Reformation, and now for the first time read this anti-papistic pasquinade and was exceedingly indignant at it; conceiving thereby a prejudice against its author which it took many years to overcome, and which finds an

echo in his *Luther*, eine Skizze, published in 1851. It was precisely this effect which the promoters of the reprint wished to produce. This feeling was strengthened by the perusal of J. A. Möhler's work, entitled *Die Einheit der Kirche oder das Princip des Katholicismus*, dargestellt im Geiste der Kirchenväter der drei ersten Jahrhunderte, which appeared at Tübingen in 1825. Here he found a delineation of the church as developed by the apostolic fathers and their immediate successors which corresponded to his own pure ideal of such an institution, and was the very reverse of the diabolical organization described by Luther in the pamphlet that now seemed to him more than ever a wanton caricature and wicked calumny.

He knew well enough that the Roman hierarchy had not always realized this ideal of "a fresh and living Christianity," which lay buried under the ecclesiastical rubbish and rank sacerdotal overgrowth of centuries; but he flattered himself with the notion that Catholicism in its dogmatic and historical evolution had, through all abuses and aberrations, remained essentially true to it, and that it was the mission of theological science to free it from all incrustations and defects, and restore it to its primitive purity. That the Holy See was sound at the core, and that the head of the church and its councils would welcome the aid and accept the results of the best Catholic scholarship in effecting this revival and reformation, he did not doubt. This illusion he labored under, with occasional misgivings, growing constantly more earnest and more frequent, until about the year 1850.

In 1826 Döllinger published a volume entitled *Die Lehre von der Eucharistie in den drei ersten Jahrhunderten*, which served also as a dissertation for taking the degree of doctor, conferred upon him by the theological faculty of the university of Landshut. It was directed against the views concerning the

eucharist set forth in 1811 by P. K. Marheineke, professor of theology in Heidelberg, and afterwards Schleiermacher's pastoral colleague in Trinity Church, Berlin. Marheineke had maintained that during the first three centuries the reformed doctrine of the merely symbolical presence of Christ in the sacrament prevailed in the church, but that in the five following centuries it had given place to the Lutheran doctrine of the actual and substantial presence of the body of Christ with the bread and wine (consubstantiation), and in the ninth century to the Roman Catholic doctrine of transubstantiation, or the conversion of the consecrated elements into the real body and blood of Christ. Döllinger held that the Catholic doctrine had been taught from the beginning, and laid down the following general proposition or axiom, on which his whole argument is based: "It is well known to be the primal and most sacred principle of the Catholic church to accept no dogma that is not founded upon the tradition of all centuries." This application of the motto "*Quod semper, quod ubique, quod ab omnibus*," which the Romish church has inscribed upon its banner, and on which it rests its claims to catholicity, received the unequivocal commendation of the highest ecclesiastical authorities. Döllinger, who thus announced this fundamental principle in his first published work, always adhered to it, and made it the standard by which he tested and rejected the new-fangled dogmas of the immaculate conception of the Virgin and the *ex cathedra* infallibility of the Pope.

In Munich Döllinger came into more or less intimate connection with the circle of which Joseph von Görres, publicist and professor, revolutionist and reactionary, romanticist and mystic, was the centre, and which represented the political and religious ideas of Lamennais sicklied over with German sentimentalisms and special enthusiasms. Each

member of the coterie had his hobby, which he trotted out on all occasions, and took particular pride in showing off the caprices and eccentricities of his wild and willful garran. But the united purpose, to the promotion of which these individual crotchets were supposed to contribute, was to harmonize mediæval ultramontanism and the arrogant assumptions of the theocracy, as formulated in the xxvii Dictatus of Gregory VII., and enforced by Boniface VIII. in his notorious bull *Unam Sanctam*, with modern constitutional liberty and the principles of the French Revolution.

Döllinger sympathized with the general aims and aspirations of these enthusiasts, but did not share their extravagances. The severe historical studies in which he was then engaged exerted a sobering influence upon his mind, and showed him the hopelessness of reconciling such antitheses. He saw that Catholicism could be brought into harmony with modern thought and the modern state only by keeping ultramontanism out of it; and to this end all the efforts of his life were directed, but they were destined to prove futile, and he was later forced to realize what an equally acute and less optimistic observer would have clearly foreseen. Indeed, about all that remained to him from his associations with this group of genial visionaries were his close relations of friendship with Lamennais's distinguished disciple Montalembert, who began his career as a stout champion of the church, and, after glorifying monasticism in five volumes (*Les Moines d'Occident*, Paris, 1860-67), ended by denouncing the Jesuitic intrigues and revolting against the decrees of the Vatican Council; passing away March 13, 1870, with fiery protests on his lips. It is worthy of note that even at that early date Marie Görres used to prophesy of Döllinger that he would "die a heretic," proving how thoroughly she appreciated his character and position, and with what keenness of discernment

she perceived the permanency of the papal reaction which had set in after the return of Pius IX. from Gaeta, with Antonelli and the Jesuits in the ascendant. What Döllinger regarded as an eddy in the current she recognized as its main course. The extraordinary utterances of the Pope concerning his pontifical authority and divine prerogatives might be laughed at as the expressions of egregious personal vanity stimulated by continuous adulation, but it was quite a different matter when shrewd and unscrupulous cardinals turned this foolishness to account and reduced it to a system, seriously proclaiming the doctrine of *vox Papæ vox Dei* as a dogma of the church, and damning all who reject it.

His next work of importance was a Compendium of Church History (*Lehrbuch der Kirchengeschichte*, Regensburg, 1836-38), in two volumes, extending to the period of the Reformation. A second edition appeared in 1843; but when the publisher wished to issue a third the author refused, on the ground that, owing to the great change in his historical views, the revision would not leave a line of the former editions without important modifications.

In 1832 Möhler published his *Symbolik*, in which he contrasted the Catholic and Protestant creeds; extolling and idealizing the former, and sharply criticising and discrediting the latter. This very clever work excited immense sensation, and called forth a whole literature of controversial writings, the most noted and valuable of which, on the Protestant side, was F. C. Baur's *The Antithesis of Catholicism and Protestantism*. It also influenced Ranke's *German History in the Age of the Reformation* (6 vols., Berlin, 1839-47), and unquestionably imparted to it a less judicial and more polemical character than it would otherwise have possessed.

Döllinger did not wait for the final volumes of this history to appear before

he began to publish his answer to it, entitled *The Reformation, its Inner Development and its Workings within the Precincts of the Lutheran Confession* (*Die Reformation, ihre innere Entwicklung und ihre Wirkungen im Umfange des Lutherischen Bekenntnisses*, 3 vols., Regensburg, 1846-48). He had long been convinced that the doctrine of justification by faith, which was the corner-stone of Luther's theology, and the theory of imputed righteousness, which formed an essential part of it, are logically untenable and extremely immoral in their tendencies, and that the Reformation, therefore, dogmatically considered, rests upon a principle psychologically absurd and ethically pernicious. This he tried to show, and brought together a vast amount of material in proof of the injurious moral, religious, educational, and social effects of the movement inaugurated by the Wittenberg reformer.

The theoretical part of this thesis was comparatively easy of demonstration. *Justitia imputativa*, whether applied to the sin of Adam or the atonement of Christ, is opposed to man's natural sense of right and wrong, and can be brought home to his conscience only through the medium of a subtle and perverse metaphysics. The facts adduced were also questionable; but the argument sometimes lapsed, as is apt to be the case in tracing events to special causes, into the fallacy of *post hoc, ergo propter hoc*, and attributed to the Reformation evils which, although following it chronologically, had no logical connection with it. This work stirred up bitter animosities and, while establishing the author's fame as a scholar, procured for him the reputation of a narrow and bigoted apologist of Catholicism and an arch-enemy of Protestantism; and it was this notoriety that gave point to Heine's scoffing inquiry: —

“Lebt er noch am Isarstrande,
Jener alte gottverdammte
Erzpfaff Döllingerius?”

But the work so fiercely denounced and decried by Protestants as captious and calumnious was hailed by Döllinger's co-religionists as an unanswerable defense of their faith and an utter discomfiture of their foes, and several important conversions to Catholicism — among others that of Archdeacon, afterwards Cardinal Manning — were directly attributable to it.

In order to form a correct estimate of it, however, one must remember that it is professedly polemical, and was provoked by excessive laudation of the reformatory movement of the sixteenth century and its influence. The writer's express purpose was to call attention to some offensive features and harmful effects which he had detected in it, and which its eulogists had either overlooked or ignored, and he therefore necessarily presented the darker side of the subject. It was his original intention to describe in another series of volumes the corrupt condition of the Roman Catholic church which led to the Reformation; and this project, if it had been carried out, would have relieved him in the eyes of Protestants from the imputation of blind partisanship, and put a damper upon Catholic exultation. But, as he himself stated in explaining why this was not done, "my friends never ceased to entreat me not to make myself impossible by such an undertaking;" and they seem to have convinced him that he would thereby so injure his influence as to prevent him from effecting that purification and spiritual regeneration of the papacy which he might otherwise accomplish and which he had sincerely at heart. Still, he always kept this plan in mind, and many years later, according to Professor Friedrich, when Janssen appeared as the extenuating and embellishing historiographer of the Holy See, Döllinger urged upon a distinguished Protestant ecclesiastical historian the necessity of doing this work, and generously offered to place at his disposal all

the valuable material which he himself had collected. He held that there could be no radical cure without a thorough scientific diagnosis, and in an address delivered in Munich on September 28, 1863, he compared German theology to the spear of Achilles, which healed the wound it inflicted.

Döllinger's aversion to the Jesuits originated in his perception of the evil effects of their whole system of education. As a specimen of the kind of instruction imparted to their pupils, he states that on being called upon to examine one of their students, a candidate for holy orders, he began with the question, "What is that branch of knowledge which we call theology?" and received the remarkable reply, "Theology is that branch of knowledge which has St. Catherine for its patroness." "But what is the branch of knowledge," he asked, "of which St. Catherine is the patroness?" "St. Catherine is the patroness of theology," answered the young man, with parrot-like facility and intense self-complacency; and no ingenuity of interrogation could get anything else out of him. This systematic substitution of superstition for science excited Döllinger's indignation, and made him the uncompromising foe of Jesuitism in the province of education long before he had any presentiment of the disastrous influence exerted by the Society of Jesus upon Catholicism, through its ambitious domination of the papal hierarchy. For this reason he was always opposed to the admission of this religious order to Bavaria, and regarded it as a crime for the government to place any institution of learning under the direction of the disciples of Ignatius Loyola, the demoralizing and stupefying effects of whose teaching he had had occasion to observe not only in the incipient priest aforementioned, but in all the pupils of the Collegium Germanicum at Rome during his visit to that city in 1857.

In the second period of Döllinger's

career, extending from 1850 to 1870, he began to perceive more and more clearly that the Jesuits were masters of the ship of St. Peter, and that, as the result of their manœuvring, it was dragging its sheet anchor of general tradition, and drifting away from its safe moorings in the decrees of œcumenical councils, and in danger of going to wreck on the very reefs which he had hitherto regarded as lying so far out of the proper course of the vessel as to be a source of little or no anxiety. If he had occasionally thrown the lead on that side, he seemed satisfied with the soundings, and put perfect confidence in his plummet.

The tendency of events was sufficiently indicated by Pius IX.'s definition and proclamation of the dogma of the immaculate conception in 1854, "on his own authority, without the coöperation of a council;" by the demonstrative anger of the nuncio excited by Döllinger's views on the temporal power of the Pope, embodied in his lecture at the Munich Odeon in 1861; by the condemnation of his address *On the Past and Present of Catholic Theology*, delivered in the same city in 1863; by the notorious syllabus of 1864; and by the canonization of Peter Arbues and the consequent indorsement of the mediæval inquisition in 1867. Döllinger's silence in the presence of such manifestations of the spirit prevailing in the Vatican is explicable only on the theory that his mind was so fully prepossessed by his own pure and lofty conception of Catholicism that he could not see them in their true light, or regard them as anything more than temporary aberrations and infatuations. He never accepted the doctrine of the immaculate conception, nor did he suffer himself to be seriously disturbed by it. He was convinced that it had no foundation either in Holy Writ or in sacred tradition, and the manner in which it had been decreed and promulgated rendered it

formally null and void, and reduced it to the mere utterance of a vain and weak old man, led to say and to do foolish things by adulatory and unscrupulous advisers. In a keen criticism of the syllabus, written in January, 1865, and printed from his posthumous papers in the volume of *Kleinere Schriften* (Stuttgart, 1890, pp. 196-227), he exposed the hostility of the Romish curia to modern culture in all its forms; and his opinion of the saintliness of Arbues is expressed in a series of articles on the Roman and Spanish inquisition, originally published in the *Allgemeine Zeitung* and the *Vienna Freie Presse* in 1867 and 1868, and now collected in the *Kleinere Schriften* (pp. 286-404). It was under Döllinger's influence, if not at his direct instigation, that Kaulbach produced his powerful sketch of Arbues condemning a Jewish family to the stake, which was exhibited at this time in Munich, and came near creating a riot.

Honest historical research he held to be the foe most feared by ultramontanism and most fatal to its arrogant pretensions, and he determined to attack it on this vulnerable side. In accordance with this idea he planned two great works: a general history of the Christian church, embracing all the influences which contributed to its genesis and growth, and a special history of the papacy. Of the first work he issued two parts: *Heathenism and Judaism as the Vestibule of Christianity* (*Heidenthum und Judenthum als Vorhalle des Christenthums*, Regensburg, 1857), and *Christianity and the Church in the Time of the Foundation* (*Christenthum und Kirche in der Zeit der Grundlegung*, Regensburg, 1860). For the second work he simply cleared the ground of legendary rubbish in his *Papal Fables of the Middle Ages* (*Papstfabeln des Mittelalters*, Munich, 1863). In his volume on Hippolytus and Callistus, published in 1853, and called forth by

the discovery of the so-called Philosphoumena, of which he proved Hippolytus to be the author, he had already furnished a valuable contribution to the history of the Romish church in the first half of the third century, but there he stopped. His Papal Fables was based upon an exhaustive study of German, Italian, and Spanish archives; but the farther he pushed his investigations in this direction, the greater difficulty he had in discovering any historical reality corresponding to his ideal of the Church. On the contrary, he found that the main pillars of the imposing mediæval structure which he would fain disencumber and restore had hardly any other foundation to rest upon than the wretched rubbish he was engaged in removing. Under these circumstances it behooved him to proceed with extreme caution, lest the work of radical reintegration should involve the ruin of the whole edifice. Still he continued to the last to collect materials on this subject, much of which he utilized in public addresses, newspaper articles, and other writings. It was because he had such materials at his command that he was able to produce a book like that on Church and Churches (*Kirche und Kirchen*, Papstthum und Kirchenstaat, Munich, 1861) in five months, to prepare the remarkable series of papers on *Das Concilium und die Civiltà* which appeared in the *Allgemeine Zeitung* from the 10th to the 15th of March, 1869, and to publish in the same year *Der Papst und das Concil von Janus*, in which one scarcely knows which to admire most, the immense erudition, the earnestness of conviction, or the intellectual vigor it displays.

It was not until 1870 that, as he himself confesses, "the scales fell from his eyes" and he was completely disillusioned. The events of this third and last period of his life are still fresh in the public mind and need not be dwelt upon in detail. His correspondence on

this subject with the Munich archbishop Von Scherr, who excommunicated him, and with others, and his views of the question of papal infallibility, have been recently published (*Briefe und Erklärungen von I. von Döllinger über die Vaticanischen Decrete 1869-1887*, Munich, 1890), and are sufficiently familiar to all who are interested in the matter. His final declaration, made on March 28, 1871, — "As a Christian, as a theologian, as an historian, as a citizen, I cannot accept this doctrine," — recalls Luther's words uttered at the Diet of Worms on April 17, 1521: "Unless refuted by testimony of Holy Writ, or overcome publicly by clear and distinct reasons, I cannot and will not recant, since it is neither safe nor advisable to do anything against one's conscience. Here I stand. I cannot do otherwise. God help me! Amen."

It may be said that the cases are not parallel, since Döllinger's statement, while calling down upon his head the *fulmen brutum* of the Vatican, exposed him to no personal danger. There was no dungeon of the inquisition awaiting him, and no pyre prepared to burn him alive before the Virgin's Column on the Marienplatz. Still it is certain that the excommunication put him in peril of his life. The archiepiscopal ban declared him subject to all the pains and penalties and liabilities which canon law attaches to ecclesiastical maledictions. One of these consequences, according to a decretal of Urban II., was to put him out of the pale and protection of law. "For," as that Pope expressly states, "we do not deem those persons homicides who, burning with zeal for their Catholic mother against excommunicates, happen to kill any of them." (Non enim eos homicidas arbitramur, quos, adversus excommunicatos zelo Catholicæ matris ardentibus, aliquos eorum trucidare contigerit.) This principle arms with a dagger the hand of every religious fanatic, and places a heretic's life at the mercy of any Catho-

lic "crank." That the danger to Döllinger was not purely imaginary is evident from the fact that the chief of police in Munich informed him that plots were being devised for his assassination, and warned him not to go out unattended.

Meanwhile, it became daily more evident that in excommunicating the greatest Catholic theologian of this or perhaps of any century the infallible Pope had made a fearful blunder. It was a boomerang curse which returned to smite the man who hurled it. Repeated efforts were made by the bishops Steichele and Hefele, and by the nuncio Ruffo Scilla and other emissaries of the Holy See, to entice him back into the fold. Ladies of royal rank joined right reverend ecclesiastics in earnest entreaties to him to return. The portals of the sanctuary would have been thrown open to readmit him on the easiest terms, and indeed on almost any conditions that he might choose to stipulate. Leo XIII. urged him to come to Rome. "The times of Pius IX.," he said, "are past. Apply directly to me, and declare merely that you still adhere to the views concerning the papacy which you have formerly expressed, and nothing more will be required." Döllinger might have done so with a good conscience, for his opinion concerning the powers and prerogatives of the papacy had undergone no change whatever. But he knew that such a declaration would be interpreted as a recantation and submission, and would place him in a false position before the world; and he refused to entertain for a moment this Jesuitical compromise with his conscience. As he subsequently remarked, "I would not sully my old age with a lie, nor seem by any sort of implication to accept a dogma which to me was equivalent to asserting that two and two make five instead of four."

The honest independence and firmness with which he met all threats and solicitations excited everywhere admiration and enthusiasm. Learned corpora-

tions of Germany and other countries vied with each other in doing him honor. Civic and academic distinctions were showered upon him. In 1866 he had been rector of the Munich University, and in 1872, when this institution celebrated the four hundredth anniversary of its foundation, he was again chosen to this position. On the death of Liebig, in the following year, the king appointed him president of the Academy of Sciences, a triennial office to which he was reappointed five times in succession, and which he held during the rest of his life. The frequent attempts of the Vatican to deprive him of his prebendal and sacerdotal dignities were thwarted by the steadfastness of Ludwig II., who conferred upon him the highest orders of the state, and took every occasion to express the liveliest appreciation of his courage and integrity. Every birthday brought him the warmest congratulations of this monarch, who, in a letter dated February 28, 1870, urged him not to be weary in the warfare which he was waging in the interests of both religion and science, but to carry it on to victory for the welfare of the church and the state; and in another letter, of February 28, 1871, he contrasts Döllinger's manliness with the cowardice of Abbot Haneberg, who through so-called "humility" proved faithless to his convictions. "This is in my opinion," remarks the king, "a very false conception of humility; it is a low hypocrisy." "Despicable and pitiable," he adds, "is the conduct of the archbishop who so soon fell away. His flesh is indeed strong and his spirit weak, as he himself inadvertently stated in one of his pastoral letters. Strange irony of accident!" The comparison of Döllinger to Bossuet and Haneberg to Fénelon which Ludwig II. institutes, thereby representing himself inferentially as Louis XIV., is well meant, but rather wide of the mark, and does justice neither to Döllinger nor to Fénelon.

Döllinger never entered into full fellowship with the Old Catholic communion, and the assembly of anti-infallibilists held at Munich in May, 1871, formed this organization contrary to his judgment and advice. He maintained that the excommunication of a person for not accepting a dogma which is opposed to all the teachings and traditions of the church is of no validity, and that those who refused to submit to the Vatican decree should not take any step that would have the appearance of separatism. His fear lest the government should regard such a society as a sect was well founded, since this is virtually the position in which the decision of the Bavarian Minister of Worship, Baron von Lutz, now leaves the Old Catholics.

It is probable, however, that if Döllinger had identified himself with the movement and placed himself at the head of it the result would have been different, and that he might have realized his idea of a German church which should be national without ceasing to be Catholic, — an idea which he had advocated as early as 1848. But, notwithstanding his unquestionable courage, he had not the high spirit which led Luther to reply to Spalatin that, though there were as many devils in Worms as tiles on the housetops, he would go into that city. He had the shrinking, scholarly temperament of Melancthon, and deemed it his mission to combat error with the weapons of the spirit drawn from the armory of science. To become personally the centre of any outward agitation was positively painful to him. Thus on September 24, 1871, as he reached the entrance of the Glass Palace in Munich, where the Old Catholic congress was holding its last session, he heard the shout "Döllinger hoch!" (Hurrah for Döllinger!) and turning on his heel fled as for his life. If such a demonstration met him on the threshold, he imagined how much greater it would be within the building, and could not face it. Acclamations

that would have been a welcome stimulus to the born reformer, and have strengthened him in his purpose, served only to distress and discomfit the soul of this cloistered scholar. He was importuned to celebrate mass on the Thursday of Holy Week, April 6, 1871, in All Saints' Church (the royal chapel), immediately after his final declaration, but could not be persuaded to do so. Had he complied with this request the king and the court would have been present, and this one act might have changed the whole course of events.

It would be hard to find in the annals of literature a more charming and cheering illustration of the art of growing old with serenity and dignity than that furnished by the nonagenarian Döllinger. He is one of the very few illustrious men, like Goethe, Humboldt, Isaac Newton, Benjamin Franklin, and George Bancroft, whose age showed no sensible inroads of time, and never degenerated into senility. "We do not count a man's years," says Emerson, "until he has nothing else to count." It required an effort of memory and an arithmetical computation to realize that Döllinger was fourscore and ten. His young colleagues never thought of him as belonging to the generation of their great-grandfathers, except as his vastly superior learning and wisdom caused them to remember how long he had sat among his folios, and what far-reaching experiences and rare opportunities of observation he had enjoyed. He did not fossilize under ninety layers of birthdays, but was in close touch with all the great interests and burning questions of the day. It is remarkable how completely he kept himself abreast with current events and the most recent researches in all departments of literature and science, and how the range of his studies and his sympathies constantly "widened with the process of the suns." His academical addresses are distinguished not only for elegance of style,

but also for the thoroughness and originality with which the most varied topics are discussed, such as The Historical Growth and Present Mission of the Munich Academy, Germany's Conflict with the Papacy under the Emperor Lewis the Bavarian, Aventin and his Time, The Study of German History, The Significance of Dynasties in the World's History, The Jews in Europe, The Oriental Question in its Origins, The Relations of the City of Rome to Germany in the Middle Ages, The History of Religious Freedom, the Politics of Louis XIV., The Political and Intellectual Development of Spain, The Most Influential Woman of French History, Dante as Prophet, The Influence of Greek Literature and Culture on the Western World in the Middle Ages, The Part of North America in Literature, and The Vindication of the Templars. The two last-mentioned addresses he was engaged in revising for the press at the time of his fatal illness. It may be interesting to add that, in a letter addressed to the present writer, in which he mentions this fact, he speaks in high terms of "the American scholar Henry C. Lea."

He fully appreciated the disagreeable impressions of spiritual despotism which Montalembert brought back with him from Spain in 1865, and wrote on this occasion: "I too am greatly sobered. Many things in the church have turned out so differently from what I thought and painted to myself in rosy hues twenty or thirty years ago." He frankly acknowledged and deeply regretted the hardness and narrowness with which he had often judged others at an earlier period of his life. In 1866 he confessed that every week he was constrained to renounce some long-cherished error, — plucking it, as it were, out of his breast; and added that such an experience ought to make one extremely tolerant and considerate of others' mistakes. Again, in 1882 he wrote: "My whole life has

been a successive stripping off of errors to which I have clung with persistency, violently resisting the better knowledge as it began to dawn upon me; and yet I can say that in acting thus I was not dishonest. Ought I then to condemn others stuck in the same slough, — *in eodem luto mecum hærentes?*" In referring to Baronius and Bellarmine and their contemporaries of the sixteenth century, he says: "When I detect such men in error, I say to myself, If you had lived then and had been in their place, would you not have shared the general illusion? And if they had possessed your means of knowledge, would they not have made better use of it, and recognized and confessed the truth sooner than you have done?" The older he grew, the more forcibly he felt how rare it is to find an intellect capable of doing justice to thinkers of the past; it is a power as rare as the possession of the historical sense, which no learning can supply. "One can know much and have one's head crammed with information without the right scientific understanding or historical sense. This gift, as you are well aware, is not so very common; and where it is wanting methinks there can be no full responsibility for what is known. It is this faculty of seeing events in their true relations that makes them live again to the mind; where it is lacking, facts, however correct and carefully collected, serve only to confirm erroneous inferences, and to entangle the scholar who gropes after them in a net of false generalizations."

It is to Döllinger's credit that, although he was at first ranked with the foes of freedom, he did not hesitate to take a firm stand among its friends when he once perceived what principles were at stake in that eternal conflict between liberty and servitude in the social, political, moral, and intellectual life of the race, of which history is merely the more or less faithful record.

E. P. Evans.

MR. HOWELLS'S LITERARY CREED.

It was somewhat of a shock to Mr. Howells's readers, and therefore to his friends, for all his readers are his friends, when in one of his novels two or three years ago they came upon a light and trifling reference to his own fiction. In spite of its playfulness it jarred on the ear; it was something to be accounted for, to be excused, to be defended. But this new *Apologia pro Arte mea*¹ is so aggressive in tone, so shrill almost in its pitch of voice, that the reader is compelled to listen attentively, and possibly to readjust his notions regarding this writer. May it not be, one asks, that the change of subject noticeable in Mr. Howells's recent work is contemporaneous with a new outlook on his part? If there is a wider scope and more generous humanity in *A Hazard of New Fortunes* than in *The Lady of the Aroostook*, ought we not to look for a note in his criticism as gathered in this little book different from, or rather fuller and richer than, that which sounded in the book notices to which one turns with pleasure still as one looks over old files of *The Atlantic*, *console Planco*?

Far be it from us to set out on a study of Howells in his first and second periods. How do we know that there will not be a third which will offer even a better vantage-ground for observing the intellectual path made by him? Rather, we postpone to the days of our children this interesting task of historical analysis, and leave to them the thesis of establishing his identity by means of his successive developments. We have something better to do with a contemporaneous author. Imaginary perspectives are illusory, and we must accept whatever disadvantage there may be in using our own angle of observation when on the

same parallel line with this novelist and critic. The views which he sets forth are working views; they concern his neighbors and friends who are engaged in the same pursuit, and we cannot treat them merely as an interesting contribution to nineteenth-century criticism which we in the twentieth are classifying and reducing to order in our history of the development of literature.

This being so, we cannot fail to be struck with the sincerity of the utterance. Whether or not we agree with the conclusions reached by Mr. Howells, we must admit that the very intemperateness of his zeal, the almost incoherence of his protestations, bears witness to the fact that his literary creed as regards criticism and fiction is not a cool intellectual dogma, but a belief *quicunque vult*. His playfulness does not altogether desert him, — indeed, it betrays him into expressions which his critics, willfully or not, seize upon as fresh illustrations of his supposed arrogance; but for the most part he is too much in earnest to catch up any lighter weapons than sarcasm and irony. Nor does he look to his defenses, and with a carelessness which is born, not of confidence, but of zeal, troubles himself little with consistency, and accentuates his doctrines by personal illustrations which he makes sweeping that he may not weaken the force of his argument by too many modifications. One is not tempted to liken him to Proudhon, who, when he was expostulated with for his extravagant assertion Property is Robbery, replied that he put his price high because he knew he should be beaten down. There is no note of audacious exaggeration in Mr. Howells's vehement assertions; he almost forgets the humorist in him as he strikes his blows and invites his opponents to come on.

¹ *Criticism and Fiction*. By W. D. Howells. New York: Harper & Brothers. 1891.

It is easy, therefore, to find weaknesses in his position; to divert attention from the main question by indignantly declaring that he is slandering Scott and Thackeray, and setting up a Russian idol in place of our native gods. A juster view discovers that his contention is for art in its relation to human nature and human history; that the figures whom he uses are not so much directly the subjects of his criticism as they are concrete examples of artistic tendencies. In his eagerness to preach his doctrines he ignores the offenses of those whom he holds to have the true faith at heart, and overlooks the shining virtues of those who are to him worshippers of false gods. The dreariness of Ibsen, the false proportions of Margaret Fleming, may be forgiven; the fine honor, the noble recognition of service, displayed in Scott's characters are forgotten.

Yet is not this narrowness of intention a defect in a critic? Does it not argue the mind of a special pleader rather than of a judge? Unquestionably, and this admission would damage our estimate of Mr. Howells as a critic, if his book in its very fibre did not renounce pretensions to criticism as that word is generally understood. It would indeed be a *reductio ad absurdum* if we could suppose Mr. Howells savagely girding against critics for the purpose of demonstrating that he is himself a critic. It is true that now and then he takes his place in the prisoners' dock along with these literary criminals, but there is a mockery in this supposititious attitude which precludes deceit. No, wherever else he may deliberately discriminate, and divide, and seek with the self-effacement which belongs to the genuine critic to get at the bottom of the well, the patience which such study demands is not to be found in this little book. Here he is an apostle ardently declaring his gospel; a crusader who knows only two classes of men, believers

and paynims. It is in this light only that one can view his book.

What, then, is the truth for which Mr. Howells contends, and counts all else as dross? What is the central idea about which all his deliverances gather? What does he want of us, — especially what does he want of his fellow-craftsmen? In looking through his book for some single expression of his belief we find it somewhat difficult to settle upon any one phrase; for if we content ourselves with his final statement, that "neither arts, nor letters, nor sciences, except as they . . . tend to make the race better and kinder, are to be regarded as serious interests, . . . and they cannot do this except from and through the truth;" or take his initial proposition "that moods and tastes and fashions change, . . . but what is unpretentious and what is true is always beautiful and good, and nothing else is so," we find truisms not to be quarreled with; yet we are only at the threshold of our inquiry, for the question forces itself upon us, to be asked in no spirit of mockery, What is Truth? The most fatal error a critic could make would be to assume that the only truth in art is what commends itself to him as truth. Here are words which bring us a little closer to Mr. Howells's mind: —

"I believe that, while inferior writers will and must continue to imitate them" — great writers, that is, who have sinned against the truth — "in their foibles and their errors, no one hereafter will be able to achieve greatness who is false to humanity, either in its facts or its duties. The light of civilization has already broken even upon the novel, and no conscientious man can now set about painting an image of life without perpetual question of the verity of his work, and without feeling bound to distinguish so clearly that no reader of his may be misled between what is right and what is wrong, what is noble and what is base, what is health and what is perdi-

tion, in the actions and characters he portrays. . . . I confess that I do not care to judge any work of the imagination without first of all applying this test to it. We must ask ourselves before we ask anything else, Is it true? — true to the motives, the impulses, the principles, that shape the life of actual men and women? This truth, which necessarily includes the highest morality and the highest artistry, — this truth given, the book cannot be wicked and cannot be weak; and without it all graces of style and feats of invention and cunning of construction are so many superfluities of naughtiness. It is well for the truth to have all these and shine in them, but for falsehood they are merely meretricious, the bedizenment of the wanton; they atone for nothing, they count for nothing. But in fact they come naturally of truth, and grace it without solicitation; they are added unto it. In the whole range of fiction we know of no true picture of life — that is, of human nature — which is not also a masterpiece of literature, full of divine and natural beauty. It may have no touch or tint of this special civilization or that; it would better have this local color well ascertained; but the truth is deeper and finer than aspects, and if the book is true to what men and women know of one another's souls it will be true enough, and it will be great and beautiful."

If we read this passage aright, Mr. Howells believes that a new era has dawned in fiction so radically different as to render all the achievements of the past at once antiquated; that the distinction between the old and the new is as wide as between artificiality and naturalness; that whereas the novel of the past was false to human nature, the only test to be applied to contemporaneous and future fiction is its fidelity to truth. There is no doubt that the range of fictitious writing has broadened and taken in subjects which once were treated

only in the drama, in history, or in essays, and we agree with Mr. Howells in a remark elsewhere made that they "form the whole intellectual life of immense numbers of people;" there has been a development likewise in the form of the novel, so that it requires some training or historical imagination to enjoy early examples, and with the greater freedom and flexibility which the novelist has attained there is greater opportunity for the full expression of individual genius; the bounds of fiction have been extended greatly. But what proof can he allege that this development, which has been steady and normal, has suddenly become a cataclysm? It would have been a more tenable position to hold that Walter Scott's romances marked a new era in fiction, and that all behind belonged to the dark ages.

In Mr. Howells's creed there is an assumption that the present generation is possessed of finer perception and is more acutely sensitive to truth in fiction, but it is incredible that men's judgments as to truth in one form of literature should vary with the generations. There are many persons now who are misled by the false notes in Ibsen and Tolstoi, but it does not therefore follow that they would have been quick to respond to the healthy, generous sentiment of Scott. The apprehension of truth, like the expression of truth, is fundamental in human nature, and not the fortune of one favored generation. Fashions change, and it is entirely possible that the form of fiction which once was acceptable should now seem tiresome; but if our ancestors could read some of the microscopic fiction of the present day, we suspect they would cry out for something more in mass, less in detail. "The touch of nature is there," they might say, "but we prefer nature in larger form. Grasshoppers do not interest us, no matter how truthful. We prefer leopards." That truth is the test

of art in fiction as in all forms of literature is undeniable; but then the test has always been applied; it is no new discovery.

There is again in Mr. Howells's creed an assumption that literary art is of necessity false; that art is a foe to the best fiction. It is true that he understands by art something that is derivative and not in itself original, but there is throughout his book a latent distrust of any art of fiction. "Graces of style, feats of invention, cunning of construction," these come near contempt, yet they are notes of art which, whether in fiction or poetry, has served to keep alive one work, when its neighbor, though it may have been true to fact, has perished ignominiously. We are entering, some of us think, upon a period when almost every one will write fiction, and there would be little comfort for the few of us left to read and not write if we did not believe that grace of style, feats of invention, and cunning of construction would separate some of the productions and make them worth reading. Art is the interpreter of nature, not its traducer, and in fiction as in all literature he who sees wholes and not fragments is the master. It is a mere gloss of the scholiast which makes creation to be the production of something out of nothing; in genuine theology as in genuine art the creator shapes and fashions forms out of chaotic material and breathes into them the breath of life.

With the passionate demand for truth in fiction and the denunciation of all artificiality which are prevalent notes in Mr. Howells's book one may be in entire sympathy, without in the least

believing that the portrayals of human life who are using fiction as a vehicle for conveying their diseased or hopeless views upon the character of our civilization and the destiny of man are any more close to the truth than men and women who, taking great delight in life, and unvisited by dreadful visions of the future, have built in their imagination from the materials lying about them beautiful palaces of art. A king is no doubt an obsolete sort of a creature, and the Pretender was a dismal failure, but loyalty is not a democratic invention, though it has been improved upon by democracies. Young people may safely be left in the company of paper courtiers if the man behind the courtier has not been obliterated, and something less than an historic imagination will long continue to be touched by the creations of the past.

In short, the difficulty with Mr. Howells's literary creed is the difficulty which attaches to many religious creeds. The fundamental truth may be there, but the creed is dreadfully contemporaneous and hopelessly individual. Because one is vividly impressed by existing conditions, and discovers, it may be, here one and there one whose cry is like his own, he mistakes the accidental for the permanent, and straightway insists that the truth, though admittedly universal, must be stated in certain formulas. We are more disposed to think that what is technically known as realism is a phase of literature which corresponds with much that is contemporary in science and religion, but that, so far from being the final word in literature, it will simply make its contribution to art and give place to purer idealism.

COMMENT ON NEW BOOKS.

Books of Reference. The fifth and penultimate volume of The Century Dictionary (The Century Co.) covers the language from Q through Stroyl, which last word we leave the reader to look out for himself. He may think he knows Q, but we doubt if he knows its fourth meaning before looking it up here. One good feature of this dictionary is its explanation of abbreviations under the letters themselves. Thus *q. s.* and *q. v.* with a number of others are definitely explained. The range of literary illustration is wide, including the chance remark of a North Carolina backwoodsman to a correspondent of the New York Tribune. We are sorry when looking for *spectre* to be told to go to *specter*, especially as under that word the derivation is an argument for the form *re*. One may thus dip into this book here and there and find on every page something to comment on. The dictionary is a great thesaurus, and the wise man will draw from it words new and old. Next to the study of great literature we commend one to the study of the infinite number of forms of which great literature makes use. — A Popular Handbook and Atlas of Astronomy, designed as a Complete Guide to a Knowledge of the Heavenly Bodies, and as an Aid to those possessing Telescopes, by William Peck. (Putnams.) There is a little about everything astronomical in this book, and hence not very much about any one thing; but the author goes pretty directly to the point, and the abundant illustrations and charts really constitute the special reason of the book, the text being quite subsidiary. It will prove of special interest to amateur astronomers. — A Dictionary of Classical Antiquities, Mythology, Religion, Literature, and Art, from the German of Dr. Oskar Seyffert; revised and edited, with additions, by Henry Nettleship and J. E. Sandys. With more than 450 illustrations. (Swan Sonnenschein & Co., London; Macmillan & Co., New York.) The scheme of this important work commends itself both to scholars and to the general reader. Besides the brief dictionary entries, there are many encyclopædic articles, such as Judicial Procedure, Marriage, Painting, Houses, Freedmen,

Vases, Temples, Sculpture, and in the mythological portions especially there is a compactness of statement and a freedom from theorizing much to be praised. Biography is not treated except in its connection with literature, art, or mythology. Thus Alexander the Great does not appear, but three small Alexanders of literature are recorded. The illustrations are profuse and admirable; the latest discoveries are made use of, such as the new work by Aristotle; and the book ought to be a handy one for scholars, a sufficient one for general readers. — The seventh volume of the new issue of Chambers's Encyclopædia (Lippincott) covers words from Malte-Brun to Pearson, and is marked by the qualities which have already made it conspicuous among encyclopædias. That is to say, there is a happy mean preserved between the treatise-like character of the Britannica and the dictionary character of Johnson. The proportion is well maintained, and the user of it is tempted just beyond his needs to read the articles. The freedom from partisanship is well preserved, a single word only in the article on Parnell betraying the animus of its author. The United States articles seem unusually free from petty errors, and in all cases information is brought to a very recent date. The writer of the article Parody has overlooked one of the cleverest of examples in Bayard Taylor's Diversions of the Echo Club.

Nature and Travel. Landscape Gardening; Notes and Suggestions on Lawns and Lawn Planting; Laying out and Arrangement of Country Places, large and small Parks, Cemetery Plots, and Railway Station Lawns; Deciduous and Evergreen Trees and Shrubs; the Hardy Border; Bedding Plants; Rockwork, etc. By Samuel Parsons, Jr. (Putnams.) Mr. Parsons, who is Superintendent of Parks in New York, has collected his papers and added to them in this handsome volume, which is enriched by illustrations which increase the explicitness of the text. Although Mr. Parsons treats rather the larger than the smaller schemes in landscape gardening, his comments and suggestions are pointed, and not merely vague and general. The work, how-

ever, is not so much a practical handbook as it is one to stimulate the owner of a country place to make the most artistic use of the possibilities contained in it. Less is said than we should look for about the relation of a country seat to the neighboring landscape. The beauty of a place is often greatly enhanced by a careful study of the part which it plays in a larger whole. Mr. Parsons writes not only from experience, but with a genuine love of his subject. — *Gray Days and Gold*, by William Winter. (Macmillan.) Under this fanciful title Mr. Winter has collected some of the papers which he has written after pious pilgrimages to literary shrines in England and Scotland. His enthusiasm, his sentiment, his ardent love of poetry in all its forms, whether in verse or life or stone, suffuse his sketches with a glow which is rare in these days of suppressed feeling and pococurantist literature. — A popular edition has been issued of W. S. Webb's *California and Alaska and Over the Canadian Pacific Railway* (Putnams), which includes the varied illustrations, large and small, given in the original edition. It is the work of a traveler who loves traveling for its own sake, and to whom all incidents, great and small, are almost equally interesting. — *The Canadian Guide-Book : the Tourist's and Sportsman's Guide to Eastern Canada and Newfoundland*, including full Descriptions of Routes, Cities, Points of Interest, Summer Resorts, Fishing Places, etc., in Eastern Ontario, the Muskoka District, the St. Lawrence Region, the Lake St. John Country, the Maritime Provinces, Prince Edward Island, and Newfoundland; with an Appendix, giving Fish and Game Laws, and Official Lists of Trout and Salmon Rivers and their Lessees. By Charles G. D. Roberts. (Appleton.) Such is the tale of the title-page, and the tourist or sportsman who takes it for a guide will find not only all that is written down there, but much more; for Mr. Roberts, being himself an enthusiastic sportsman and a facile writer, has interspersed a good many pages which will furnish the owner with entertaining reading for rainy days in camp. The absence of an index is criminal. — *The Leaf-Collector's Handbook and Herbarium, an Aid in the Preservation and in the Classification of Specimen Leaves of the Trees of Northeastern America*, by

Charles S. Newhall. (Putnams.) Mr. Newhall's *The Trees of Northeastern America* we have already referred to, and this work is even more serviceable, because leaves being more readily identified, the outline figures with which the book is filled will enable one to place his leaves, and therefore his trees, with accuracy. The fruit is in many cases also figured, and information is always given whether the figure is of natural size or reduced. The book does not call for botanical knowledge in the one who uses it. — *The Stream of Pleasure, a Narrative of a Journey on the Thames from Oxford to London*, by Joseph and Elizabeth Robins Pennell, together with a Practical Chapter, by J. G. Legge. (Macmillan.) As may be guessed from the conjunction of names, this narrative is by pen and pencil, and the pencil with its skill and its touch of beauty is most happily married to a pen which is growing flexible with use in work of this sort. The voyage is a brief one, but the voyagers were blissfully ignorant of the art of boating, and thus added adventures to the scene; and between picture and slight incident and personal comment and light-hearted talk, a graceful and winning book results. — *I Go A-Fishing*, which Mr. William C. Prime put forth a score of years or so ago, is reissued in paper covers to please a new generation of readers. (Harpers.) Many will find almost an antiquarian interest in it, so much more sophisticated have the ways of fishers become since Mr. Prime fished and told his tale by the St. Regis waters. Besides his journal and narrative, the fisherman, like others of his craft before him, makes his fishing but an excuse for much pleasant moralizing, and for the talk which the brookside and the camp seem bound to keep alive, if the business and hurry of workaday life have stifled it in other places. — *Jinrikisha Days in Japan*, by Eliza Ruhamah Scidmore. (Harpers.) The experience of this writer has been a safeguard against hasty deductions. She lived in Japan long enough to discriminate, not long enough to lose the vividness of early impressions, and behind this experience there are a shrewd observation and a clear, sympathetic mind. No one can read a few chapters without feeling that he may safely entrust himself to his guide, who has produced one of the most readable, most

satisfactory books on this country which is so apt to take the stranger's judgment captive and hold it long after he has escaped the magic land. — Under the Trees and Elsewhere, by Hamilton Wright Mabie. (Dodd, Mead & Co.) When Beethoven heard the comments of people on his Pastoral Symphony, that they were delighted with what they supposed to be the reproductions of sounds of nature, he waxed indignant, and for the benefit of fools wrote above the score Reflections of One going into the Country. Thus those who go to Mr. Mabie's book for such pictures of outdoor life as they may find in the writings of more than one good observer of nature will discover that the author went into the fields and woods to enjoy his own speculations as these were quickened by nature, and thus the book is a record of the spirit. There is about the writing much of that leisure and quiet movement which belong to the long summer day, and Mr. Mabie

brings to his pleasant task recollections and impressions which have resulted from wide reading and generous sympathy. — The Other Side of the Emin Pasha Relief Expedition, by H. R. Fox Bourne. (Chatto & Windus, London.) A review of the expedition based upon the published literature which has grown up about it, especially Stanley's own contribution. Mr. Fox Bourne analyzes the plans of the expedition with skill, and points out how largely the disasters which fell were due to the choice of routes, and how Stanley's devotion to the Congo Free State impaired his judgment as to the directest course to be pursued in the relief of Emin. But the criticism extends further, to the character of Stanley himself and to the nature of Emin's relations to Egypt and England. One would have rather more confidence in Mr. Fox Bourne's criticisms if they did not partake somewhat of the spirit of a special pleader.

THE CONTRIBUTORS' CLUB.

The Songs we used to Sing. IF a sudden whiff from a spray of sweet-brier may instantly recall to decrepit age some passage of youth which made sunshine of a shady place, how much more will an old song unexpectedly heard cancel intervening years, and take one back to some palæozoic musical period! I am old enough to have my musical childhood date from old-fashioned times, more especially since it was spent on that island of Nantucket where fashions of any sort come slowly and linger long, but I fancy my reminiscence of that period will set the bells jangling in some other Contributor's ear.

Of course Moore's melodies were sung in those days, though the stricter sort looked askance at Moore. If I remember aright, my Lord Byron was distinctly under the ban. But his brother sinner, Burns, was not; and in spite of the difficulties of Scotch pronunciation, I am under the impression that he was fairly rendered. People read a good deal of Scotch in those days, — Sir Walter, and Galt, and the Ettrick Shepherd,

and Miss Ferrier, and the Noctes Ambrosianæ, — and contrived to pick up, one hardly knows how, a fair understanding of the Caledonian dialect. I cannot remember the time when I did not read it almost as readily as English. Ask me the test question, "What is a 'Gowpen o' glaur'?" and I should unhesitatingly reply, "Just twa nieves fu o' clarts."

But the bright particular star of parlor song was Felicia Hemans. Almost as surely as the festal eve of a Nantucket tea-party came round were we requested to "Bring flowers, bring flowers for the bride to wear!" or we were told how "The knight looked down from the Paynim tower," and were unfailingly entranced by the long-drawn refrain, "Sound again, clarion, clarion, wild and shrill." The songs of Greek independence were especially popular in those days when the memories of Navarino and the Sciote massacre were still fresh; and we gave to Greece our shining blades as regularly at the piano after the banquet as we did at the tea-table with the buttered

rolls (how light they were!) and the corn puddings.

If Mrs. Hemans was the popular woman, Haynes Bailey was the favored man. He was not the Bailey who wrote Festus, nor yet, for that matter, was he Martin Farquhar Tupper under an alias. He was the author of Fanny Gray and A Charming Woman, and "I'd be a butterfly," "We met, 't was in a crowd," "She wore a wreath of roses," and, unless I much mistake, of that prime favorite,

"Oh, no, we never mention her,
Her name is never heard,"

with its touching refrain,

"But if she loved as I have loved,
She never can forget."

One would like to look upon the sight of a Wagnerian devotee strapped into an arm-chair and compelled to listen to the last-named ballad and its accompaniment. I see that Andrew Lang has been making fun of him.

Of course, as Nantucket was an island, and an island nautically familiar with all other islands, from the Aleutian Group to the Crozets, and from Nova Zembla to Neukahiva, as probably no other island on the face of the deep ever was or will be, some of its songs were nautical. There was one expressive of the feelings of the happy pirate in a gale of wind, beginning "I'm afloat," and another called The Pirate's Serenade, which for melodious nonsense and utter contempt of marine propriety it would be hard to equal.

The popularity of certain songs in their season was a great marvel. I remember walking one evening down the long (not) unlovely street in my own town. There was a song then current of which the first stanza ran thus:—

"Some love to roam
O'er the dark sea foam
Where the shrill winds whistle free,
But a chosen band
Of the mountain land,
And a life in the woods for me."

It was set to a jingling, jerking tune, which even the ear of him who divided all music into Yankee Doodle and that which was not Yankee Doodle could hardly miss. From the lighted window of the parlor of the first house came the familiar strain. From the second was heard the same, and so on down the entire length of the way till

the shops were reached. From either side voice or piano, or both, were with the unanimity of a ward primary bent on declaring the vote in favor of "a life in the woods." I wonder if it would be possible to find on the shelves of any music-dealer a copy of this forgotten melody?

There was a great run for a time upon fairy songs. They were sufficiently incongruous in their imagery, the fairy stature being to the last degree accommodating. The fay of the forest was pictured as drinking out of an acorn cup and mounted on a firefly, which image could be paralleled only by that of a German Bursch using the great tun of Heidelberg for a beer-flagon and riding on a bicycle. The most that could be said in behalf of these songs was that they were superlatively innocent, and as little likely to corrupt the morals of youth as the fifth proposition of the first book of Euclid.

In the midst of this inanity there would arise now and then splendid exceptions. I knew a clever young person, with a fine voice and a good deal of musical culture, who would hunt up Jacobite ballads, and paste into her scrap-book bits of lovely and fugitive verse, and then either get hold of a fit musical setting or compose one, or adapt a suitable air by slightly changing the *tempo*. Then with these she would sit down at the piano and fill her hearers with delight, and her schoolmates with envy unspeakable. She simply refused to be guided by the fashion, and rose above it. But these were *her* songs, and did not get into general vogue. Like Theodore Hook's famed improvisations, they were to be had only of the author.

I have forgotten one thing, of which the forgetting makes manifest that I am a small boy no longer. That thing is the comic song. Not that it was often sung. It was fit only for the male voice; it was deemed decorous only for the male singer, and the male voice was not often at hand in the circle of the Nantucket tea-party.

The pirate in his serenade remarks that

"My voice has been tuned
To the notes of the gun
That startles the deep
When the combat's begun;"

and in like manner the Nantucket male larynx had been tuned to the cry of "There she blo-o-o-ws," uttered from the "fo't'-gall'n' crosstrees," or to the breathless shout

of "Lay me on, Capt'n Bunker!" when steering for a seventy-barrel sperm bull. Thus the male guest at the Nantucket teatable was rare. The male guest who could sing was rarer still, and the one who could and would sing the comic song was rarest of all.

Some music-books contained the proto-plasms of the "negro melody," — Jim Crow, Zip Coon, and Long-Tailed Blue. These were adorned with comic vignettes, which presented the African race in a new and wonderful light. There were few of the children of Ham to be found in Nantucket; but those few were sad-faced, grave, eminently respectable in dress and demeanor, and by reason of peculiar culinary and other gifts looked up to with awe and admiration by the small boy. Whether there was a strain of Indian blood in them or not I do not know; but I well remember them as being as-unlike the ragged, rollicking figures in the music-book as Abraham Zuury, the basket-maker of Pol-pis, the last of the Nantucket tribe of Indians, was to Bryant's "forest hero, trained to wars," and scalping the midnight victims of Schenectady.

Last of all in my youthful reminiscences comes the brief interlude of the political-song era, when the grandfather of the present chief magistrate was sung into the White House to the inspiring strains of Tippecanoe and Tyler too. It has been attempted since, but only then was the political song an appreciable factor in a presidential campaign. It was a reality in those days. Grave merchants, solid men, lawyers, statesmen, even parsons, joined in the log-cabin and hard-cider minstrelsy, and votes were won by scores in every town and hamlet. Once done successfully, the spell was lost. The graver issues which culminated in the war for the Union began to come to the front. There was no longer place for that sympathetic touch which made kin all parts of this great country. It was literally true that the men north of Mason and Dixon's and the men south of it could not sing the same songs nor keep step to the same marching music. The magic of the Harrison campaign methods lay in their universality. Things done from Bangor to New Orleans lost their absurdity. These songs were founded withal upon a personal issue, not again to be raised

in a presidential election. Moreover, there are more efficacious ways of capturing the votes of the nation, and the notes which carry an election are not of the musical kind.

Set to Music. — This whole matter of the relation of words to music in the songs we not only used to sing, but sing now, is full of interest to any one who speculates on the part which song may play in the art of the future. The libretto of an opera in the original tongue of the composer is apt to be greatly subordinated to the music, and viewed as verse is usually but a weak and meaningless affair. Even the conscious effort of Wagner to equalize the two is literature to Wagnerians only. But when the Italian or German is still further diluted into an English version, it becomes as the *vin ordinaire* of the cheap French cabaret which has been watered to the standard of street railway stock; nothing is left but the color and the twang.

It was the opposite rule which obtained in the case of Moore's melodies. In these there was just enough of musical expression to carry the really poetical verse. In many cases it was cadenced recitation which was attempted, requiring no very great quality or cultivation of voice, only proper feeling and sympathetic utterance. Some of Lockhart's Spanish Ballads were most effective when thus rendered. Any one who ever heard Mrs. Fanny Kemble Butler sing some of these will not soon forget the dramatic fire with which she gave *Ye Mariners of Spain*, or *The Bridal of Andalla*.

In the union of words and music, as in wedlock, there may be many happy marriages, but few strictly equal and reciprocal ones. As the French proverb has it, in a kiss, one takes, the other holds up, the cheek. The words are only the vehicle of the music, or the music is for the sake of the words. Usually the former rule prevails.

There is a story told — if I remember rightly, of Malibran, certainly of some prima donna — that in a discussion of English and Italian music she took the air of "Polly, put the kettle on," and changing only the *tempo*, and using meaningless though melodious Italian words, held her auditors spellbound. This, if not true, is strictly available to illustrate what I say. The best

vocal music is not meant for this. Instrumental music is pure musical expression; but, on the other hand, vocal music ought to carry the thought and the words and lift them on its wings. N. P. Willis in one of his letters from London describes the sensation caused by a composition which was the setting of the reply of Ruth to Naomi to most impressive music, but music thoroughly subordinate to the passion and sublimity of the words.

I am perfectly aware that the whole drift of the day is toward technique. I venture, nevertheless, to put in a word in behalf of the old song-singing, where good words were made more precious by musical rendering. There need be no quarrel between the two, nor is music degraded by having to minister to the expression of thought any more than sculpture is degraded by ministering to the beauty of architecture. This is a day when the mere art of metrical composition has all but reached perfection. One daily sees verses in which is realized the famous dictum from Alice in Wonderland, "Take care of the sound, and the sense will take care of itself." To adapt music to such verse cannot be difficult. On the other hand, the requirement of true musical setting is that the musical emphasis shall correspond to the stress of the idea. Let any one try to put to music Lovelace's "Tell me not, sweet," or Tennyson's Bugle Song, and it would be impossible to miss the right expression. The words would shape the notes. What is wanted is that poets should write songs to be sung, songs musical with the unwritten melody in the author's brain. Their expression should be a power constraining the composer, bidding him refrain from tricks to display his dexterity, and making him study to give a worthy poem a fit setting. These are days of frame-making and photography. In true art the frame may be the work of Grinling Gibbons, but it must not draw the eye from the picture; if it does, the truth of art is violated. Let us put the frame into a cabinet, or else take away the picture and substitute a curtain.

I should like to believe that there would be a genuine revival of interest, not among the cultivated few, but in the community at large, in the old English ditties which were flung out from the one genuinely native period of English musical art. But I

am bound to say that I see no immediate likelihood of this. Song-singing finds it hard to stand its ground against the musical culture which insists upon the highest artistic excellence or nothing at all. Even such admirable societies as the Apollo Club of Boston seem for the most part chiefly interested in the difficulties which modern German song music presents. The Wagnerian fervor which looks down upon all Italian and French opera as poor and trivial, the wealthy leisure which delights only in that which costs vast sums, will scorn or be indifferent to that which comes not up to their exclusive tastes or exclusive purses. They set the fashion, and much I fear that the coming generation will lose one of the delights and comforts of the last, — the song which in the home circle moved to tears or smiles, and which thrilled with simple pathos or noble sentiment the hearts of those who were "not too bright or good for human nature's daily food."

Two Points of View. — Recently, in a circle where I am often a much-edified listener and looker-on, the free lances were glancing keenly in their wonted fashion. Just at the particular moment of which I write *The Coquette* was the provoking theme of the word-tilt. Some one had the inspiration to propose that an "expression" be obtained, severally, from the man's and the woman's point of view. To this end two of the most dexterous contestants were chosen. A scrap of paper and lead pencil being provided, our free lances took aim with the following results, distinguished by what the French might call *un accent badin de conviction sincère*. It is hardly necessary to indicate which was the masculine and which the feminine treatment of the subject.

MARCHE FUNÈBRE.

Men called her Eve, and well they might, —
The fall of man she wrought.
"One only woman in the world,"
Was all these victims thought.
"One only memory worth a thought,"
Was all these victims said,
When life was lived and dreams were dreamed,
And love and faith lay dead.

THE SOCIAL TIGRESS.

Beside her lair and winding paths are seen
Full many slain, and many more a-mort.
And is our jungle beauty's zest so keen?
Ah yes! yet not from hunger, but from sport.

THE honors which attach to the name of JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL do not obscure for the conductors of The Atlantic Monthly the memory of his close connection with this magazine. As its first editor he struck a note in literature which it has been the tradition of the Monthly to preserve, and both his signed and unsigned papers and poems, ending with a recent communication to The Contributors' Club, attest his generous support. His published volumes contain the greater part of these contributions, for the inspiration and delight of other generations, but both the conductors and the readers of The Atlantic remember with special pride and pleasure the works of art in prose and verse, and the noble appeals to the higher political spirit, as they came fresh from the mind of this master and statesman. His death, falling as this number of the magazine goes to press, brings quick praise from more than English-speaking peoples, and his own countrymen will continue long to mourn his silence, but his service to American letters and American life remains full of speech in his books. It is the hope of The Atlantic to honor him by maintaining the scholarly and generous aims which marked his conduct of the magazine when he directed its early numbers.
